

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1884.

## PHILADELPHIA'S HÔTEL-DE-VILLE.



In only a few cases is anything gained by inequalities of the ground, hills of ordinary height being lost in such an expanse, and themselves requiring the emphasis of crowning structures. Modern cities especially, to be pictorial, demand the feature of which we speak. Military considerations, based on a state of continual warfare, do not drive them to the hills. Born of trade and the handicrafts, they take to the water-side and spread themselves freely over the plain. They become panoramas rather than landscapes, and must be lifted to the eye by some commanding object that swells from the vale and more than midway leaves the storm of traffic. What would the view of Rome be without the dome of St. Peter's, of Vienna without St. Stephen's, Antwerp without its cathedral spire, or London without the "huge dun canopy" of St. Paul's?

Each of these far-seen heralds of the coming and as yet undetected city is of

ties, viewed as works of art, need central points as pivots for the motive and effect. A long flat line, or series of lines, embracing some miles of rectangular buildings, is not a pleasing or exhilarating spectacle in itself.

religious origin. It represents only one of the great interests which actuate the multitudes below, and that, it must be added, not the controlling interest, for nobody will say that public worship brought together, or could keep together, without the aid of worldly motives, the people of either of these capitals. Much less could it be said of an American town, with its population of many creeds united in no cult but that of the almighty dollar.

It is fit everyway that the most conspicuous erection should express the political life of the city, the organism which makes it a unit. The city was the first free State, as the etymology of our word "politics" shows. The love and pride of the Flemish burghers, the champions of mediæval liberty, were lavished on the decorations of the town-halls which still proclaim the power of the civic virtues. Yet these buildings are rarely those which first greet the eye of the approaching traveller. The city does not, as it were, rise to welcome him in her own proper person. In her new city-hall, with its tower overtopping everything nearer than the instep of the Alleghanies, Philadelphia does herself and her visitor that honor. Not springing from the sea, it will not hail the mariner like the campanile of St. Mark's, but it will be a landmark far along a great river that bears a commerce comparable to that of Venice in her best

day,—an estuary broader than the Bays of Salamis and Lepanto, longer than the Thames or the Scheldt, and spacious enough to be the stage of any history, for peace or war.

The site of Philadelphia's capitol was fixed before the town had an existence except on paper. Penn may, without disrespect, be named as the first of a long line of Scadders yet to be. We may fancy him solemnly setting his toothpick, with that fine deliberation which became his character and his creed, upon the central point between the two rivers,—that nearest to the twin curves which gently approached and as softly receded. This point, however, did not occupy the ridge of the water-shed, which ran nearer the Schuylkill than the Delaware. Broad Street was originally, as we find it marked upon Holme's map of 1682, the twelfth from the Delaware, with eleven squares on each side of it. This left it on the slope of the barely-perceptible swell that breaks the broad plain of the peninsula. To reach the summit it travelled two squares westward within two years, and there ranged itself upon the line which, after exactly two centuries of gradual transition from notched trees to marble fronts and electric lamps, it follows now. At its intersection with the other main avenue, High—afterward Market—Street, was laid off the reservation, rectangular, like everything else in the city, which is at length employed for its designated purpose. The city has at length grown up to its centre and to the founder's bold idea,—whether sooner or later than he expected, who shall say? Washington City, not half so old, is already growing away from the Capitol, while Philadelphia's political coincides more and more nearly with her geographical centre.

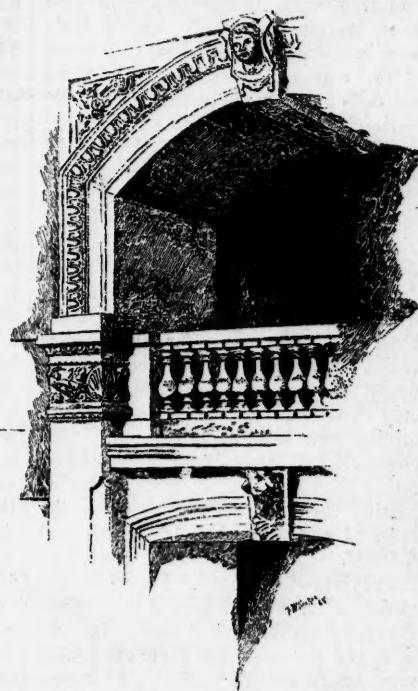
This established site, however, proved oddly difficult to establish. Its vicissitudes were by no means over when the street and the intersection of streets whereupon it was located finally came to anchor. Should the proposed hall bestride the crossing, or should its *disjecta membra* be quartered, like those of

a malefactor, and distributed, literally, as it would have been, *in terrorem*, over the four surrounding squarelets? This became one of the adjourned questions. There was no need of hurry in deciding it. The government of the little city found plenty of elbow-room on Independence Square, nearly a mile to the eastward, and still, till long after the Revolution, well to the westward of the business centre. Multiplying thousands were content, day after day, for generations, to circumnavigate this solid square that blocked the way between the four points of the compass, each person as he passed contributing silently or vocally his share of mental labor to the solution of the great problem, more and more incited thereto in proportion to the frequency with which the quadrangular tour was performed, by the gratuitous expenditure it entailed in the way of time, shoe-leather, and muscular force. Not until 1828 did the popular mind practically revolt at this succession of flank marches, enlivened as they were by the contemplation from successive points of view of a Quaker meeting-house and a little Grecian temple devoted to the supply of the city proper with water. Then the flood of long-pent passengers broke through, and the two principal avenues mingled into one, shouldering to right and left, behind a modest border of board fence, the four corners of the old square. Save that the boards, after a long gestation, blossomed into iron, peace and the school-boys were left in possession of the locality for the better part of half a century. The Greek fane and the meeting-house, oddly-assorted pair, had passed hand in hand to oblivion, leaving no sign but the columns of the former, which—queerest thing of all—now sustain the roof of a Unitarian church, when the dawning of another change, doubtless the final one, began to be visible.

Agitation in 1868, legislation in 1870, and excavation in 1871 marked the new movement. It must not be supposed, however, that perfect harmony, or even wholly dispassionate discussion, attended the operation of the municipal mind.

On one point only did unanimity prevail. That was the proved impossibility of crowding the city government any longer into its ancient quarters. The affairs of six hundred thousand people could not be administered in two modest brick offices. They had overflowed into inconveniently scattered quarters. Should they hark back two hundred years and occupy the seat chopped out in the woods when the town was a hamlet of less than two thousand souls? This step was opposed by loud and persistent protest. The good citizens had tasted the sweets of open air and unobstructed transit, and their lungs and feet united in demurring to the sacrifice. That breezy oasis in the desert of brick, lifted farthest skyward of all the plain, was not a luxury to be lightly given up, nor was a beaten path of traffic to be lightly obliterated. But, failing the selection of this situation, where should the new town-hall stand? A loss of breathing-space was inevitable somewhere. Should one of the other open squares—Independence, Washington, Franklin, Logan, or Rittenhouse—be built up? With the usual conservatism of the official mind, Independence Square was in the first instance fixed upon by Councils. That body, ignoring the fact that the place had long ceased to be sufficiently central and that the people would never submit to the absorption of the historic Hall into a modern edifice, in 1868 adopted an ordinance for the construction there of the proposed building. Commissioners were named and plans invited,—the design adopted, out of seventeen offered, being that of John McArthur, Jr., the present architect. It was in general character the same with that which its author is now engaged in carrying to completion. But the popular determination to keep the pickaxe out of the sacred ground was too intense to be defied. The State Legislature was appealed to. Its Act of August 5, 1870, created the Commission now in charge, and directed a de-

cision by popular vote between Washington and Penn Squares. A very large majority voted in favor of the latter, leaving Washington and Independence, fitly joined in name and proximity, to remain the refreshment and delight of the region of the Revolution, and vindicating the foresight and falling into the footsteps of the Founder. Dissatisfaction, on one ground or another, showed



ARCH OF MEZZANINE STORY, SOUTH STAIR.

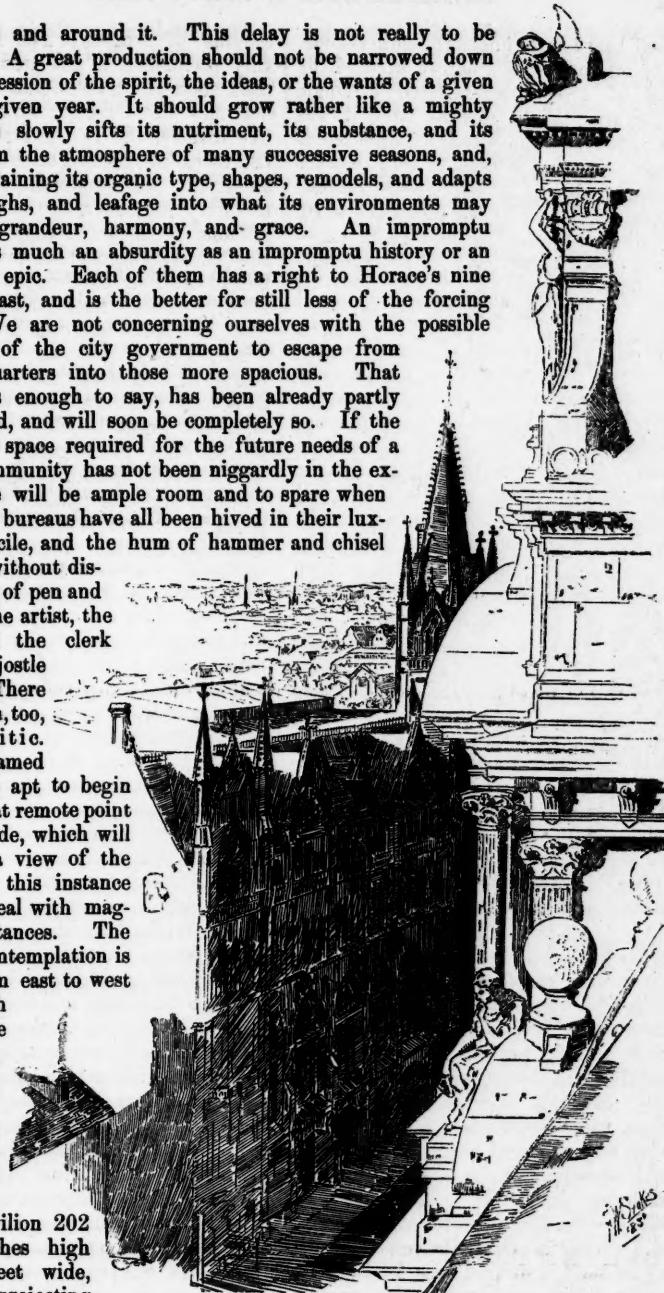
a wonderful ignorance of the certainty of its own demise. The courts were appealed to and injunctions sought, it being indispensable that the Philadelphia lawyers—whose acuteness, by the irony of fate, has become a chief distinction of a community “to prevent lawsuits,” in which one of Penn’s first ordinances established a system of arbitration—should have a say in the matter. Opposition had to be buried deep under tons of solid masonry before it would yield to repression. It actually made

itself heard from under the corner-stone. The original design, agreed upon in the end of 1870, contemplated a single structure. Eight months later, it was determined to have four separate buildings. Another interval of eight months brought about a return to more rational counsels, and unity was again the word. Work had meanwhile been going on,—such plasticity having been thoughtfully conferred upon the artist's plan that these transmogrifications caused little more interruption to progress than those of the equestrian performer who dons and doffs half a dozen costumes while careering in the ring. All this is amusing, now that everybody is satisfied with the selection of the site and the general plan. Unity was secured to the great building, and the highways were left free, to pedestrians at least, to elevated railways also, should it ever be decided to have them, the four main archways affording ample space in their thirty-six feet of altitude. Even the open space for the preservation of which so sturdy a contest was waged is but moderately curtailed, only three and a fourth acres of the original ten being roofed over. The circulation of fresh air will be promoted rather than impeded, a perpetual current passing through the long vaults which open to the four winds of heaven and debouch into the high-walled court like the tuyères of a furnace. The ascending radiation from a hundred and fifty thousand square feet of roofing in summer, and the fires that keep a thousand men comfortable in winter, will convert the building into a vast ventilating apparatus,—not a bad substitute, as a sanitary contrivance, for a park of the same extent. An abundant store of plants and flowers is supplied, although they are of stone and absorb less carbonic acid gas than their prototypes; nor will a population of sparrows be wanting, in feathers not made with a chisel. This aspect of the uses of their new hall is not, however, apt to fasten upon the minds of the Philadelphia tax-payers. They will be satisfied to find the accounts of their officials adequately ventilated and no heat wasted on the

cooking of ledgers. The practical is very prominent, if not predominant, in their ideas at present, and they count not only with awe, but with something like dismay, the two millions of cubic feet of rubble, granite, marble, and sandstone, the four thousand tons of iron, the sixty millions of brick, and the ten millions of dollars already absorbed in the undertaking and invested, for the benefit of their children, in that patch of four acres. Such things must be. The *cui bono* question is certain to arise. Palaces, whether religious, imperial, or municipal, are tolerably sure to become factors in history even before they are finished. St. Peter's, for instance, split the Church by and for which it was erected, long before completion; and the Quaker City may be thankful should she set her capstone with nothing more to regret than some not altogether traceable extravagance and the rise or fall of some local statesmen.

So far, the behavior of the city legislature has been anything but niggardly. Few works of such magnitude were ever treated with financial magnanimity so marked. No limit was affixed to the cost; and, now that the expenditure is mounting up to that bestowed upon the Capitol of the United States, the flow of supplies from the public coffers continues free and steady. Fortunate indeed among architects is Mr. McArthur. The worry of ways and means, which never ought to press upon them, but which usually does, is in his case reduced to a minimum. His own design, modified from time to time as exigencies demand and experience suggests, he is left comparatively free to execute. Even on the score of time he has been at ease. There has been no undue hurry. The ten years allotted for completion from the day, August 10, 1871, when ground was first broken, have long elapsed. More than that interval has passed since, on the 12th of the same month, two years later, the first stone was laid. The close of a decade from the formal laying of the eight-ton corner-stone, July 4, 1874, will find the great tower still short of its destined elevation, with work still to

do beneath and around it. This delay is not really to be regretted. A great production should not be narrowed down to the expression of the spirit, the ideas, or the wants of a given day or a given year. It should grow rather like a mighty tree, which slowly sifts its nutriment, its substance, and its beauty from the atmosphere of many successive seasons, and, while maintaining its organic type, shapes, remodels, and adapts trunk, boughs, and leafage into what its environments may permit of grandeur, harmony, and grace. An impromptu palace is as much an absurdity as an impromptu history or an impromptu epic. Each of them has a right to Horace's nine years, at least, and is the better for still less of the forcing process. We are not concerning ourselves with the possible impatience of the city government to escape from cramped quarters into those more spacious. That object, it is enough to say, has been already partly accomplished, and will soon be completely so. If the estimate of space required for the future needs of a growing community has not been niggardly in the extreme, there will be ample room and to spare when the existing bureaus have all been hived in their luxurious domicile, and the hum of hammer and chisel will go on without disturbing that of pen and tongue. The artist, the artisan, and the clerk need not jostle each other. There remains room, too, for the critic. This last-named personage is apt to begin at a somewhat remote point on the outside, which will afford him a view of the whole. In this instance he has to deal with magnificent distances. The subject of contemplation is 470 feet from east to west by 486½ north and south, the four fronts, looking down as many wide streets, being identical in character and having each a central pavilion 202 feet 10 inches high and 89 feet wide, flanked by projecting wings on either side



VIEW FROM ROOF OF CURTAIN.  
(Looking down on Pennsylvania Railroad Station.)

53 feet wide and 128 feet 10 inches in height. These projections are connected by "curtains" 119 feet in height and 65 long, with corner towers 51 feet square and 119 high. The regularity of the plan is broken only by the great tower. This does not occupy the centre of the quadrangle, but is nearest the north front, still standing well back and partly masked by the central pavilion of that face. It will attain, with its conoidal lantern and a finial of novel form, the height of 500 feet lacking 1; and 36 feet additional of elevation is to consist of a representation of the male costume of the latter part of the seventeenth century, topped by the smug countenance of William Penn. Such at least is the present programme for the apex; and if there is to be a figure of any one there, it is not easy to avoid the choice of Penn, unstatuesque though he be. In fact, any form in such a position will necessarily melt into the architecture, unless out of proportion in point of size. The elevation and the spectator's angle of vision will preclude its having much character of its own. Distance may lend enchantment to the worthy Friend and bring him into somewhat of harmony with his marble cenotaph and the mythological and allegorical beings with which it places him in such close and strange relationship. We may dismiss him as we do the more obtrusive angel who trumpets from the top of Hadrian's mausoleum, and who has as much, or as little, to do with the merit of the mass as the pine cone he replaced. The law-giver who proposed to do away with litigation, the conqueror who abjured force, will probably not be excluded from his lofty perch. But we hope the hand of innovation will, ere it be too late, reach the inverted cup and saucer upon which he stands. Some other device may be found which will chime in quite as well with the outlines of the not inelegant dome. It lacks apparent solidity,—the first requisite of a pedestal; and we might extend the remark to the dome itself, a shell of iron, or indeed of any material, not supplying an appropriate base to a massive piece of statuary.

The first discovery of him who desires to study the finished building as a whole from a good external position is the impossibility of finding such a point. The bounding spaces on the east, west, and south are one hundred and thirty feet wide, and those on the north two hundred and five. And yet, although these areas are aided by the practically indefinite vistas of Broad and Market Streets, which present the central segments of the four fronts to the observer at any angle he may choose, no stand-point exists from which the eye can take in at once the whole of two sides and the elevation. The two retreating corners of the northern space most nearly afford such a position; but they are only removed from the walls by an interval about equal to the height of the entrance pavilion and not half that of the tower. It is like viewing a group of sculpture eight feet high in its chief components and twenty in the extreme from a distance of eight feet. Stand so close as that to the Laocoön, and you can make nothing out of it. Clearly, the plaza will have to be enlarged, at least on the northern side. An expansion there of two hundred feet would enable the spectator, by backing into the re-entering angles on the northeast and northwest, to obtain a fair perspective of the eastern and western façades combined with a tolerable, but still decidedly too close, view of the main front. There should be, if possible, a broad, oblique approach, such as is afforded to the Capitol at Washington by the avenues. That structure covers hardly half the area of the Philadelphia buildings, and its average skyline is lower; yet to see it best, as a unit, one has to recede to a distant part of the grounds, which are many times more capacious than the Philadelphia plat.

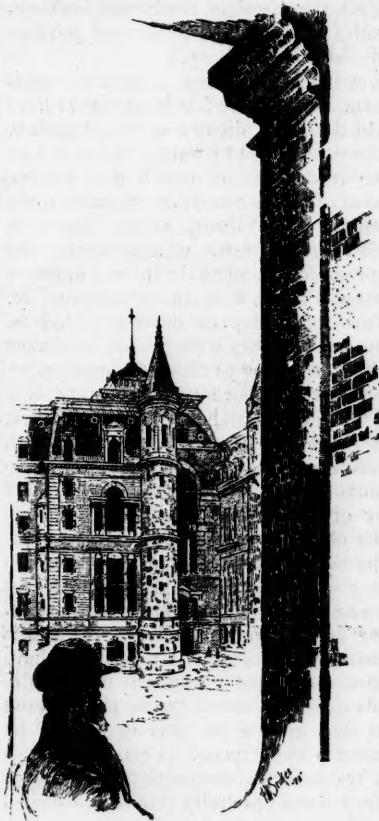
Until this extension is made, Mr. McArthur's production will look best in photographs and engravings. It well deserves the additional expenditure, as it would, being presumably intended to be looked at, require in any case. It should not be set in a corner. To erect a hall costing ten or twelve millions and

refuse another million for making it visible will be poor policy.

The selection of the north front as the principal one had, of course, other considerations to cause it than those of light, either of the other aspects being preferable for the display of the architecture; but, as that choice has been made, it would seem to dictate the same direction for the suggested enlargement of the grounds, unless that could be effected in the other quarters also. The more space the better; but "ten acres" are not "enough."

The motive of the design is lost upon those who approach by either of the intersecting highways. They see a detached segment only. The fine sweep of the sky-line from the pyramidal centre to the lower pyramids on the corner towers, sinking first to the cornice of the curtain and then rising right and left, a well-proportioned double curve and a ruling element of the general design, is not seen. The centre pavilion detached is incomplete. Its mansard is rather too predominant. This effect is relieved by the declension of the roof on either hand into flat lines, again broken at a proper interval by the moderately elevated slopes which crown the towers. So with each part of the entablature and the arched and pedimented hoods of the windows and bays. Obviously, these cannot be repeated indefinitely, but must have relations with other parts of the front which at once accentuate and vary them, and which are out of the range of vision. Every resource had to be used for breaking the monotony of long lines of windows,—a difficulty not to be escaped with five hundred and twenty rooms clamoring for light. This "damnable iteration" is disguised by variety of style, size, and decoration, by projections and indentations deep and shallow, by columns and pilasters, and by dividing sub-cornices which needed themselves to be continuous for unity and broken for effect. In this aim remarkable success has been obtained. If vertical lines seem to predominate, it is a fault on the right side. Flatness and heaviness are avoided. The dormers are

perhaps as well managed as dormers can be. For our part, we are thankful if they are not offensive. Windows in the roof, where windows ought not to be, framed with masonry that has no backing and nothing to support, and suggestive of uninhabitable habitations, are contradictions. The tendency of the



TURRETS IN COURT-YARD, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

day is toward the multiplication of these fenestral superstations, and we are happy to see it even moderately checked. If this satisfaction be alloyed by the contemplation of the immense dormers which surmount the twelve main projections, it is restored by the very circumstance of their size and prominence, which gives them architectural force and value. They

rather obscure the roof than grow out of it, and connect themselves, not incongruously, with the wall. The admission of light has not the air of being more than a secondary function with a marble screen thirty-seven feet high in the centre pavilions and twenty-eight in those at the corners, having as supporters, in heraldic phrase, marble caryatides seventeen and a half and thirteen feet high respectively.

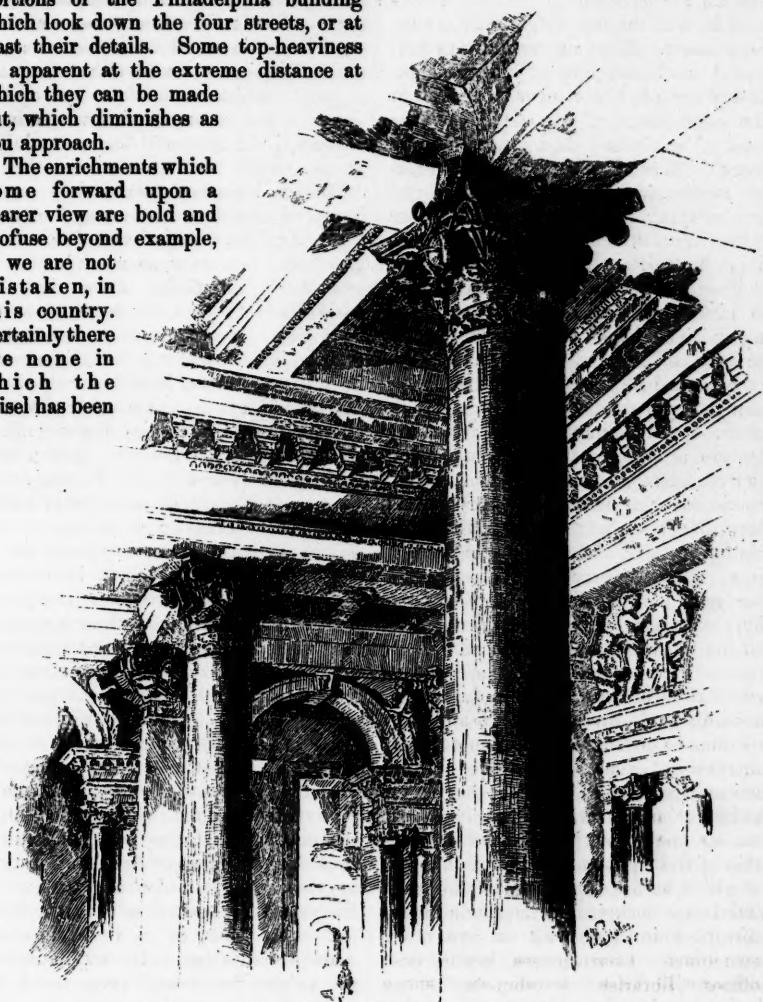
A base in the shape of a raised platform, ascended by low steps, would have added to the dignity of the building. It was excluded by want of space and by the requirement of easy transit on the level of the street from one side to the other. The substitute is a basement of eighteen feet, wholly above the ground-line, and built of a different stone from the marble superstructure. This foundation of light-gray granite, the courses deeply chamfered, is a very effective setting to the more ornate work which rises above it. Its height is a little more than half that of the first story, and just half that of the second, this reversal of the usual comparative pitch of the two floors being corrected by giving greater height to the lower tier of windows. The fact remains that the abrupt rise of the building from the level of the ground gives it the look of being cramped for space, notwithstanding the extraordinary size of the area it covers. That it should appear to have shot up through, or been driven into, the earth, instead of standing calmly and at ease upon a platform or dais of its own, is unfortunate. This, however, is a frequent feature of the Romanesque or Renaissance style of both the Italian and French schools, as well as of what we may term the American, or intermediate, school. All three are children of the streets, where space is valuable and the appropriation of an entire hill to a single edifice is not to be thought of. The terrace and the colonnade disappear, discarded in most cases as costly obstructions. Court-houses, hotels, post-offices, libraries, warehouses, shops, "flats," and separate dwellings find them in the way; and these fast-multi-

plying creations determine the development of modern architecture. Pillars, deposed from their proper office of supports, degenerate into mere decorations, and cling closely to the façade, up which they climb in pairs or groups; a broad entablature would banish a row of windows, and is therefore excluded; the frieze, driven too far aloft to be deciphered if present, shares the same fate, and the one deep, overhanging cornice gives place to parallel rows of thin mouldings. Ours is the age of economics. They exact these sacrifices, with a great many others. But they do not deny us the liberty of adapting, and, if we can, of inventing. To combine and to proportion tastefully and correctly is to achieve most of what man can expect to do, or ever has done, in any walk of art. And nature is always at our command with an exhaustless repertory of subjects for ornament. If we copy any of these faithfully and place them where they can be seen and where they are not strikingly out of harmony with their surroundings, we shall be in a safe path, so far as regards the ornamental side of architecture. As for construction, there are many reasons why, with the vast accessions of mechanism and material, we should excel all who have gone before us. Apropos of construction, that very matter-of-fact invention the elevator is destined to exert a marked control over the building-forms of the future. It throws height, except in churches, which will adhere to the long-fixed temple type of one floor and one main apartment, out of the calculation. Dwelling-houses now going up in New York will reach within fifteen feet of the cornice of St. Peter's, or of the apex of the centre pavilions of the hall we are describing. The latter edifice is provided with four of these annihilators of vertical distance. Heavenward the capacity of extension is practically indefinite, and architects will not fail to avail themselves of the fact. They will have, however, to reflect that the human eye is less aided by steam than the human foot, and to shape the details of external decoration accordingly. Reliefs will have to grow as they mount

aloft, or be distorted in their proportions,—as statues so situated often are now,—to counteract the effect of perspective. These changes will, of course, require to be adjusted to the remoteness or proximity of the point of view. If there be a wide range, the work will look well or ill as one stands near or far off. It strikes us that there must have been calculation on this score in designing those portions of the Philadelphia building which look down the four streets, or at least their details. Some top-heaviness is apparent at the extreme distance at which they can be made out, which diminishes as you approach.

The enrichments which come forward upon a nearer view are bold and profuse beyond example, if we are not mistaken, in this country. Certainly there are none in which the chisel has been

so freely employed on the minutiae of a façade. New forms of capital, fillet, base, and beading, arches with key-stones strongly projecting and sculptured, without indicated voussoirs, spandrels of which no two are alike, niches and medallions of all sizes, filled, some with conventional and some with naturalistic heads, groups illustrative of mythology, history,



IN THE NORTHERN VESTIBULE.

industrial progress, domestic manners, agriculture, trade, and all the arts, swarm over the front and attend you all through the interior. It must be set down as marvellous, considering their number, that rarely is one of these novelties offensive or absurd. What is not copied from old architectural or sculptured examples is, in nearly every case, carefully modelled from reality. The plants and animals are genuine and at once recognizable, and to that extent will always be pleasing. They are not always well placed, and are often oddly mated. The place of honor over the eastern front, for instance, is occupied by the head of an Asiatic elephant, with more ivory than belongs to that usually tuskless species, too broad between the eyes, and carrying his trunk in a fashion we cannot remember to have seen in the living animal, but still unmistakably an elephant, and only puzzling in respect to his significance as a frontispiece to a municipal hall in this latitude. It is not easy to idealize a locomotive, a bicycle, or a bale of cotton,—hard imitation is the best that can be done with them,—but it is impossible to attach the first to a Periclean train of allegorical conceptions, the second cannot be ridden, poetically or actually, by a four-year-old boy wholly destitute of even the light costume worn by wheelmen, and the last is at war with everything classic, even the spindle and distaff. It may be hypercritical to object that the pioneer on the spandrels over the northern entrance wears the trousers of to-day, while the Indian with whom he is hobnobbing is shown by his bow and skin costume to belong to the remote past, antedating even William Penn, who smiles benignantly between them over a Blenheim cravat,—the hardy settler having, moreover, just landed from a ship of the eighteenth century, on board of which he has apparently left his coat, and being occupied in clearing a mountain of white pine with an axe never seen outside of a carpenter's shop or a ship-yard. That the worthy lumberman is a transcript from life is a fact that speaks in the individuality of his build

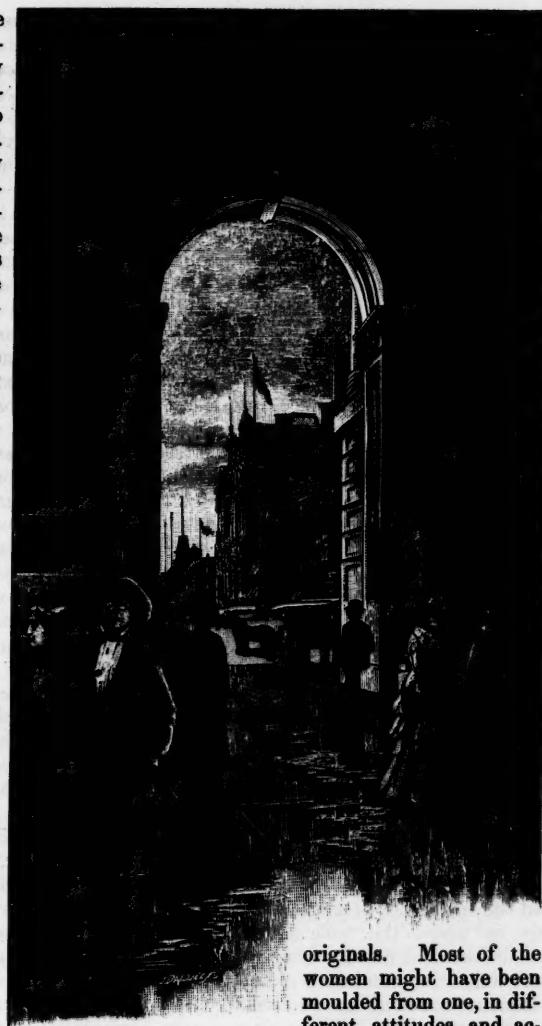
and the intricate folds of his garment. There are so many different kinds of truth that we cannot expect to get them all together at one time and in one place. Contradictions must come. Exact as the artist may seek to be, error will slip into his work somewhere. He could not escape it by plunging in despair into the bald and intense realism of the descriptive and narrative paintings in the Egyptian tombs and temples, or of the Assyrian reliefs, interesting and instructive as it would be to future ages to line these vast walls with friezes illustrative of American life,—say a torch-light procession, an election riot, a harvest-field, a rolling-mill, or a Leadville saloon.

The zoological display is large, and, like other features, not arranged on any fixed principle. American animals take the lead in number, so much so as to produce the impression at first that the design was to exclude those of other countries. We soon find, however, that our foreign friends the lion, tiger, etc., have been admitted into the marble ark. With them appear some other familiar characters, which, in the flesh, "never were on sea or land,"—the dragon and griffin and winged lion. We may, perhaps, have here a lingering survival of the Japanese craze or of the taste petrified in the gargoyle of mediæval cathedrals. It may be urged in defence of the proceeding that these imaginary beasts have maintained their existence so long as to have established a place in architecture and become as universally recognized conventions as the triglyph or the volute. We cannot quite shake off a certain attachment we have contracted for these time-honored monstrosities, the nightmares of our ancestors, consecrated by almost prehistoric legend. We only ask that they be not permitted to shock our ideas of fitness by jostling too closely the familiar creatures which live among us,—that the dragon and the fox do not snarl at us from the same window, and that we be not invited to act as umpires at a grinning-match between the ape and the basilisk.

The panel reliefs, of flowers, fruits,

and leaves, that follow the window-jambs are admirably executed. They have the infinite multiplicity of nature, who never repeats herself. They are delightfully refreshing to the eye accustomed to the bald copies of old works or the vague and fantastic scrolls so common in this mode of decoration. The grouping is not always graceful or effective, and there is a want of long flowing lines, but we can have no quarrel with the rendering of the individual objects. An artist's enthusiasm is shown in their patient and exact elaboration. One is tempted to wish for more of this, and to hope that sundry blank spaces where it would come in well may be similarly panelled.

We cannot speak in such decided praise of the human figures which stud the building inside and out. As architectural statuary, indeed, they are decidedly above the mark, and may well rank as something more than mere accessories. None of them are as glaringly disproportioned as Michael Angelo's "Day" and "Night," works which occupy a like position with many of these. The artist, perhaps, did not feel called upon to idealize his models, as he was not working for a sculpture-gallery. It is easy to see, however, that he exercised care in the choice of models, and rendered them closely. This is clear, if only from the drapery—when there is any. There is obviously no guess-work in the execution of that. But he must have been limited in the number of his



LOOKING FROM THE SOUTHERN VESTIBULE.

originals. Most of the women might have been moulded from one, in different attitudes and actions. All things considered, we think it rather

remarkable that he should have done so well. We can point to no similar work elsewhere in this country that will surpass it, and not much that can be compared with it. The range of subjects presented to him, too, was wide and trying enough. His theme was the reverse of monotonous. He inflicts upon us no plethora of martyrs, heroes, or nymphs,

—no *toujours perdrix*, like the three thousand tiresome and provokingly unexceptionable saints on the pinnacles of Milan Cathedral. The faults observable in this department, some of which we have before glanced at, are mainly those growing out of the variety demanded in situation and grouping. In such a medley there could hardly fail to be some odd associations, some jostling of antagonistic elbows.

Among the emblematic figures which are quite lacking in the ideal grace indispensable to allegory, and which yet are obviously done with fidelity from life, and not badly-selected life, either, we may mention those of "Astronomy" and "Chemistry," on the spandrels of an arch over a corner pavilion. Another pair of female statues, "Botany" and "Medicine," over the northern entrance, have much more ease, grace, and repose, and, with a little classicizing of their profiles, would disarm even a fastidious critic. The impersonations of "Night," on the west side of the southern stairway, and of "History," on the northern entrance, are also worth citing. The portrait character mars the effect of these embodied abstractions, as drawing them down toward commonplace. It is inversely appropriate in the *genre* subjects. The ploughman, the woodsman, and the mariner are natural, as they ought to be. One of the happiest spandrel statues is the coal-miner: lying on his back against the curve of the arch, with pick upraised to strike the roof of coal above him, he fits the position perfectly. It is, by the way, somewhat singular that so little prominence should be given to the coal industry among the numerous others illustrated in the decorations of the building. It is, above all others, characteristic of the State and the city, and that on which the rest in very great degree depend. Pennsylvania anthracite is peculiar among the fuels of the world, and the modern world is driven by fuel. Its seams are beyond comparison the richest in proportion to the surface they cover. The operations within and about them furnish some picturesque points. The miners are a

people of themselves, with their own dress and manners, laboring in darkness and peril, almost strangers to the light of day, hardy and athletic. Their costume, thanks to the circumstances of heat, damp, and obscurity under which it is worn, is little apt to change with the fashion of the day, and the typical miner, just as he stands, is, therefore, a man of all the centuries. The guide-books of five hundred years hence will be in no need of explaining him to the "tourist from New Zealand," or from any other region. He should be a more conspicuous figure in the white marble temple he has here erected to the dingy deity before whom he literally kneels.

That the sculptor has things pretty much in his own hands throughout the edifice, and that the colorist is almost as markedly ignored, is evident from a very cursory inspection. Polychrome has no place in the scheme. It is conspicuous by its absence. Of course, in so ambitious a structure, armed with brick, stone, and iron against the combined league of fire, storm, and time, ornament must be solid as that on which it is superimposed. Beautifying the surface, within or without, with the great American architectural cosmetic, linseed oil, was not to be thought of. No paint for virgin marble or marble virgins! Stone is capable of rich effects in color, as we may learn without reference to Mr. Ruskin or to the single example of Venice. And we possess ample materials for producing them, without mourning over the lost quarries of the ancients; while, with steam to aid us in sawing and polishing, we have no justification for not using them. We have marbles of all tints, with green, red, white, and gray granites of various texture, breccia, serpentine, and agate-like alabaster and stalagmite. A wall, or any part of it, should be treated, as to color, like a picture, the shadows being the foundation of the effect. Let these be rich and warm, and the work is half done. Let the mass consist of brown, deep red, maroon, or olive, and a few bits of light color will produce

every needed degree of contrast. The combination of white marble with black may be made very telling without much cost or labor. That we are aiming at something of this kind is proved by the increasing use of tiles and of enamelled brick. But this is Brummagem work, out of place where better things can be afforded. Marble pavement of the plainest kind is more satisfying than the gayest tiles. It is the difference between solid-colored brocade and sprigged calico.

The claims of the interior of the City Hall to elegance and taste have been, in this feature as in some others, chiefly staked upon the northern side of the quadrangle. Color meets you as you enter the great vestibule, seventy-one feet square, though not to the best advantage for its display, the light being bad. This area is divided by double rows of columns and pilasters into a centre passage of twenty feet, with side-aisles of eight feet each and stairways of ten feet. The monolithic shafts are of greenish granite from Massachusetts, highly polished. They are twenty-three and a half feet high by two feet six inches in diameter, and rest upon pedestals twelve and a half feet high, the die of red porphyritic granite and base and cornice of gray mottled granite, also polished. The capitals of the columns add the effect of metal to all this highly-wrought hard stone, being sheathed in bronze, which "fits over the shafts and rests upon a shoulder cut thereon,"—a bit of sham very damaging to the unity of the otherwise massive design. The pilasters reflect the columns as to their pedestals, but have shafts and capitals of buff Ohio sandstone, a plaster-like material, which is continued in the cornices above. Red granite columns are used in the gallery, twenty feet high, which surrounds three sides of this area, and of the

arches springing from them white statutory again takes possession, in the forms of "Music," "Mechanics," "Science," "Popular Election," etc. In the lofty lobby



SOUTHERN STAIRCASE.

immediately over the northern portal, uniting the Select and Common Council

c h a m -  
bers, on  
the same

floor, east and west, we find the walls, thirty-two feet high on a square of forty-two feet, an expanse of light sandstone relieved with pilasters of light-pink Quincy granite on pedestals of red granite based and topped with dark-gray and light-chocolate granite. Color

here, it will be observed, is feebly managed, and the chisel has again to come to the rescue in a deeply-carved entablature bearing medallion busts of Shippen, Morris, Mifflin, Rush, Biddle (the commodore,—not the banker), Evans (father of the high-pressure engine and grandfather of the locomotive), Rawle, and Cope.

But we have not got to the top of the lobby, or "Conversation Hall," as it is styled. It "springs exultant on triumphant wings" of sandstone and greenish granite to an entire elevation of ninety-one feet, rich enough as to form, blank enough as to color. Here we find ourselves ascending the great tower, although by steps as yet impalpable as those of Jacob's ladder. When the great campanile shall have become materialized, we may hope that, with its great command of light and the little there is to hamper artistic treatment, color will take more part in the embellishment than is the case below.

Re-descending to the ground-floor, we emerge into the great court through a chamber thirty-seven feet square, with the sober adjuncts of arches and short columns, the sombreness of which is not enlivened by wall-panelling of blue marble. The four pillars are three and a half diameters high, with capitals in the novel form of truncated caryatides. These figures, shown only in their upper half, represent what are popularly named as the four races of mankind,—Caucasian, Mongol, African, and Indian,—supposed, by a very poetic license, to have each an equal share in supporting civilization and progress. The idea is carried out by placing the young of these adults on the tops of small buttresses in the rear of their seniors. This tranquil scene of high life below-stairs is contemplated from coignes of vantage on the key-stones of the four arches by the bull, the tiger, the elephant, and the grizzly bear,—brute types of North, South, East, and West. And then it is pleasant to get out of the menagerie into the open air and look up at the comparatively quiet surfaces of the in-

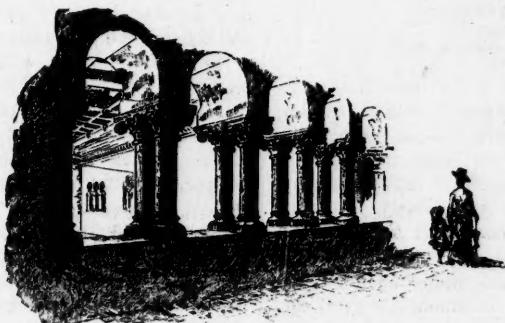
terior of the quadrangle. Especially grateful is the tall semicircular base of the tower, after a long succession of vertical planes. Windows are necessarily frequent here, as the stories are doubled; but they look natural and comfortable. The strain of the aesthetic is lifted from our minds, and we feel at home.

A little rested in this soothing atmosphere of the comparatively commonplace, we cross to the southern face of the square. Whether it is that the charm of the sun affects the spectator or inspired the designers and the artisans, certainly we are conscious of a more vivid pleasure in scanning the interior of this quarter. The main stairway is a success throughout, and not least so in some of its parts which are planned without close adherence to the beaten track. Its support is an irregular arch, somewhat like a Gothic flying buttress, but serving the purpose both of a support and of a brace, and distinctly showing that it does so,—points wherein the Gothic device signally fails. The fasciated columns and sculptured spandrels along the course of the stair-way are also good. Sandstone strikes us as an unsuitable material for the balusters and coping, as soiling too readily and being too easily chipped. Polished marble would be preferable.

Standing upon the balcony and looking down the long vista before either of the four fronts of this immense edifice, the spectator finds himself, in imagination, contemplating the throng that will make that vista each year more populous, and the as regularly growing muster of stately buildings year by year more ambitious and imposing. He wonders how the structure upon which he stands will fare in the estimation of those multiplying critics with their multiplying standards of comparison. It is a gage thrown down at the feet of posterity in the lists of art. Will they lift it and accept the challenge? It may be that true taste—the perception of genuine beauty—will advance *pari passu* with wealth and power, and that

nobler achievements will hereafter be possible. But it will be long before the attempt can be made on a similar scale; and for the present we may say, with Washington at Yorktown, that "the work is done,—and well done."

EDWARD V. BRUCE.



### FATA MORGANA.

**S**EEEN from the rude Calabrian cliffs, there rises  
At times a mirage marvellously fair,  
When Fay Morgana in the west devises,  
To please her nymphs, high structures built of air.

A roseate glow pervades the fairy castles,  
While pageants of gigantic riders pass:  
In fit array are set the phantom vassals,  
Noiseless as footfalls on shorn velvet grass.

We view this mystic pomp when winds are quiet  
And morning's halcyon feet the hill-tops tread;  
When the bland sea foregoes intent of riot,  
And smiles, as innocent of all its dead.

*Fata Morgana!* In vague hours of dreaming,  
Men, looking westward from some vantage-peak,  
Watch fairy palaces in glamour seeming,  
Where waves are restful and no wind is bleak,

Deem life so beautiful as thus reflected,  
Mark Love so gracious in his pageant ride,  
And to their souls say, "This our youth expected,  
And surely it will not be all denied!"

The mirage fades: they know it false and fleeting.  
Descending from the heights, they tread the plain,  
Grudging to stern realities a greeting,  
And longing for the fantasy again.

JOHN MORAN.

## SEBIA'S TANGLED WEB.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE ROSE OF MAY.

"THE model is the bane of the artist's existence," remarked Gorham Westminster, as he struck an attitude before an ideal painting,—a misty young woman of vague anatomy, charmingly but mysteriously costumed. "Realism," he continued, "is the great mistake of the day. Artists are degenerating into photographic machines, servilely rendering commonplace types and accidents of complexion. Whenever I follow my inspirations, and work, as we artists say, from *chic*, I am satisfied with the result; whereas in the whole course of my professional experience I have never found a satisfactory model,—never."

Gorham Westminster, familiarly called "Little Westminster" by his friends, paused, awaiting some remark from his audience. Mr. Crittenden, an unhealthy-looking gentleman of forty, crooked his lean hand and squinted through it meditatively at the picture. Blunt, the journalist, looked up from a portfolio of etchings, with the query, "Are they all so hideous?"

"No: some are really handsome. But that only makes the matter worse; for, of course, the better they are, the more they are in request. Any artist could go the rounds of one of our Academy exhibitions and tell who posed for nearly every figure-piece. 'Young lady in yellow satin, style *de l'Empire*', Miss X—. 'Young lady in poke bonnet *à la Priscilla*', Miss X— again. 'Young lady reading a letter,' modern costume, taken from advance proofs of forthcoming Paris fashions, Miss X—, of course. Sylph, clad in rosy clouds and lambent light, Miss X—, unmistakably. And no wonder; for she is one of the best, and very effective in any make-up. Her engagement-book has few blanks, and there is nearly always some artist tearing his

hair because he can't get her to come and finish some particular sitting. And it is just the same with any of the really good professional models. There is Mrs. L—. She poses admirably, is pretty, *petite*, and bewitching. Calef Moore makes an odalisque of her; Draper, a mediæval Florentine beauty, with a new arrangement of his sheeny satins and luscious velvets; or perhaps he meshes her in a whirlpool of ruffles, bandolines her hair to her temples in Andalusian quotation-marks, as who should say, 'From the Spanish,' arranges a veil over a high comb, and introduces her to the public as 'A Dream of Seville.' Acres furnishes up a Normandy cap, an Alsatian bow, a Swiss bodice, a Roman apron, and some wooden shoes from Amsterdam, and generalizes the whole museum into a 'Peasant-Girl,'—it doesn't matter of what particular country. There isn't a costume of any historical period or of any discovered country but has been made to pass in review; and, bless you! it is Mrs. L— pure and simple through it all."

"I thought models chose one particular line, instead of scattering around generally."

"Not here in New York, Blunt. Here the profession has not as yet been reduced to such admirable order. In Paris, now, we have the genuine Italian model, who gives us the national traits of feature along with the costume. In an artistic community like Barbizon or Ecouen, children of every age and variety are all labelled and parcelled ready for the artistic market. Grandams and veterans manage to make their hours of idleness useful. The nude is a profession by itself; while athletes get themselves into training until they serve very well for the antique. We had one young woman who swam like a fish, and had a portable tank carried around, in which she float-

ed to represent shipwrecks, Christian martyrs, and the Paul-and-Virginia sort of thing. There was one fine-looking young man, too, who had quite a reputation for crucifixions: nobody thought of painting one without him. The Del Sarto school of expression graduate some fine models. There was one lady, who afterward became a tragic actress of note, who used to give a suicide, which was quite the rage until half a dozen artists had exhibited it at the *Salon*, when it rather lost in freshness and finally went out of fashion. No doubt we shall have all the departments here in time. Have you ever met our ancient friend with the venerable beard who has posed so many times for busts of Bryant? The resemblance is quite striking. Calef Moore painted him as a dancing dervish, and I believe Temple has roped him in among his prophets as Ezekiel in one of the churches which he has been decorating. That beard of his is a valuable bit of theatrical property; but it rather limits him, too: he has to confine himself to Lear, and can't take it off at will and play Hamlet on alternate nights. The trouble with the professionals is that they *are* professionals. If one could only find a fresh face that was a real inspiration, and could get a copyright on it!"

"That is what we are all looking for," said Blunt, and his fine eyes twinkled roguishly. They were his best feature. In form he suggested the amateur athlete, rather than the man of intellectual pursuits, and his soft hair, clipped short, stood up like plush over his well-shaped head.

Mr. Crittenden drew the ragged ends of his long moustache within his thin lips, after an unpleasant habit of his, and nibbled them reflectively. "My dear fellow," he remarked, speaking very slowly, "I thought that was what you artists always did when you married."

Little Westminster flushed painfully. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Crittenden," he replied, with all the loftiness which only a little man can assume, "but we artists sometimes forget the shop so far

as to marry for love, and not with an eye to future professional utility."

"Why don't you draw on some of your lady-friends?" suggested Blunt. "I know loads of nice girls who would think posing for an artist a jolly lark, and who would feel genuinely complimented by having a flattering portrait hung at the Academy."

"Yes; but what if the portrait did not happen to be flattering? What if the pose you desired were a difficult one? My dear fellow, if you were never punished at school by being obliged to hold a ferule straight out from your body for five minutes, you have no idea of the physical endurance necessary for the strain. Once, when I was painting a portrait, and had just warmed up to my work and flattered myself that with an hour more I could produce something really worth while, I saw my amateur sitter droop, turn pale, and actually faint away outright on my model-stand. No, sir. Women, lovely women, are all very well as inspirations and all that; but when I paint I prefer to follow my own ideal rather than be bothered by any particular bundle of frail femininity. I appeal to you, Mr. Crittenden, as a connoisseur and a fastidious critic, is not this picture, which I call 'The Rose of May,' unfinished as it is, superior to a brutal study from the life?"

"Unquestionably," replied Mr. Crittenden somewhat flurriedly: "at least, it undoubtedly *will* be superior when it is finished."

"It is finished now," replied Little Westminster testily. "I would sooner run a knife through that canvas than put brush to it again."

Mr. Crittenden waved his hand apologetically. "A most exquisite idea," he murmured. "What is it that Rossetti says?—or is it Morris?—

She had a mouth  
Formed to give life to death,  
The under lip sucked in as though it strove to  
kiss itself."

"The mouth is just what I object to," said Blunt, coming forward impulsively: "it's out of drawing."

"Now, Blunt, you are too bad!" ex-

claimed Little Westminster. "I regard that mouth as an inspiration."

"Perhaps so. I didn't intend to broach the subject; but, as we are discussing it, I can't help saying frankly that the face reminds me of that portrait which Stuart was requested to paint,—Eliza's nose in profile, because its outline was so aristocratic, but the rest of the countenance in full face, as her eyes were so fine and her smile so bewitching it was a pity to lose half of either."

"Blunt, you are like all journalists: you care nothing for an artist's feelings or for the actual truth of what you say, so long as it sounds well and will fill out your column of brilliant jottings. I expect to read this *verbatim*, served at my expense, in your to-morrow's *Note and Comment*."

Mr. Crittenden bestowed on the newspaper correspondent a look of lofty disdain. "Jesting aside," he said, "I regard this as a most charming creation; and if you can manage to finish it without losing the sentiment—the indefinable but exquisite something—which it now possesses, I should like, Mr. Westminster, to make you an offer for the picture." Having delivered himself of this statement in a portentously impressive manner, Mr. Crittenden took his hat and his departure with stately dignity.

"Now, was there ever anything more unreasonable?" grumbled Little Westminster, at the same time seizing his palette and attacking the picture. "The charm which he recognizes is an inherent part of the unfinished condition of the picture. If I bring it out of its undefined, vaporous condition, it will be a hard, woodeny, unromantic reality."

"He knows that as well as you do," Blunt remarked sententiously. "He knows that you've gone to the end of your tether there, that it is easier to suggest than to give the complete ideal, and after you have spoiled your pretty abstraction he will coolly wash his hands of you."

"I believe it was a *bona fide* offer," replied the other; "and if a man purchases a picture he has a right to criti-

cise it. You may pull me to pieces as much as you please, Blunt, if you will only buy my canvases."

The journalist shrugged his shoulders: "I must be careful how I ruin the market-value of your wares, or you will be sending me in a pretty bill, you mean? All right. But take my advice: don't change that picture: you will never find any one of just the right type for you to finish it from."

Little Westminster whistled meditatively as he painted, and suddenly burst forth indignantly: "The impertinence of that popinjay's advising me to marry a model! I wonder how he would have liked it if I had suggested his offering himself to his laundress? So convenient, you know, to have some one in the family to do up one's shirts!" He scowled furiously at his painting, but in a moment his countenance relaxed, and he laughed heartily. "I never thought of it before, but he was paying me up for Miss Hoffman's condescension."

"What Miss Hoffman? Not Arthur Hoffman's sister, of Murray Hill?"

"The same. Do you happen to know her?"

"Not at all; but I know her brother. I met him in Paris at the time of the Commune. He is one of the best fellows in the world."

"I never should have suspected it. He struck me as simply an uninteresting aristocrat. They were at the White Mountains with their mamma last summer. It was rather early in the season; there were few people there, and much of the time Miss Hoffman had no men to choose between but Crittenden and me. It helped pass away her time to patronize art a little, and it made Crittenden so jealous that it amused us both. However, he ought not to lay up any grudges against me, for I soon exhausted the sketching and struck off for the Adirondacks, leaving him a clear field. I must really find time to call, for she sent me her card at the beginning of the season. She's a great talker, and somewhat eccentric, but I like her all the better for that."

"I hope you are not going in for money?"

"Now, Blunt, I consider that a direct aspersion on Miss Hoffman. It seems to imply that there is nothing else attractive about the lady. As you do not know her, I will forgive you. She is one of the most interesting young women I know,—delightfully ignorant as to art matters, but plunging in fearlessly and making the most amusing mistakes, which you haven't the heart to laugh at, even in your sleeve, she is so immensely good-natured. She would keep a fellow in perpetual good humor; and what more could one ask?"

"I don't know. It seems to me that what I should want in a wife would be sympathy, enthusiasm, and—oh, pshaw! the word is hackneyed and out of fashion, but, after all, there is nothing else that exactly expresses it."

"You mean love, I presume."

"Yes; I mean love."

"Well, I'll not mention it: it might injure your reputation to have it get around that you were capable of such sentiments. Is there any one in particular that you have ever associated with me in such a light?"

"I used to think you were rather devoted to Miss Dudley; and, seriously, if that were true, it would be the best fortune upon which I could congratulate you."

"Two artists! we should never get along; we should be professionally jealous of each other's successes."

"I don't believe it. You are not at all afraid of Miss Dudley, but she has more talent than you give her credit for."

"Yes? I really ought to know it by this time, you have informed us of the fact so often through the papers. There, you dear fellow, don't look so offended. I confess that Miss Dudley *has* a soul above plush mirror-frames and decorated china. We are excellent friends, but nothing more. You need have no scruples about snatching her away from me. There, there! don't say one word! Don't you suppose I know to whom our studio-building is

indebted for your frequent visits? Do you ever give me the honor of a call except when 'At Work' is conspicuously placarded on her door?"

"It is always there, Westminster. She is a young woman who has something else to do than to entertain loafers. But you are as far out of your reckoning as I have been. I am not a marrying man. What would the war-correspondent of the *Herald* do with his wife in Bulgaria or Turkey or in such an expedition as the cruise of the 'Jeanette'? I am off duty at present, but I may be ordered to the North Pole or to the heart of Africa at a moment's notice. I must wait until I have made my mark and retire on my honors before I can think of such a thing."

"Nonsense, Blunt! A man doesn't reach your age without thinking of the thing pretty seriously, and more than once, too."

"No, only once *seriously*."

"When was it, then?"

"Two years ago, when I was on my Western trip. I had stopped at San Antonio, Texas, to do the old Missions. I carried my 'sneak-box camera' with me, and was photographing the ruins. I could not help thinking that an artist could have made them much more picturesque by arranging foliage and figures in the foreground. There were plenty of spiky aloes, blazing cacti, and other semi-tropical plants in gardens near by, but I could not bring them into the same view. As I returned to the hotel I came across a bit that was so pretty that I could not help photographing it for my own private pleasure. A young girl in white was seated on a balustrade jutting into one of those escaped hot-house gardens of which I have spoken. An orange-tree grew over the wall and sheltered me while I stole my view. She was at work on some kind of lace, which was stretched upon a frame. She had a pretty way of looking at her work sideways with a graceful bend of her neck that reminded me of the way in which a columbine hangs its head. I had two plates taken in a twinkling, when something made her

uneasy. She fidgeted, and I could see that she was getting the meshes of her work into a pretty mess. As I closed my box and stepped from under the orange-tree, she discovered me. I had not intended to speak, but she looked so superbly indignant that I stammered out some sort of an apology about having taken the liberty to photograph the garden. My time was limited—I had only an excursion-ticket,—but I let that go, and hung around San Antonio for several days. I ascertained that her father was an army sutler, by the name of Dorr, and I made his acquaintance, —an absurd, weak character, a servile worshipper of rank, at once amusing and pitiable. I met the daughter a number of times, and succeeding impressions did not in the least lessen my infatuation. When I recognized that it was a serious thing with me, that I was really slipping beyond my own control, I was frightened, and had an attack of a kind of cold-blooded idiocy which at the time I mistook for common sense. I resolved that I would not yield to this fascination, but would calmly view matters from a distance and be governed by my reason instead of my impulses. My only safety appeared to be in retreat, and, over-cautious fool that I was, I left without a word. I ascertained to my satisfaction that my feeling was a genuine one; and that is all the comfort that my caution has given me."

"Why didn't you go out again, or, at least, write?"

"I was not made of money at that time. I had only begun the profession of literature, and had not realized any of its superabounding emoluments. But I did write, only to find that caution could be developed on more than one side. Mr. Dorr politely returned my letters. He had not 'the honor of a sufficiently intimate acquaintance to warrant his countenancing any further intimacy.' Shortly after they left San Antonio, and I lost all trace of them. It's absurd that I can't forget the whole matter, but, somehow, it sticks. I keep still the little square of tangled lace upon which she was at work when I

first met her. You can trace the design, in spite of the snarled threads: a heart in the centre of a wheel,—that of Fortune, I presume. May it have happiness for her at every turn!"

"You spoke of photographing her in the garden: do you mind letting me see what she was like?"

"Certainly not: here it is; but it does not do her justice. No photograph could."

"She has a beautiful neck,—just the kind that Reynolds painted for his peerses. What is the reason that our American girls do not develop better throats? There is something columnar in the structure of this one: she reminds me of a caryatid. Are those Texas girls accustomed to carry things on their heads?"

"I fancy not. There is something patrician about that face, and the figure is too frail to suggest labor. She has nothing of the Creole look about her: indeed, I think it would hardly occur to you, except from her accent, that she was a Southern girl at all. Strange as it may seem, though I met her oftenest in that old semi-tropical garden, surrounded by jessamine, passion-vine, and oleanders, she does not remind me of any of these, but of some of our fragile New England wild-flowers."

"True. Your first comparison was correct: she is a columbine."

As Westminster spoke, some one tapped at the studio door. It was a woman's knock, and the quality was peculiar. There was something decided and business-like in its unhesitating promptness and clearness.

"That is Miss Dudley," said Blunt.

"Ah! you know her touch! There is no use in trying to humbug me with faded columbines."

"Don't keep her waiting. There is a frank comradeship in the way in which her knuckles strike the panels, which seems to say, 'Brother artist, be quick; I've no time to trifle.'"

Little Westminster threw open the door, and a trimly-dressed young woman with a long apron strapped over a

neatly-fitting cloth walking-suit stepped briskly into the studio. She recognized Blunt with an easy inclination of her shapely head, but addressed herself directly to the artist: "Oh, Mr. Westminster, do come into my studio! I've such a find!"

"Some one who wants a thousand-dollar portrait painted?"

"No, indeed; a young lady who wants to learn how to paint thousand-dollar pictures between now and Christmas."

"I hope you haven't referred the absurd creature to me: you know I never take pupils."

"I have, though, and the moment you see her you will be down on your knees with gratitude. She is the very impersonation of your lovely picture, only more so."

"Now you talk. Will she pose? Has she ever posed? Where is the charmer?"

"In my studio. But wait a moment. You must not rush right in until I tell you all about her."

"May I go, too?" asked Blunt.

"No, indeed!" replied Miss Dudley. "I am not going to have her alarmed by too many enthusiastic young men. Mr. Westminster is quite enough, I assure you."

"Personate the artist until I return, there's a good fellow," entreated Little Westminster, throwing off his studio *négligé* and thrusting his arms into a velvet shooting-jacket. He returned in a few moments to walk the studio excitedly. "Blunt, you poor, defrauded mortal," he exclaimed, "you don't know what you have lost! 'She has a mouth,' as Crittenden said, etcetera, etcetera. She is my picture incarnate, and—luck too great to have been hoped—she is going to pose for it!"

"Tell me all about her."

"There isn't much that I know. She is one of those sadly-mistaken young persons who have been bitten by the art bug, who think that they can paint, when they have only the rarer gift,—to appreciate. She comes from the far West somewhere; was left lately, by the

death of her mother, with the care of an invalid father. She decided that if she could obtain an art education she would be equal to their support, and, accordingly, gathered together the little that they possessed and has brought him with her to New York. Her little store is probably melting fast, for she had a frightened look, and is anxious to have something ready to sell for the holidays. The shops are already supplied, of course, with work done during the summer. Miss Dudley could not have given her much encouragement, for she looked on the verge of tears. What do you think of it all?"

"I should think her very plucky."

"Foolhardy, you mean. It seems to me that I may prove as much of a good angel to her as she to me. I need her help; she is invaluable. I was ready to offer her anything. Miss Dudley will see her father and try to arrange it for me. Miss Dudley is a trump, a diamond of purest ray serene. I feel now that I never fully appreciated her. A man can't subsist on faded photographs and blurred remembrances of 'love's young dream.' I advise you, Blunt, to put the columbine out of mind and cultivate Miss Dudley. She tells me she thinks of giving up painting on plush, and means to go to Munich next spring for serious study. Couldn't you suggest to your editorial chief something important in the Munich way?"

"Drop Miss Dudley, Westminster, there's a good fellow, and tell me more about the other one."

"Oh, descriptions are not in my line, but I'll make you a charcoal sketch. She didn't talk much, only sat with her head bent forward,—so,—and listened while Miss Dudley explained. She was dressed in mourning. Her sacque fitted elegantly in the back, and she had fine shoulders. I should have been struck by her appearance if I had only seen her in front of me at a concert or at church and had not caught a glimpse of her face. Her crape veil trailed down to one side,—so,—and she had a bird-like way of perking her chin. Perking isn't exactly the word, though: it

sounds impudent, and she was only—delicious."

"Westminster," said Blunt earnestly, "aren't you mistaken in one or two particulars? did you really get the sweep of those lines from this young lady, or are you simply playing with your recollection of my photograph?"

"Why, no; that is her silhouette, as nearly as I can express it. Let me see your photograph once more. By Jove! there is a resemblance! Blunt, the figure is identical. It is—it must be—the columbine!"

"I knew it," replied Blunt calmly.

## CHAPTER II.

### STUDIO DAYS.

MR. DORR, like all army sutlers, had had the opportunity of making a dozen fortunes, and, with the exception of a weakness which led him into a long-suffering leniency with the unpaid bills of the officers whose station he honored and whose friendship he coveted, he had improved his chances. He had neglected none of the excellent opportunities of defrauding the Indians as they were presented to him, and he had doubled his profits and aided the cause of temperance by conscientiously watering the whiskey which he sold to the common soldiery. No man can rigorously adhere to such principles without realizing the Bible promise, "Verily, I say unto you, he hath his reward." But, unfortunately, Mr. Dorr's judgment in the care of his property hardly did credit to the diligence with which it had been acquired, and the year previous to his daughter's first winter in New York saw it all invested in an unproductive silver-mine in New Mexico. It was not the first of Mr. Dorr's ventures which had disappointed him. He was so accustomed to having affairs take a slightly different turn from what he had anticipated that he had come to accept the vicissitudes of life with inconsequential levity. And yet, in spite of his lamentable want of character, he was an

amiable man. So Jane Strong, a New-England girl, educated at Mt. Holyoke and a missionary to the Indians, had thought some twenty years before. She had not found her life among the red men an ideal one. It was very different from what she had pictured it in the first intense glow of missionary zeal. It was not merely beset with hardship and danger,—this she had anticipated,—but year after year showed no improvement in her charges, and her heart yearned with a terrible homesickness for the refined and intellectual life of the East. William Dorr passed through the Indian Territory occasionally. Something in Jane's earnest face caught his idle fancy, and she grasped his outstretched hand as that of a deliverer. It was not until after years of married life that she comprehended the base metal of her husband's soul. Then her own high spirit gave way: she faded gradually, and died of that bitterest of disappointment which finds itself mistaken, not in the love of another, but in its own ability to respect a person still deeply loved. Sebia grew up the exact reproduction of her mother,—the same dark hair, serious eyes, and rich complexion. She took life calmly, thoughtfully; there was none of her father's flippancy in her manner or thought. Most noticeable of all, there was a sweet, unmistakable atmosphere of purity about the motherless girl which served her as a shield on many an occasion. The father looked in vain for a single trait resembling himself. "You are your mother's girl through and through, Sebia. So much the better. I could not wish you different."

It was not until Mr. Dorr's affairs began to wear a dubious complexion that he talked them over with his daughter. "If I could get the mine bonded," he said, "all would be well. But that would necessitate a journey to New York, and perhaps a residence there for some time."

"Father," replied Sebia, "let us go. Mother always wanted me to go East. She taught me to draw when I was a very little girl, and I have kept it up all

by myself. I believe that if I could have just a little instruction I could support both you and me while we are waiting for the mine to look up."

Mr. Dorr looked at his daughter with half-closed, reflective eyes. "That girl's a regular stunner," he said to himself. "She ought to have a better market." And then he thought with some bitterness that the only officers whom he had looked upon as possible sons-in-law had been far less appreciative of Sebia's beauty since the mine had been talked about. "If I had only some friend in New York," he mused aloud.

"Why, father, that is where the newspaper gentleman, Mr. Blunt, came from. Don't you remember him?"

"Yes; but I meant some lady friend, who could introduce you properly."

"Oh, I shan't need any one. I'll inquire the names of prominent artists, and select that of some lady; then I will go right to her and tell her just what I want to do. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Yes, I think going to New York is a good idea: we'll try it."

"But you don't believe in *me* at all. I hope the old mine will peter out, just to show you what I can do."

"I believe you're the prettiest girl west of the Mississippi, and I don't believe New York can beat you."

Miss Dudley found it easy to obtain Mr. Dorr's consent. He was not a man of over-delicate sensibilities. "Why, yes," he remarked slowly, "it certainly appears to be something of a compliment that an artist should want to paint Sebia. Haven't they any fine-looking girls in this section? I suppose nobody need know that she receives money for it. Sebia shall keep an account, and we'll regard it in the light of a loan. When this mine is all settled I shall be happy to refund it and add something handsome."

Then suddenly his unprincipled and at the same time short-sighted scheming caught at a device which was to bring the greatest trouble that Sebia had ever known into her young life. Why could not it be understood that Sebia

was taking lessons of Mr. Westminster? He did not want the girl to engage in anything which would injure her prospects in the best society. Miss Dudley smiled vaguely. Sebia could hardly be said to be in New York society at all, her only acquaintances in the city being the inmates of the third-class boarding-house in which they had taken lodgings. As for Miss Dudley, she had been so long accustomed to an independent Bohemian life, and had found herself so universally respected and deferred to by more conventional people, that Mr. Dorr's precautions seemed to her absurd in the extreme. But when he appealed to her as to whether the profession of a model was held in the highest repute by the very first circle of metropolitan society, she was obliged to admit that there was a prejudice against it.

"You see," Mr. Dorr explained, "Sebia's face is her fortune. The girl is pretty enough for a duchess. I am saving her for a high market."

It pained Miss Dudley to hear the girl's future spoken of as marketable, and she answered quickly, "There is something in Miss Eusebia's face which convinces me that she could never do anything unfitting the highest walk in life; and when there is such ingrained nobility of character, rank and station are of secondary account."

The young girl looked up gratefully. "I told father," she said, "that you would never advise me to do anything that was improper."

"You can rely on Mr. Westminster too," said Miss Dudley: "he is a true gentleman."

And so it happened that Sebia came regularly to sit for the new picture. On such occasions Mr. Westminster's door was decorated with the mendacious placard, "Back at one o'clock." People left their cards under the door, or knocked suspiciously. Mr. Westminster painted silently and paid no attention to them. Sebia's beauty grew upon him; but it was subtle, difficult to interpret, and he painted himself into a fine rage of despair over it. They conversed little, for he was too seriously in earnest

with his work, while she was habitually silent. She was not ready with the topics which make the small talk of polite society. Her knowledge of art was very limited. Besides her mother's instruction, she had studied pastel-drawing at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at —, she had read a stray volume of Ruskin, and Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo: that was all. It was the latter book which had fascinated her and filled her young mind with an enthusiasm for art. Little Westminster had told her that she might copy any of his sketches. She had chosen one far beyond her, had carried it home, worked faithfully upon it, and had returned with a result not nearly so absurd as he had expected. He was correcting its faults with her one morning, when a peculiar knock was given at the door.

"That must be Blunt," said the artist. "I have given a few of my friends this special open sesame." He threw open the door, and was confronted, not by Blunt, as he had expected, but by Miss Hoffman and her brother.

She laughed gayly.

"You see, I remembered the countersign. You told me last summer how I must knock in order to obtain admittance. Do we intrude? Were you painting from a model?"

"No," replied Little Westminster hastily, mindful of Mr. Dorr's request. It had seemed at first as unnecessary to him as to Miss Dudley; but here were representatives of the very class which the father had had before his mind's eye, and he introduced Miss Dorr as an art student.

"I did not know that you condescended to pupils," exclaimed Miss Hoffman in some surprise. "You were very stiff about it last summer when I wanted to take lessons. I suppose you saw that it was only a caprice on my part, and Miss Dorr probably has talent. Now, do show Arthur some of your lovely things. I have been teasing him for the greatest while to come with me. What a charming studio you have! I adore studios. What have you done with all those studies you made in the White Moun-

tains? There was one of Mr. Crittenden botanizing. You asked his opinion of it afterward, you remember, and he said it was a masterly rendering of a sand-hill crane." She laughed merrily, and proceeded with easy familiarity to bring to the front certain canvases placed with their faces to the wall. Mr. Westminster deftly rescued "The Rose of May," on which he had just been at work, and placed it out of her reach before she had caught a glimpse of it.

"Now, that is what I call real unkind," she exclaimed pathetically. "When are you going to find time to paint my portrait? I want one ever so much for a Christmas-present for some one. What a sweet, old-fashioned thing that is in the baby-waist! How would it do, Arthur, to be painted in character? Mother has saved her wedding-dress, you know. You would go into fits over it, Mr. Westminster,—white satin yellowed to cream color."

"It would doubtless be a fascinating thing to paint," said Westminster.

"Yes; but how would Eleanor look in it?" queried Mr. Arthur Hoffman.

"That's a fact. My neck is horrid," Eleanor replied good-naturedly. "What a superb throat you have!" she added, regarding Eusebia with admiration. "I should think you would look too sweet for anything in a *décolleté* costume. Now, why, Mr. Westminster, couldn't you paint the face from me and the shoulders from her?"

"Miss Dorr is not a professional model."

"Oh, no! of course not. You told me so, and I might have known it anyway. Miss Dorr has an air of perfect breeding."

Eusebia maintained the same gentle sweetness of demeanor, but Little Westminster was annoyed. He turned abruptly to Mr. Arthur Hoffman, with the remark, "I believe we have a common acquaintance in John Blunt the journalist." Mr. Hoffman had been sitting with a politely-bored air, caressing his chin with the head of his cane, and not deigning any observation on the studio or its contents. On the mention of

Mr. Blunt's name he awoke to enthusiasm:

"Know him! I should think so. He saved my life at the time of the last excitement in Paris. I used to prowl about a good deal, and I was arrested as a spy. I was sentenced, and it would soon have been all up for me if Blunt had not happened along in the very nick of time. He was known to some of the prominent men as a newspaper correspondent and a respectable man, and he used all the influence he had in my favor, and successfully too. I've never been able to find out how to be of use to him. If he were only in politics I might serve him; but I am ignorant of the means employed to obtain literary preferment. I have always had an idea that the prizes in that field were awarded to talent. If so, he has no need of any one's assistance."

"I am sure I was always ready to do what I could for him in a social way," Miss Hoffman remarked; "but he was very independent, and declined all my invitations to dinners and parties. I had no idea that newspaper men were of such retiring dispositions; I am sure reporters are always represented as insufferably pushing."

There was more talk of the proposed portrait, Westminster appointing one day each week for sittings, and the guests took their departure, Arthur Hoffman bestowing a lingering farewell look at Eusebia, who was drooping in a pretty attitude over a large scrap-book of sketches. He assisted his sister into his dog-cart, took the reins from the groom, and drove rapidly toward the Park.

"It was real good of you to go with me, Arthur," said Miss Hoffman. "I never could endure running around among the studios as some of the girls do. I have always stood out against the art mania, and never would have any cheap decorated things in our parlors. I have always boasted that our china and glass, as well as our clothing and pictures and furniture, were all purchased abroad. But things are coming to such a pass that one is obliged to

make some concessions. Florence Delancey is going into aesthetic dress,—has her gowns designed by some celebrated architect, and embroidered with a frieze adapted from the antique by a new sculptor who is all the rage. I forgot his name."

"Florence Delancey always was a precious fool," Arthur Hoffman remarked pleasantly. "For my part, Eleanor, I do not approve of making concessions to cheap art. I hate pretence, and these new things seem to me so much sham. Florence Delancey made me look at her boudoir the last time that I called, and I can't say that I prefer bare floors spotted with one or two prayer rugs that dirty-kneed Orientals have rubbed ragged, to a warm Wilton carpet; or cheese-cloth window-curtains decorated with hideous bands of Japanese paper, a stack of cat-tails in the corner, rickety chairs and a spinning-wheel brought down from her grandmother's attic, a section of drain-pipe painted over with storks, and two or three pieces of six-cent crockery, to such a room as yours, expensively upholstered in blue satin and gold. What is really excellent cannot be obtained so easily, I am sure. I have not seen anything, either, in the work of these young fellows at home that goes ahead of the Rose Bonheur, the Sir Edwin Landseer, the little Teniers, and that unimpeachable Poussin that father brought home the last time he was abroad. The governor probably was not a great art-critic, but he knew that a genuine thing alone is valuable, and a valuable thing costs money. Consequently, he always bought the highest-priced things in the market."

"Yes, Arthur dear, but fashions change; and doesn't it strike you that what may have been the best in father's day may be just a trifle old-fashioned? Mr. Crittenden was showing me his gallery the day that he lunched our archery club, and the new names among French artists alone just made my head ache. It convinced me that a part of my education has been neglected. I mean to get Mr. Westminster to talk up modern

art with me while I am sitting for my portrait."

"And a nice, disinterested view you will get of it, to be sure."

"Oh, I can correct him with Mr. Crittenden and Florence Delancey."

"You will please him better, I fancy, if you get him to talk up that pretty scholar of his."

"Do you think he is interested in her? What a little simpleton she was! she hardly spoke two words."

"There was no need of it: her beauty made her conspicuous enough."

"And did you ever see any one so ridiculously conscious?"

"I thought her extremely artless."

"Now, that's just like a man! Couldn't you see what pains she took to sit down with her back toward you and to glance at you now and then in that sly way over her shoulder?"

"It seemed to me that she was shy, and did the best she could to get away from us."

"How modest you are! Have you found so far, Arthur, that young ladies are usually anxious to get away from you?"

"No; and that was what contributed to make this one rather interesting."

"And all the time she was probably wondering how she could best set her cap for you."

"I wish she would."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I should rather enjoy being better acquainted with her; and I wish you would manage it for me."

"I? Perhaps you would like to have me invite her to one of my four-o'clock teas?"

"Why not? You have asked people whom you had not even met. You can easily pump Westminster in regard to her, and rope her in some way. If it was anything you had set your own heart upon, you could bring it about easily enough."

"Do you mean to say that you have set your heart upon it?"

"Now, Eleanor, just drop a girl's teasing ways for once, will you? I leave the affair in your hands: it's

woman's work. If you want to oblige me, you will do it; and occasions have arisen, and probably will arise, when a little brotherly backing has been, and may yet be, acceptable in your own plans."

"I am to get you on terms of easy acquaintanceship with this Miss Dorr? I suppose that means that I must introduce her into our set."

"I don't believe she would disgrace it."

"Arthur, I verily believe—"

"No matter what you believe. This is one of the instances when works are of more importance than faith."

On the next day that Eusebia posed, Mr. Blunt called. Westminster had prepared her for his appearance, and the sitting was not interrupted.

"Mr. Westminster tells me," said Eusebia, "that you already know the secret of my posing: so there is no use in deceiving you."

"What is the use of making a secret of it at all?" Blunt asked kindly. "It will only get you into all sorts of tight corners. You know the old hymn,—

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive!"

"When you saw me first, I believe I was weaving a tangled web," Sebia replied inconsequently: "it seems to be my mission in life."

Blunt had wondered whether Eusebia would recognize him, and during the past week he had lived over their first meeting and this renewal of their acquaintance many times. It was not at all as he had fancied. He had feared that she might have forgotten him entirely, and at other times he had wildly hoped that her interest in him might have been equal to his own in her. He watched her eagerly to see if there were any flutter in her manner, a heightened glow upon her cheek, or a shy veiling of her gentle eyes; but there was nothing of this. Her look had met his own with simple friendliness. She remembered him perfectly, but the way in which she remembered proved that several years had

elapsed during which both the incident and Blunt himself had been completely forgotten.

"We expected you last Tuesday, and really thought you had come. Mr. Westminster lost a good hour of valuable time by letting in some visitors whose knock he mistook for yours."

"Yes, our swell friends the Hoffmans," explained Westminster.

"Was Arthur here?" exclaimed Blunt. "How did you like him?"

"Indifferently well." This from Westminster, while Eusebia chose to ignore the question.

"He told us of your heroism in saving his life during the Commune," she said.

"Yes," added Westminster: "you didn't mention that little detail the other day; rather led me to suppose, instead, that you were indebted to him. I didn't know but you had been borrowing money of him."

"He would be a good friend in case of need, no doubt. But I had rather do him a favor than ask one."

Blunt idled away the entire morning in the studio, though he had two columns of locals to make up before dinner. They chatted in a desultory way on various subjects.

"I met Crittenden at the club last evening," said Westminster, "and told him that 'The Rose of May' was in a fair way of being finished soon. He promised to drop in and look at it."

Blunt shrugged his shoulders: "I wouldn't show it to him."

"There is one reason for doing so. I would rather dispose of the painting at private sale. Miss Dorr does not care to have it go the round of the exhibitions. What makes you think that Crittenden will not purchase it?"

"Has he the reputation among the artists of being a picture-buyer?"

"He tells me that he has a rather choice little collection; and I should say that it deserves the name, if it represents Gérôme, Diaz, Corot, Millais, Alma Tadema, and Fortuny. He must be very knowing as well as wealthy, or he could not have secured such names."

There was a sneer on Blunt's honest

face: "The name is all he cares for. What a hodge-podge of style it is!—German babies and English restorations of the antique, French landscapes and counterfeit Veroneses! It's enough to make a true art-lover blasphemous to enter his gallery."

"You've been there, then? Is it true that he has one room devoted to American pictures? If so, he can't be such a name-worshipper as you make out."

"Yes, the smoking-room is hung with American paintings, and he has more good things than he deserves. Wait till he runs his bony old arm inside of yours and trots you up to them one by one and boasts of how cheaply he obtained them. 'Here,' he will say, 'is a first-class Calef Moore,—something in his early style: the fellow doesn't paint as well nowadays. I bought it before his reputation spoiled him,—you'd be astonished if you knew for what a mere song. I rather led him to believe that I might come again; but I'd no notion of doing that, you know. There is a rather nice Le Mode. I picked it up at auction twenty years ago. He thought then that he would become an ideal painter. He hadn't found out that people will pay more for their own ugly faces than for the loveliest vision artists ever dreamed. Here's a portrait by Copley I bought of a widow with whom I boarded one summer in New Hampshire. She had no idea of its value, and was in such straitened circumstances that she would have sold the very bones of her ancestors. Here's a sketch that Lovelace gave me. He would tell you, I presume, that he didn't intend it as a gift; but I misunderstood him so cleverly that he never had the face to dun me. Here's a landscape by Swampscott Marsh. I drew it at a church-fair lottery. You see, I knew the lady who did the drawing. Lucky, wasn't I? Marsh doesn't paint many pictures for church fairs now. Just look at that Draper! I secured that while I was abroad, with a half-dozen other things. I went browsing round among the *ateliers*, and bought

bits by the young men who showed talent but who hadn't been spoiled as yet by too much recognition.' And so he will moon and drivel on *ad nauseam*, seemingly taking an intense delight in the revelation of his own meanness."

"I didn't know he was such a screw. He has always seemed anxious to get something of mine. I remember once he told me that he had just purchased a Pasini, and he wanted something for a pendant; didn't mind how much I asked for it, if it was really good enough."

"Do you imagine, my dear fellow, that he thought you equal to as good a thing as a Pasini?"

"Perhaps I am not; but I thought he intended to be complimentary."

"Mildly sarcastic. He wanted to impress you with a profound conviction of your own insignificance, and then buy your best picture at the lowest price which your self-abnegation would set. I wish Arthur Hoffman would interest himself in art and buy 'The Rose of May.' There is nothing little about him. His ideas in the way of spending bear some proportion to his income,—which is more than can be said of most rich men."

At the close of the sitting, Blunt offered to see Eusebia to her car; but as they stepped into the outer air a gust of wind turned his umbrella inside out. It was storming thickly, and the long line of cars stood blockaded, waiting for the snow-plough to clear the way. "We will cross the square and take a hack," he said, drawing her arm within his own.

"How beautiful this is!" exclaimed Eusebia. "Do you know it is the first real snow-storm that I can remember to have seen? How I wish I were a child to frolic in it! Blossoms are the only snow we have in Texas."

"Is it possible that you have never had a sleigh-ride?"

"Nor skated upon the ice, nor seen a walrus or a polar bear."

"Then you must let me introduce you to all these luxuries of our frigid zone. I will call to-morrow afternoon with a cutter, and will take you to the Park, where we will pay our respects to the polar bear and walrus; and, if you will only allow me to be your teacher for the season at the Rink, I agree to graduate you the most accomplished skater in the city."

"How very kind of you! I accept the sleigh-ride, subject to papa's consent. We will see about the skating. I am afraid I should be too awkward. Please don't signal that hackman. I had rather walk home: it is not far, and this snow is delicious. I like to feel it pelt against my cheek. Is it not intoxicating?"

Blunt was exhilarated. He did not, however, attribute the feeling to the snow-storm, but rather to the clinging hand upon his arm and the fluffy hair which the mischievous wind tossed across his lips. He blessed the blinding storm and the unsteady umbrella which sheltered them,—the bat-like wing of some grotesque but friendly genius. He was more in love with her than ever. What had died into a romantic memory was now an awakened passion. They chatted gayly and familiarly on many topics. Someway, he found a great deal to say about Arthur Hoffman,—of his wealth, the aristocracy of his family, his native refinement and generous impulses; and, oddly enough, the last word upon his lips, as he left her at the door of her boarding-house, was his friend's name.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HAWAII PONOI.



"THE HUMBLER AND FAR MORE PICTURESQUE."

To have the honor of being present at  
THE CORONATION CEREMONIES OF  
THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND  
QUEEN,  
The Chamberlain of the Household is authorized  
to invite

*Mrs. and Mrs. Blank*  
to a seat in the amphitheatre, opposite the front  
entrance of JOLANI PALACE, on  
Monday, February 12, A.D.  
1883, at 11 o'clock A.M.  
FULL DRESS.

The foregoing was printed upon a card  
about the size of a cabinet photograph,  
with a border of gold half an inch wide,  
and surmounted by a gorgeous gilded  
crest.

We were delighted at the opportunity  
of seeing a real king crowned, and at the  
appointed hour were not only dressed  
and ready, but had worked ourselves up  
into quite an excitement over the event.  
It had been the theme of much discus-  
sion among all classes of the population.

The natives generally were enthusiastic in regard to it,—anything in the nature of a "show" being certain to attract them; but the opposition party—who are quite bitter against his majesty—scorned the whole proceeding as theatrical.

There are several reasons why I shall not enter into the political question of Hawaii or tell why the opposition hate the king and call the prime minister all sorts of hard names. The first and conclusive reason is that I don't know.



"ONE DIGNIFIED OLD MANDARIN ESCORTED HIS DAUGHTERS."

To all appearances, the king is a kind, just, and dignified ruler; but, then, I am only a woman, and politics are beyond me.

As we drove down the valley, we passed crowds of natives on their way to town, gorgeous in holiday clothes. The humbler and far more picturesque were barefooted and wreathed about with ropes of flowers; the more pretentious were dressed, the men in regulation swallow-tail and white kids, the women in satin and silks.

A large amphitheatre had been erected in front of the palace for the accommodation of the non-official guests, while the ministers of state, the consuls and

their wives, and a regular blaze of brass buttons from the men-of-war occupied the palace balcony. The crowd of spectators included many nationalities and several shades of color,—English, American, French, German, Portuguese, natives, and Chinamen,—not common Chinamen, but swell city merchants, with long fingernails and clothes of fine silk and broad-cloth. Several Chinamen who had married "half-white" women brought their wives, and one dignified old mandarin escorted his daughters, two very pretty,

lady-like girls, most elegantly dressed in European fashion, with big hats, slender waists, and long, Sara Bernhardt gloves.

In front of the balcony, and connected with it by a bridge, was a small pavilion, similar to the judge's stand on a race-course. On each side of the pavilion stood a man burning a bundle of kukui-nuts wrapped in *ia* leaves, which is an emblem of royalty, while rows of natives in black evening dress, with small feather capes over their shoulders and holding things that look like enormous feather

dusters and are called *kahilis*, were stationed beside the bridge. An old woman in the audience invoked blessings on the dead king in a shrill, monotonous voice.

The space between the pavilion and the palace was crowded with schoolchildren and firemen with flags and banners. It seemed strange to see Chinamen in uniform,—blue shirts, brass belts, white trousers, and red caps. They own a fire-engine and an engine-house, which they take great pride in.

It was very warm, so that the ladies needed no wraps, and, as they were nearly all dressed in the brilliant colors so becoming to their tropical beauty, the

effect in looking about the amphitheatre was dazzling. Many of the men wore feather capes of beautiful amber yellow. These are very rare, being worn only by descendants of the chiefs.

The front of the palace was gayly decorated with flags of all nations, and, from where we sat, the ladies on the balconies in their rich toilets and the officers in gorgeous uniforms presented a very fine appearance. In the midst of all the color the American minister was conspicuous in faultless black, without ribbon, star, or even brass buttons.

Suddenly there was an awe-stricken silence, and everybody rose. A procession filed over the bridge, led by the lord high chamberlain, who was covered with orders and decorations. He was followed by the maids of honor in magnificent *holakus* of rich velvet and satin. Then came the royal couple, King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani, preceded by the pretty little princess, who strewed their path with flowers.

When the royal party were finally settled in the pavilion (no easy matter, owing to the encumbrance of swords and stirrups and long trains), the band played "Hawaii Ponoi," the national anthem, and then the chief justice administered the oath. The crown, which reposed on a silken cushion, was presented to the king, who placed it on his own head, but was obliged to screw it round several times before it could be made to fit. Then a page bent the knee and handed him the queen's crown. A maid of honor removed a small coronet from her majesty's head, and in so doing displaced a considerable portion of the royal frizzles. The king then placed the crown upon his consort's brow, but, in his agitation, put it on a little sideways, and the poor queen had to sit with a crooked neck during the rest of the ceremonies to keep it from falling off. Prayers and singing followed, and then all stood up, and there was a perceptible pause, in expectation of the applause of the multitude. But the audience, though respectful and attentive, showed a woful lack of enthusiasm. However, the royal party returned to the palace with bands

playing and colors flying, while the men-of-war in port fired a salute.

Then came the ball. The dress-makers had been busy for weeks, and costumes had been ordered from Paris



"THE PRETTY LITTLE PRINCESS STREWED THEIR PATH WITH FLOWERS."

and from "the Coast." But, oh, the gorgeous *holaku*! This is the native dress of the women. It is made with a yoke, and the gathered folds hang straight to the feet without being confined at the waist. When made of satin, or some other rich material, with a long train, it is exceedingly graceful and elegant.

The pavilion had been removed, and the space between the amphitheatre and the palace covered with a large, circus-like awning. The royal family stood in a sort of semicircle in front of the pavilion, and the guests formed in marching order and bowed as they passed. The king, in a white uniform and decorated with numerous orders, looked very handsome and dignified.

The royal party opened the ball with a quadrille. Then the general dancing began, and was kept up till nine o'clock, when a tropical shower came down. Now, there is nothing mean about a tropical shower. It means business,

and comes down in bucketfuls. Before long the canvas awning began to sag, and then leak, while between the edge of the amphitheatre awning and the roof of the palace veranda, directly over the staircase, the rain descended in sheets. Our only safety lay in reaching the palace, and the formidable stairway lay between. There was no help for it, however: the ladies had to bundle their trains over their arms and run for it. White satin slippers were soaked, and the powder came off in streaks.

What I enjoyed more than any of the coronation festivities was the *luau*, or native feast. We went early, sketch-book in hand, determined to see it all. It was a warm, tropical day, with just a breath of the sea, and the natives were brilliant in wreaths of gaudy flowers.



"BUT, OH, THE GORGEOUS HOLAKU!"

There is a little yellow flower which the natives thread by the thousands on a string, until it looks, at a distance, like a rope of dazzling gold. These wreaths, called *lais*, are twined about the wide-brimmed hats and looped into the hair

(the women all have magnificent hair), and they form a striking adornment to the rich, dark skin and Southern, sensuous beauty.

The *luau* was held in the space between the amphitheatre and the palace



"THE LADIES HAD TO RUN FOR IT."

veranda, where the ball had been held the night before. Out of deference to the many foreigners, the eatables were put on long tables, on which were laid knives, forks, and spoons, with calabashes about the shape and size of a fashionable finger-bowl. As we entered, several men were carrying big buckets full of *poi*, from which young girls were filling the bowls. Many of these girls were half-whites, and wore the *holaku* in a slightly-modified form, with lace about the neck, sleeves extending to the elbow, pretty stockings, and high-heeled slippers. As they tripped about, arranging the flowers and dishes, it was amusing to see them dip two dainty fingers into a *poi*-bowl,—anybody's *poi*-bowl,—give it a flip in the air, and bring it down to their mouths in the most nonchalant manner.

The tables were beautifully decorated

with flowers, great tropical leaves, and graceful palms; and, while the picturesque figures glided about, the Royal Hawaiian Band performed. I don't know what Honolulu would do without this band. The king displayed great good taste in sending to Germany for a first-class musician to organize and instruct it. The players are all young native men; and Mr. Berger has reason to be proud of his pupils, the music being superior to that of many of the men-of-war bands who have played with them in Emma Square, where a public concert is given every Saturday afternoon. When there is moonlight, evening concerts are held several times a week.

Presently the king appeared, coming down the steps from the palace, and the invited guests, who were sitting in the amphitheatre, all rose. The king, whose manners are very courteous, seeing our party hesitate,—as there were no prescribed seats,—beckoned us over to his own table. Pretty boys in white, with fragrant green wreaths about their necks, kept the flies away with long tropical leaves. Bowls of water were passed round, into which each guest dipped his fingers, and then the feast began. There were plates of shining raw fish, big bowls of *poi*, and sucking pigs which had been wrapped in *tae* leaves and roasted underground. Deciding that "when in Rome one must do as the Romans do," I dipped my finger into the *poi*. It is an awkward proceeding, unless one knows how to give the exact flip, *poi* having about the same consistency as molasses.

It is made of *taro*, a plant very like the potato, which is boiled, mashed, mixed with water, and allowed to ferment. It tastes, to the uncultivated palate, something like yeast. *Poi* and raw fish constitute the daily food of the bulk of the native population. The pig and baked fish were delicious, the *tae* leaves in which they were cooked imparting a particularly agreeable flavor. A handsome native woman opposite me in a red satin *holaku*,



"YOUNG GIRLS WERE FILLING THE BOWLS."

and with a yellow feather in her hair, took a shining raw mullet from the dish in front of her, bit off the head, and went on, mouthful after mouthful, down to the very tail. She caught my startled eye and gasp, and, smiling agreeably, pushed the plate toward me. I shuddered, but, remembering my motto, I picked out the cleanest-looking fish (though, for that matter, everything was scrupulously neat and clean), and, scraping off a bit of the skin, took a very gingerly bite out of the side. I was surprised to find that it had absolutely no taste: it was merely cold and slippery; but I was

not tempted to take another bite. The king, in order to keep the foreigners in countenance, ate his *poi* with a fork; but the queen dipped her fingers into it with native grace and expertness.

At the end of the feast finger-bowls were again passed around, and at a signal from the queen every one rose. The invited guests followed the royal party into the palace, from the veranda of which we could look back upon the scene we had just quitted. Relays of natives crowded about the tables in procession and finished off the eatables. All were quiet and orderly; and when the tables had been cleared away the *hula-hula* began. The missionaries

There is not much melody in the song; it is monotonous, and sharply accentuated to keep the time. After them came a band of girls, who went through the same steps, only more awkwardly.

Then, amid a wild burst of applause, the "Dandy" led forth two women, the crack *hula*-dancers of the kingdom. Strange-looking creatures they were, with wild black hair twined about with yellow *lais*, dark swarthy skins, and languishing black eyes. They wore pink paper-muslin skirts, white stockings, heelless shoes, and fluffy feathers about their ankles and wreaths of flowers about their heads. The Dandy, who is their trainer or dancing-master, looked as though he had stepped off the boards of a negro-minstrel show. He is a good-looking fellow, very tall and slender, and on this occasion wore a high-crowned, bell-shaped, yellow felt hat, a glass in one eye, a dark-green silk jacket with gold buttons, a gorgeous watch-chain, tight-fitting trousers of striped watered silk, and toothpick shoes. The ends of his collar stood up nearly to his eyes, in regulation minstrel style. He came out, putting on his most elegant look-at-me-and-die airs, and played the jewsharp while the women danced. They began by slowly waving their arms about and undulating their bodies, keeping time to the music, and then gradually worked themselves up into a frenzy of wavings, stampings, and whirlings. Several times they would drop a wreath, or their back hair would come down, on which occasions they would stop, calmly put themselves to rights, and then take up the frenzy just where they had left off. It was wonderful to see, but almost impossible to describe.

This was the end of the coronationfestivities; but many private entertainments followed, the pleasantest being a little impromptu affair at Wai-ki-ki. This is the prettiest place on the island. It is a stretch of beach between Honolulu and Diamond Head, shut in by the coral-reefs, and dotted all along with low, one-storied, wide-verandaed



"AND THEN THE HULA-HULA BEGAN."

object strongly to the *hula*, but, so far, have been unable to prevent it. It is an old native dance, and no festival, whether of marriage, birth, death, or other occasion, is complete without it.

First, four boys came out and stood expectantly in a row. They wore white jackets and trousers, *lais* around their necks and waists, and short ballet-dancer pink skirts made of paper-muslin. Two men standing behind them sang, while they executed their steps with much animation and great precision.

houses, some of them made of grass, after the old native fashion. It is a fine place for sea-bathing, the water being always agreeably warm and the sand smooth.

We went in a huge omnibus drawn by four horses, taking our seats among several pretty girls in party-dresses and hoods, and two or three good-looking young fellows, who all had their guitars between their knees. I really believe a young man who could not play the guitar would not be received in Honolulu society. Its sweet, romantic *twang twang* is heard on all sides,—in the drawing-rooms of the rich, in the veranda of the cottage on the hill-side, where the Portuguese laborer rests after his work, and in the shadow of the old stone wall where some native sings a tropical love-song to his *huapala*.

One of the young men, squeezed in between two girls, brought out his guitar, and, throwing back his head and glancing upward with that particularly sentimental air which the player of this instrument always assumes, sang, in a fine baritone,—

Oh, the girl in the yellow *holaku*,  
The girl in the yellow *holaku*,  
She loves me, and  
I'll be true  
To the girl in the yellow *holaku*!

Then they all twanged away and played a song composed by the king, “Adios, adios, kē aloha!” which is a jumble of three languages, to a sweet and plaintive tune, and then the chief performer gave us a half-white song, so called because half the words were English and half native.

Finally, we turned into a long avenue lighted on each side by rows of torches, and drew up before a low gate, from which we walked over canvas to the house. We paid our respects to the hostess, a handsome lady, beautifully dressed, who had the

tinge of olive and the magnificent hair which betoken native blood. From there we went over more canvas to the *lanai*.

The *lanai* is a feature of the islands. It means either a small arbor, or a large floor covered overhead with a roof, sometimes of shingles, but often of vines or dried grasses. The one we were conducted to was canvased for dancing, and had a roof overhead, and opposite the entrance, in letters of flowers, were inscribed the



“THE GIRL IN THE YELLOW HOLAKU.”

words “Aloha nu’ne” (“You are welcome”).

The veranda projected out over the ocean, and Chinese lanterns twinkled everywhere. An enormous punch-bowl surrounded by an army of glasses stood in one corner, and on a raised platform sat four Portuguese, who contributed the music, all playing on guitars and keeping excellent time.

Between the dances we went out on the veranda, and, leaning on the railing, looked at the sea rolling in over the coral-reefs to our very feet. The air from the water was deliciously cool after dancing. Then back to the house, where supper was served under some low trees, and we could look out on a weird cocoanut-grove, strange

and fantastic in the moonlight. Oh, Wai-ki-ki ! tropical, sentimental Wai-ki-ki ! I wonder if anywhere in the

world the moon looks down on a lovelier spot!

BELLE OSBOURNE.

### NOTES OF CONVERSATIONS WITH EMERSON.

I CALLED on Mr. Emerson at his home in Concord toward the last of June, 1870. I found him just finishing dinner, or lunch, about half-past one o'clock. After a short conversation in his library, he requested me to remain there till he changed his coat and got a cane and a pair of easy shoes, and we would take a walk. In answer to my apologies and expressions of unwillingness to take more of his time, he assured me that it would do him good and give him pleasure to walk.

He led me on from place to place, stopping now and then to express himself more fully or more clearly on some point of our conversation, so that it was twilight when we returned.

He seemed glad to find that I was from the South, and spoke repeatedly in a very kind manner of the Southern people and of the South. I think he told me that he had been once to Charleston, South Carolina. In the South he had found the politeness and sociability of the people very agreeable. This he had observed also among the negroes.

In our long walk he showed me much of the neighborhood of Concord, and told me many interesting things about it. He showed me the springs that he and his literary friends always visited in their walks, and from which they drank, generally keeping some old cup there for that purpose. "Thoreau invariably visited these springs."

There was a certain awkwardness about Mr. Emerson's movements, but there was no lack of vigor in them, considering he was sixty-seven years old.

We talked the whole time we were together, on a great variety of subjects. But, from the great interest which his conversation had for me, I was able to write out much of it, often retaining his exact expressions. I had no intention whatever of publishing this, so that I wrote it out in outline only, and in the elliptical language of conversation. But in such a case it is very desirable to have, as nearly as may be, his own words and shades of expression: so that I consider it better to give my notes as made a few days after our conversation, rather than any relation of it from memory. Of course, in a conversation in which he spoke much of literary men, some of his criticisms would be unfavorable to others. A few passages I have therefore omitted. But there was in his conversation, tone, and manner no tinge of envy or jealousy, but a remarkable charity and kindness. He left the impression on me of having no illusions as to his own position in the literary world, of having devoted his life to noble ends, and of being perfectly willing to leave the result to time. He seemed to me one of the truest gentlemen I have ever met. There was not altogether that external ease of manner about him that is found in the cultivated man of the world,—found oftener in the Frenchman than in the Englishman or the New-Englander. But he showed a politeness, sweetness of disposition, gentleness of manner, patience with views differing from his own, a total absence of vanity, a thorough modesty, a philosophic optimism, which were altogether charming. His unfavorable, like his

favorable, criticism seemed to spring wholly from a desire to get at the truth and to express himself in an accurate manner, and, in most cases, could hardly have pained the persons criticised had they been present. This kindness of manner and tone should be kept in mind in reading his conversation.

"Concord is a little milk-town, and sends a great deal to Boston. Recently it has been found that grape-vineyards make the most profitable crop for autumn, and strawberries for the spring: so we send many to Boston daily. Many have lost their fruit,—their apples by a total destruction of the crop by the canker-worm. Many farmers neglect their trees and put not even tar on them. Printers' ink is the best remedy: I have saved my trees with it.

"Mr. Channing lives here in Concord. He was with Thoreau a great deal, and nearly always in the latter's long walks. He is a very subtle man, and one has to bear with him and understand him by degrees before one likes him. But he is a very valuable man. So is Mr. Alcott, who is a thinker, but has not to the same extent the power of expressing himself on paper. Consequently, he has written little or nothing of value. He is two or three years my senior. He lives here in this house, and takes much pleasure in arranging his fences, gates, and garden. He would walk a great distance to get these knots which you see on his gate. He is, as you know, the father of Miss Alcott, whose books you see everywhere, —books whose popularity pleases us all, especially as the father's income is limited. I have not read the books myself. Mr. Conway has written of Mr. Alcott, and narrated several anecdotes of him, every one of which he reports incorrectly.

"The English make many mistakes about Americans. For instance, some English journalist has asserted that the person referred to in my essay on 'Shyness,' meaning 'Society and Solitude,' was Hawthorne. But it was not; neither was it Thoreau. They take many

of these points from Mr. Conway, who is a Unitarian minister in London, originally from Virginia, educated, became a Methodist minister, came to Massachusetts, studied divinity at Harvard, and gave up Methodism and became a Unitarian; a quite worthy man, but unable to tell anything as he hears it. He wrote, I think for *Fraser's Magazine*, an article on Concord, to which my attention was called, and on reading it I found that many things were very inaccurately told.

"I think highly of Thoreau. He is now read by a limited number of men and women, but by very ardent ones. They were dissatisfied with my notice of him in the *Atlantic* after his death: they did not want me to place any bounds to his genius. He came to me a young man, but was so popular with young people that he quite superseded his old master. But now and then I come across a man that scoffs at Thoreau and thinks him affected. For example, Mr. James Russell Lowell is constantly making flings at him. I have tried to show him that Thoreau did things that no one could have done without high powers; but to no purpose. I am surprised to hear that you have read Thoreau. Neither his books nor mine are much read in the South, I suppose. Yet I have recently had some correspondence with a gentleman in Georgia whose deceased brother seems to have held many views very similar to my own.

"Thoreau was unacquainted with the technical names of plants when I first knew him. On my telling him the name of a flower, he remarked that he should never see the flower again, for if he met it he would be able only to see the name. He, however, afterward became quite accurate in botany. His cabin, or hut, stood on this very spot. There is a pious mark (a cross) on that tree which indicates the place. I don't know who made the mark: I did not. Daily before taking his walk he would examine his diary to see what flowers should be out. His hut was in full view of Walden Pond: these trees here

have grown up since then. He could run out on awaking and leap right into the water, which he did every morning.

"Walden was then very quiet. The passing of the railroad and the workmen have introduced more company around it, seriously interfering with the pleasure and quietness of the place. Perhaps to Mr. Alcott, Mr. Channing, and myself this is more annoying than to others, as we frequently walk here and bathe; but now we know not but some boat may approach at any time. Last winter a man of tastes somewhat similar to those of Thoreau, partly from having read his books, got permission of me and built a hut on Walden also, and actually remained here alone some two or three months. He was very heroic in it. He ate no meat. We sent him some, but he refused. He gladly, however, accepted fruit. Mr. Channing liked him, and was often with him. I will gladly introduce you to Mr. Channing or Mr. Alcott, if you have time to remain. Mr. Alcott will willingly assist you in solving any problems of philosophy in which you may need assistance. He is a very valuable thinker.

"Plutarch's Lives you are doubtless well acquainted with, but his Morals is also a very valuable work, but one that, strangely enough, has been a long time out of print, and an English translation of it is, therefore, very rare. I have recently induced a publisher to bring out a new edition. This would be successful, doubtless, in a neat but cheap form. But I fear they will issue it in too costly a shape.

"There are many writers more or less popular that I don't at all read. Gail Hamilton, for instance, I have not read. I read only as my pleasure leads me to, disregarding the fame of the book.

"The best men, you will find, are hidden men: few will improve by seeing. In England, perhaps none will improve by being seen except two,—Tennyson, with his broad culture, and Carlyle. If you go to England, these you must see, and likewise James Hut-

chinson Sterling. He is very highly recommended by Carlyle and others as a philosopher. I have his essays on some of the poets, and his criticism is quite good. No, men do not improve on seeing them. You would scarcely believe that some of the best poetry of this century could come from Wordsworth, after seeing him,—such a simple man, and with such strange notions,—a regular English churchman, and with old politics,—cockney politics. He seemed altogether unlike a great poet."

Mr. Emerson mentioned favorably several of Wordsworth's poems, especially the "Ode on Immortality" and "Laodamia," part of which he repeated to me, stopping in the field to do so. Both these he has, of course, included in his collection of poems called "Parnassus."

"Coleridge, too, was very unlike the 'divinely inspired' that you hear so much about. I am glad you have his 'Biographia Literaria': it was to me, when young, a great work. It contained very sound notions of criticism, and is about the best of the century, along with Carlyle's. He has given us more definitions than any other man,—for example, the difference between the fancy and the imagination. As valuable as is the 'Biographia Literaria,' he gets on his high horse in parts of it.

"A little the broadest man of our time has been this Wolfgang Goethe. It is interesting to see how he continually recurs to the question of the immortality of the soul. He takes the highest view of it, and hesitates not a moment in expressing his views fully. It is important to read German, as that language contains many valuable works, and nearly all the best books on Goethe. His 'Unterhaltungen mit dem Kanzler von Müller' has lately been sent me, which I have read with great pleasure."

This book I had noticed lying on the table in Mr. Emerson's library, as if he was then reading it. Mr. Emerson quoted from it the passage that he particularly liked regarding immortality. I have not the book by me to verify the quotation, but the spirit of it corre-

sponded closely to Mr. Emerson's own views on this question, as expressed in his "Essays," and were very similar to a passage in Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann": "To me, the external existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity: if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit."

"I place, without hesitation, Plato above Aristotle. The philosophy of the former is of a higher kind than that of the latter. In my view, the systems of Bain, Spencer, and other scientific investigators run too much toward materialism. Spencer I regard as a mechanical writer. Dr. Holmes is a friend of mine, but nevertheless I think his way of investigating philosophical problems runs into materialism.

"Mr. Carlyle is not coming to this country, as some of the papers state. I have long been in correspondence with him. I really don't know his religious creed. He always upholds realities in opposition to shams. Somebody wrote and asked him if he was a Pantheist. 'No, nor a pot-theist either,' Carlyle replied.

"Mr. Ruskin published in England—in a journal, I think—some account of Mr. Carlyle's receiving insults from the boys of London, so that he had to take to the public parks for his walks to escape them. This was published as from Mr. Carlyle himself. But the latter wrote to the papers that this statement had no foundation in fact. When Mr. Ruskin put his writings into a book he entirely omitted his former statements about Carlyle. Doubtless this misunderstanding came about from Carlyle's humorous way of conversation, wrongly interpreted by Mr. Ruskin. Carlyle is pre-eminently a humorist.

"Come into my dining-room and see a head of Carlyle better than either of these in my study. It was taken by the sister of Tennyson's wife. It is very good indeed. Some pictures of him are horrible. She took this picture of Tennyson also, which is evidently, you

see, so arranged as to show Tennyson with a Shakespearian head.

"Carlyle sends me his works regularly as the new edition comes out, and has written his name in several of the volumes. His 'Hero-Worship' is one of his best works. He, though, I think, regards 'Frederick the Great' as his best, though he thinks highly of his 'Cromwell.' He removed to London many years ago, and has lived there ever since. He has access to all London libraries, and, in fact, to all in England, and abominates buying books, and has bought few in preparing his works, except for his 'Cromwell' and 'Frederick the Great'; here he found that there were some he could not get at without buying.

"He always writes to me in the midst of his works how thoroughly sick he is of them and disgusted with them; he only wishes to get them off his hands. In conversation he breaks out into rich eloquence in a deep voice; he knows that he is superior to those he meets, and when he finishes a sentence he would willingly have others speak; but, they not wishing to risk themselves in a warfare with such a one, he again goes on, and thus monopolizes the conversation, with no wrong motives and with no determination to crush out the conversation of others. His persistence in wearing some old-fashioned clothes—for instance, his hat—is probably the reason why the boys sometimes notice him. I don't fully see why the critics should compare Carlyle and myself: we agree, however, in both being idealists.

"In my works I like the articles 'Fate-and Worship' in my 'Conduct of Life' very well. The article 'Culture' I wished to make a good thing, but there crept into it a wrong tone or ring which I could never get out: so that I can never read it without making corrections,—never with perfect satisfaction. You have read, you say, my 'Representative Men.' Perhaps it would pay you to re-read my article on 'Swedenborg.' At the time I wrote it I regarded it as the best on Swedenborg that had appeared in this country. Since then he has

been better appreciated. But up to that time the only accounts of him were by the theologians, who came armed with the worst extracts from him, making him out a terrible man.

"I don't see why the clergy or religious congregations should have much opposition to me, except, perhaps, those where the old Calvinistic influence is strong, as in New Jersey. For I have not opposed, but been very friendly to their success, except where they go for baking or burning their babes."

"Since the publication of my 'Society and Solitude,' I have received from two English publishers propositions to publish separately my paper on 'Books,' from that volume. This is a pleasure to me, of course, though the list of books there given seems to be one of familiar works that any one ought to know who is at all well read, and therefore it looks as if it would be already sufficiently well known.

"Hawthorne lived in that house. He was a good listener, but did not talk much, even with his friends. After many fruitless efforts to get him to talk, I told him one day that this would never do, and proposed to him a little tour together, hoping that this would loosen his tongue a little. It would be well for you to call on Mr. Longfellow. You would find him very hospitable and kind to strangers."

Our walk lasted some hours, carrying us as far as a height some distance south of Walden Pond, where we sat an hour or more. It was there that he spoke of Plato at some length, much in the strain in which he has written of him. Besides these philosophical heights and depths, he pointed out to me Monadnock, Wachusett, and the wide extent of country visible to us, "waiting for a population."

We talked of various other literary and philosophical subjects, but went not deep into theology. I thought I could notice some reticence on his part in expressing himself as to his creed, probably not due to any want of clearness in his own mind, but to a fear of disturbing me by doubts suddenly and abruptly

awakened. I observed that he was at times somewhat slow from age in recalling the names of books and authors. He twice told me wrongly the date of the removal of Thoreau's hut, and on my delicately hinting a mistake he quickly saw his error.

As we approached his quiet home on our return, I remarked to him that in his "English Traits" he had described the difficulty he had found in approaching distinguished men. He says of Coleridge, for instance, "I was in his company for about an hour, but find it impossible to recall the largest part of his discourse, which was often like so many printed paragraphs in his book,—perhaps the same,—so readily did he fall into certain commonplaces. As I might have foreseen, the visit was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old and preoccupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him."

"I confess, Mr. Emerson," I said, "that I had misgivings lest I should find you somewhat reserved. I must thank you that, instead of cold and distant, I have found you—"

"An old farmer. You didn't expect to find that. Yes, I have been a farmer these twenty years."

He invited me into his library again, and gave me one of his books, in which he wrote, "With kind remembrances of our walk," over his name. Then, after a glass or two of wine together, I went my way rejoicing.

In the spring of 1875 I heard Mr. Emerson lecture at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, before a large audience, on "Orators and Oratory." His delivery was not impressive, his voice not strong or pleasing. Age had much changed him in these respects. Yet he read certain passages well, and especially brought out in several sentences a delicate humor that might have escaped another reader. The audience seemed well enough satisfied, though not enthusiastic. In Philadelphia he stopped with his friend Dr. Furness, at whose house I saw him two days after

his lecture. I found him in the library, smoking a cigar, which he laid on the table during our conversation. He recalled my visit to him in Concord and his having previously seen me in Cambridge. But I noticed in him the same inability now and then in recalling the names of authors and their books. This indication of failing powers was more noticeable than in 1870, and he himself spoke of it.

In speaking of Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde," he related some incident in connection with his visit to the author in 1873, but forgot the subject on which we started, and asked me what it was. This was done with such a simplicity as to render it touching. "'Philip van Artevelde,'" he said, "is a good poem, a true poem. Bailey's 'Festus' has some excellent lines. I wanted much to see Mr. Bailey, and called on him, but he was not at home. He afterward called on me, and I was not at home. So, unfortunately, I did not meet him. I remarked to Mrs. Bailey that certain passages in his 'Festus' had pleased me; and she asked me to please point out to her what I had particularly liked. And so I repeated to her those fine lines,—

There are points from which we can  
Command our life,  
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass,  
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,  
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind.

"It is frequently the case that a man writes one or a few good poems and no more. There is the author of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' which I saw in some journal handed me when a boy. I was struck by it, as have been school-boys ever since,—they know not why, and think not why.

"Many long 'poems' have some good poetry in them, but much of them is literature and not poetry. Timrod's ode, 'Sleep Sweetly in your Humble Graves,' which I have inserted in 'Parnassus,' is good. Strange to say, in the edition of his poems, this one, which I had seen in some journal, was omitted,—the very one that I thought decidedly the best. However, it is in the later editions.

"And there is Strode, who wrote a beautiful poem on 'Music.' Morse, a Boston sculptor, wrote one good poem, 'Sundered,' that deserves to be known:

I challenge not the oracle  
That drove you from my board:  
I bow before the dark decree  
That scatters as I hoard.

You vanished like the sailing ship  
That rides far out at sea.  
I murmur as your farewell dies  
And your form floats from me.

Ah, ties are sundered in this hour:  
No tide of fortune rare  
Shall bring the heart I owned before  
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,  
And leave their precious prize,  
Returning home, they bear for freight  
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! when you come back to me,  
And come not as of yore,  
But with your alien wealth and peace,  
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,  
O you whom I adored!  
Love hath no ties but Destiny  
Shall cut them with a sword."

He spoke highly of Montaigne's Essays, and again of Plutarch's Morals, and of Goodwin's recent edition, undertaken at the request of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Lowell. "He has retained as much as possible of the old English style and popular rendering, which is often good and as easy as Robinson Crusoe."

He said that he was always interested in Swedenborgians.

"There is Mr. Sampson Reed, who wrote a right good book, 'The Growth of the Mind,' many years ago, who was a Swedenborgian. He is now a Boston merchant, whom I occasionally meet. In reading Swedenborg and others,—Blake, for example,—one must be able to distinguish between the inspired parts and the errors."

He did not know that Swinburne had written on Blake or admired him. He spoke of Swinburne as "unclean," "a man of the flesh purely," "crazy, in a way."

He spoke highly of Dr. Holmes,—

how bright he was yet, "the boy; and a fine man he has grown up into," as if they were boys together only yesterday.

"Selden's Table-Talk is good. Sydney's version of the Psalms is good and poetical." He took "Parnassus" from the book-case and pointed out to me three of these that he particularly liked and so had included them in this book of selections.

"There was something fine in Thoreau. I have tried to convince Lowell, Longfellow, and Judge Hoar of this. There is left now only a sister of Thoreau, the only one of the name. He has left behind him much manuscript on natural history, beautiful and as fine as Linnaeus; but I get no encouragement from the publishers to bring it out. From Thoreau might be collected a book of proverbs or sentences that would charm the Hindoos.

"I have had various interruptions that have delayed me in bringing out a new volume of my writings,—'Poetry and Criticism'" (afterward published as "Letters and Social Aims"). "I must go back home and attend to it soon, as I am getting very old. Please write me your address here, and I will send it to you when it appears."

He spoke, as he had done in 1870, in very warm terms of Robert Barnwell, of South Carolina, his class-mate in Harvard College: "He was easily the first scholar in our class. He was such a fine character: he exerted a fine and strong influence over the Southern boys at Harvard. He was afterward in Congress, at first in the House of Representatives, and then in the Senate. But he did not do himself justice, through some cause or other. He had a superior mind. Barnwell sent the class his pic-

ture, but did not come himself, on occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation (1871), but I was unable to trace his face in it, such as I had known him. I would give my eyes to see him again."

He thought his "Parnassus" would be valuable to the lovers of old poetry especially; and I gathered from his talk that he had taken a great deal of pains in preparing it.

"Lowell's 'Fable for Critics' is good, and so is his 'Courtin'' also. He is happy in his humorous poetry, but not so much so in his longer poems that are not humorous.

"Carlyle dislikes to buy books, and has no large library, but has a few hundred good books, which are to come to Harvard College. It is not generally known, but he instructed Mr. Charles Norton and myself to offer them to Harvard, and they have been gladly accepted. Carlyle has kinder feelings toward America than appears in his writings, I think.

"Thoreau once took charge of my garden, and on the occasion of a visit from Theodore Parker I sent Thoreau to the station for him, hoping that he would like Parker; but he did not, and expressed a contempt for the man. Haughtiness of manner was frequently a characteristic of Thoreau."

This was the last conversation I had with Mr. Emerson, though I had the pleasure of seeing him once more,—in Washington Street, Boston,—about a year before his death. I stopped and looked at him as long as he was in sight. Outwardly he appeared much the same man as six years before, but his friends knew that the end was not far off.

PENDLETON KING.

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT TUCKEYHO.

## I.

I—ANGELA VIOLETT—do not believe in chance. It was never an aimless, blind goddess who pointed the path that led to Tuckeyho, but a large-eyed Fate, serene, amiable, and grand as the Ludovisian Juno, who said, "Go forward; for your appointed work awaits you."

My uncle, Judge Patterson Violett, was a fine old Southern gentleman, with a capacious heart and a sort of passionate fatherliness of nature, if I may so express myself. He had been twice married, but had only one child, a son, the result of the first union. On him he lavished a measureless affection. All that love could imagine or wealth command decorated and enriched Winton Violett's childhood. This he accepted as naturally as if it were his birthright, and from his cradle he looked about him with the air of one born to rule. Even Aunt Clara, who had no great love for children, could not resist the young rogue, with his saucy, imperious eyes and loving little heart. With so fine a chance of being spoiled, it is a wonder that Winton did not grow up to be an odious prig; but he developed into a fine, spirited young fellow, thoroughbred, careless, impetuous, with no pronounced fault beyond a very ardent intention of always having his own way. Aunt Clara, however, would have said that Winton's extravagance was the fault in sorest need of cure. After going through the college career of a young prince, he had seemed to find it impossible to get on without a great deal of money, which melted like ice in his hands. What became of it all he did not explain. During his absences from home, which were frequent and long, he wrote brilliant letters from different gay watering-places, or from the cities, according to the season. He was always dressed to perfection, and delighted in making presents. His horses were blooded

stock from Kentucky, and represented a small fortune. He would often bring a party of friends home with him for the shooting or fishing, and at such times the old house bloomed out of its quiet ways of living into a wide-open splendor that Aunt Clara thought a little more than the occasion justified. And still all these expenditures did not account for the large sums that passed through Winton's hands. Rumors came that he was fond of cards, and that luck was oftener against than with him. For the last my uncle cared not one whit; but that his son had yielded to a fascination which had been in more than one instance fatal to his name and blood cut him to the heart. Mrs. Violett took it upon herself to probe the tender wound; and stormy scenes were not infrequent in the beautiful home.

My mother and her five girls—his "quiverfull of nieces," dear Uncle Violett used to call us—lived in a little cottage not very far from the Violett mansion. Here, one afternoon in September, we were all idling under the trees in hammocks and easy-chairs, when Winton joined us, his handsome face wearing a look of restlessness and agitation unlike its usual gay *insouciance*. He stood for a moment fanning himself nervously with his hat and looking down on the group from his height of six feet.

"Well, here is peace," he cried. "The very goddess herself sitting under her olive could not look more tranquil than my five little cousins under a mulberry-tree."

"Why not be tranquil on such a delicious day?" one of the five asked lazily.

"Why not, indeed? I was going to ask if the sentiment were transferable."

"Something has evidently happened to rob Winton's mind of rest," another of us suggested. "Now, Winton, sit down and 'fess up."

But he was too agitated to sit, and

his confession, when he made it, pacing up and down on the chequered turf, had more matter in it than we had anticipated.

"It reads like a chapter of one of your novels there,"—with a fiendish kick at a stray volume under his feet. "The young man went forth from his ancestral mansion vowing by all that is terrible that he would never set foot in it again."

"You don't mean to say that you have quarrelled with your father?"

We all felt awed and frightened as this possible interpretation of the mock romance seized our minds.

"With my father? No: that would be impossible. But my pater, unfortunately, is not alone in the ancestral mansion."

"Then you have been behaving badly to Aunt Clara?"

"I see. You think a quarrel there no new thing. But it has reached a new phase. I had become tired of replying categorically and separately to her insinuations; so to-day I tried answering them all in a lump. I told her I would go,—and forever; that I presumed I had rights as an only son, but that I could not degrade myself to bargain for them. The moment my rights are questioned or interfered with, I give them up."

He spoke hotly, as if the object of his scorn were before him, instead of five eager sympathizers who secretly admired his spirit, though they feared its results.

"But for your father's sake, Winton," we urged, "you really ought to be more careful. Does Uncle Patterson know?"

"He was present, and heard every word."

"Poor uncle! What did he do?"

"There is not a man in the world like my father!" the young man cried, with the color mounting his face. "He took sides against me at first,—said I was forgetting myself, and all that. But when Mrs. Violett went on to declare that I had lied about that money I took to New Orleans and was not to be trusted, he

gave her a look like a sabre-cut. Then he turned to me. 'Winton,' he said, 'if you wish to be away for a little time, why not undertake that business I spoke of in Texas? It is a delicate matter, and I should have been at a loss whom to send; but I can trust my boy.' You should have seen him when he said it: he looked so proud, so noble."

"It was splendid!" we exclaimed, throwing prudence to the winds in our admiration.

"It made no such impression on Mrs. Violett, I can tell you. 'Are you mad?' she gasped. 'Do you know that you are putting thousands of dollars into his hands, leading him into temptation?' But my father cut her short in a moment. 'Not another word,' he said, 'against my son. He is a Violett, and the soul of honor.'"

"What confidence he has in you! You must study to deserve it, Winton," said the eldest Miss Violett, in a matronly tone.

"I don't know about studying; but if I didn't deserve it I should be a brute all through, unworthy to bear his name."

"Are you going soon?"

"To-night,—on the nine o'clock train."

"Can you be spared to take tea with us?"

"It would appear so. My choice lies between acceptance of your invitation and a meal at the hotel."

In the weeks that followed, my uncle had several letters from Winton relative to the business on which he was engaged. He wrote in high spirits and with a keen interest in the occupation. It was evident that he was displaying not a little business tact and had a ready influence over the people with whom he came in contact. The affair was at last concluded in the most satisfactory manner: the large sum of money involved was paid into Winton's hands, and a letter from him announced that he would leave for home the next day. After that came a period of suspense, of anxiety, and, finally, of anguish. Winton Violett was missing. Detectives were employed:

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they traced his footsteps, like those of sweet Lucy Gray,

Into the middle of the plank,  
And farther there were none.

He was reported to have been seen playing at cards on a Mississippi steam-boat, with the luck running against him. It was conjectured that he had lost the money, and, overcome by remorse, had taken his own life.

My uncle was bowed down by grief. Terrible alternations of sorrow and doubt swept over him. Now he felt sure that his son yet lived, and now he rejected the hope. Mrs. Violett tried to be sympathetic, but grief has generally sure intuitions in regard to the sincerity of the sympathy offered it. Uncle Violett uttered no word of reproach to his wife, but he seemed to have almost forgotten her. His thoughts were all with his boy.

It was during a temporary absence from home on Aunt Clara's part that I first went to stay with my uncle; and at her death, which occurred about three years after Winton's disappearance, I remained with him altogether.

It may have seemed a *triste* existence for a lively girl, but I was too young, too romantic, and had led too happy a life, to dread sadness. My sympathies were ardently enlisted, and, though I dared not speak Winton's name to my uncle, I thought of him a great deal. I had even made a secret attempt to bring back the cousin whom I believed to be alive and exiled by remorse from his home. I wrote a little story on the theme of a prodigal son, painting in my strongest colors the depths of a father's grief and the breadth of his forgiveness. I crammed it with allusions that Winton would understand, signed it with a pet name which he had given me years before, and sent it to a popular magazine. It was accepted and printed, but produced no results, either in the way of remuneration (possibly for the reason that in my shyness I had omitted to enclose my address), or in the other reward which I so ardently desired for it. So ended my first literary venture. My

second is this story of our Christmas eve at Tuckeyho.

With all my sympathy for the sadness and quiet of my uncle's house, I grew a little pale under it. He noticed this at last, and, struck with the thought that I needed change of air, proposed to take me for a few autumn weeks to some springs in North Carolina. Here we met an old friend of my uncle's who was living in the same State. They had been separated many years without corresponding, but with no diminution of their old kindly affection for each other. Mr. Erskine would not hear of his old friend being so near without making him a visit at his plantation of Tuckeyho, and thither, half protesting, my uncle went, and I with him.

## II.

THE little coasting-steamer which conveyed us to Tuckeyho reached the landing just before sunrise. I stood on the deck, drinking in the keen, racy air. It was one of those exquisite autumn days when the Indian summer is in all its glory, and the ripened cotton-bolls open as if by magic in the warm, clear sunlight. A little fleet of row-boats moored to the bank was rapidly filling with laborers—men, women, and children—on their way to the cotton-fields. They trooped down by a number of paths through the fields to the water-side, weird, white-robed figures, each with a broad straw hat shading a dusky face. I could hear the rattle of chains as the boats were unfastened from their moorings; then, just as the sun's first rays shot up from the broad snowy cotton-fields across the river, the boats glided out into the stream, moved by simultaneous strokes from the muscular black arms. All at once the rowers burst into a wild negro melody, boat-load after boat-load joining in as they launched forth on the radiant stream. What a song it was, as a hundred voices swelled out in a deep yet not mournful harmony that kept time with the regular dip of the oars! Now and then the words, clearly enunciated, floated up to me:

"De Lord he giv de cotton an' de corn,  
 Ole massa giv de mules an' de hoe,  
 An' we'll work to de even from de morn,  
 An' ev'ry time I turns I picks a row.  
 Den work, boys, work! for Chris'mas is a  
 comin'!  
 An' ev'ry time I turns I picks a row."

Mr. Erskine was waiting for us at the pier, and had brought the carriage to meet us, although the house was almost in sight of the river, and scarcely half a mile distant. A high board fence, covered with the dark lustrous green of the Cherokee rose, separated the grounds of Tuckeyho from the outside world. Within this enclosure, backed by groves of oak, and looking down on a gay mosaic of flower-beds, was the house itself,—a light, cool-looking structure, built high from the ground, with lattice-work under the broad piazzas, which allowed a free circulation of air beneath the rooms. These, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, were all on one floor, taking up a generous space, and inviting the traveller to rest instead of bidding him go up higher. In one of these large airy rooms, looking out on the garden, we were regaled with the most delicious breakfast imaginable, which we ate while bees buzzed outside the window, and little breezes shook the vines, and humming-birds darted hither and thither like winged thoughts.

We had not intended that our stay at Tuckeyho should exceed the three days—"the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day"—which olden etiquette prescribed as the proper duration of a visit to one's country friends. But before this time had elapsed Fate had made a move which proved that she designed us to remain at Tuckeyho for some purpose of her own. The hotel in which we were staying was burned to the ground; and, though we spoke of looking for other quarters, we were at once met by a pressing invitation to remain where we were until after Christmas,—one of those charming Southern invitations that make you feel what a valuable member of society you must be, when your presence is so earnestly desired. My uncle, indeed, was loath to accept a hospitality so extended, but he

could not resist the warmth with which it was urged. As for me, all my scruples were laid at rest by a little talk with Mrs. Erskine.

"My dear child," she said, in her gentle way, "it would be delightful if you could persuade your uncle to stay with us. I fear I am a little selfish to ask a young girl like you to condemn yourself to our dulness."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Erskine. It is so pleasant to me to be with you that I am only afraid of yielding too easily,—of intruding too long upon your kind hospitality."

"If you had any idea of the pleasure you give me by staying, you would not say such a thing, my dear. It is good to have your young, sweet face to look at. And it is such a nice thing for Mr. Erskine to have Judge Violett here. They have seen very little of each other for years, but Mr. Erskine has spoken of him a great deal, and has always cherished a warm regard for his old friend."

"I want to stay very much on uncle's account," I said, "he is so lonely. He has suffered so much."

"We have known suffering, too," she said; then, changing her tone, "So it is all settled. The boys, I am sure, will do everything they can to make the time pass pleasantly for you. Our house used to be the gayest one in all the country, but, since my daughter left us, it has been a changed home."

"Did you lose her by death?"

"No," she said, while an expression of pain flitted across her face: "she was married."

Something in her manner bade me say no more.

The family at Tuckeyho consisted of my host and his wife and two boys of twelve and sixteen, bright, manly fellows, who at once constituted themselves my knights. We went everywhere together. Tuckeyho was situated in one of those delightful regions where the rich low cotton- and rice-lands are intersected by strips of pine country. The latter district was hilly and thickly wooded, not only with pines, but with oak and

hickory, while between the hills ran a number of little streams overhung by close bay thickets. The cotton-fields lay along the river, and at this season were alive with the figures of cotton-pickers in their scant white draperies. It was a perfect country to ride in, and on those fresh autumn mornings the exercise was one to enliven both body and mind.

But these rides were the quietest pleasures I enjoyed; for all about Tuckeyho were lovely country places, and the people seemed to live as if the chief end of man were enjoyment, the "Psalm of Life" to the contrary notwithstanding. Pretty girls came in low carriages to take me to drive, young men thronged at the plantation, mothers asked us to dinner, stately fathers hobnobbed with Uncle Violett and paid me such courtly compliments that I began to believe myself a princess. It was all very delightful, and presently something happened.

### III.

"I HAVE an errand to do for my mother this afternoon," said Regy, the elder of the boys, to me.

"Ah, well, we can postpone our ride," I said readily.

"That won't be necessary, if you will consent to wait for me a few moments while I go into a little cabin in the woods to see an old pensioner of ours."

"Willingly."

We rode through a beautiful piece of wood, reaching at last a neglected-looking cabin. Here Regy dismounted and went in, leaving me at the gate. A moment later I heard a startled cry from the boy. I jumped from my horse and ran in. An old black woman lay on the floor, groaning dimly.

"Mammy Ann!" Regy was saying, "what is the matter? What has happened?"

Her eyes unclosed. "Mars' Regy! Thank de Lord it's you! I was climbin' up, honey, to de top o' my cabin to see if my lightenin'-rod was safe, an' I fell, an' pears I'm hurt somewhere. I've got such a powerful misery in my back."

"When did it happen?" cried Regy, his young voice full of pity.

"Yesterday mornin'. I crawled in here, and I thought I would have to die befo' help come."

As she spoke, I had taken off my hat and rapidly pinned up my habit.

"What young lady is dat, honey?" she said, weakly.

"I am Miss Angela Violett, and Regy and I are going to get you to bed; then I shall stay with you while he goes for the doctor."

"Yes, that is the best way," said Regy. "But, Angie, shan't you be afraid to stay here alone?"

"Not a bit of it; only you must hurry, for poor Mammy Ann's sake."

It was no easy matter to lift the poor soul on to the bed, for Regy and I, with all our willingness, had but young arms for such a task, and by the time it was completed she had fainted away. I hurried Regy off, however, and, by bathing her forehead and rubbing her hands, succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. After a while she seemed to be sleeping, and I was moving about, putting things in order in the little cabin, when I was startled by a scream. Looking up, I saw Mammy Ann sitting up in bed, her eyes perfectly wild. I saw at once she was in a high fever. She began to talk rapidly: "I say marster ain't no right ter treat me so. Miss Lidy was my young missis. I belonged to her, an' twarn't nothin' but right ter do what she said. Ain't dat so?"

"Yes, yes!" I cried, terrified by the look she fixed upon me. I had good reason for terror. The next instant she had snatched up a carving knife that lay on a table close by, and, running her finger along its edge, glared at me with a mingling of the sly and the ferocious in her aspect that was fast curdling my blood. I flew out of the door and to the gate. "Help!" I cried, lifting my voice to a pitch that it amazed me it could reach, and at the same time casting a frightened glance along the road. What joy! In the distance I saw a man's figure. The footprint on the sands was not a more welcome sight to Robinson Crusoe. "Help!" I called again.

He turned and rode quickly toward me. With a single bound he was off his horse and by my side: "What is the matter?"

But by this time I was shaking so with fear that I could not speak. I leaned against the gate, quivering like a shadow, but seeing, as in a dream, the stately form and grave face of a tall, proud-looking man.

"Child," he said, bending toward me, "I cannot help you unless you will speak."

"Mammy Ann!" I gasped. "She is crazy with fever."

He sprang past me into the house, and I followed with faltering steps. By the time I was in-doors the knife had been deposited on the mantel, and Mammy Ann had drawn the covers close about her, and, curled up in one corner of the bed, was regarding the young man with curiously frightened eyes.

"Mars' Cuthbert," she whispered, "dat you?"

"Yes, mammy."

"Den I'm gwine ter die, an' you is here ter fergive me so I can go in peace."

"Nothing of the kind," he said shortly. "You are not going to die; and I am here merely by chance, to help this young lady."

Mammy seemed to have no more to say. She closed her eyes and only moaned low to herself.

"You need not have spoken so roughly to her," I said, after a little hush.

He smiled: "It was not a time for soft words. There is nothing like being firm with people who are out of their heads, as the saying is."

"True," I said musingly. "I have heard that hard words break no bones. Still, it seems to me better in any case to rule by love than by fear."

"I accept the rebuke," he said gravely.

I began to feel that I had gone too far, and, to cover the awkwardness of the moment, I made some remark, and we went on talking till Regy made his appearance with the doctor.

"Why, Mr. Gordon!" the boy exclaimed; "you here?"

"Yes, Regy," he said calmly. "This young lady will doubtless explain my presence to you."

"Allow me, Miss Violett," said Regy, with great politeness, "to present to you Mr. Cuthbert Gordon. Mr. Gordon, Miss Violett, our guest and friend."

Mr. Gordon bowed, and, turning to Regy, said, "I will send one of the women over from my place to attend to the old woman."

"You are very kind," said Regy, a deep red flush rising to his face. "You know how impossible it is that we should do anything."

Mammy Ann had answered the doctor's questions quite coherently, and submitted to his examination with only a few heavy groans. Then, rolling her eyes toward him, she asked, "Is I gwine ter have a spell, doctor?"

"Well, Mammy Ann, it may be some weeks before you get round."

"I want Daphne," she cried, "my daughter Daphne, ter come and nuss me."

"Daphne?" said I; "isn't that the seamstress at Tuckeyho?"

"Yes, and she is Mammy Ann's daughter."

"Then of course she can come," cried I.

Regy shrugged his shoulders: "I shouldn't like to be the first to suggest it to father."

"Then I will be," I said impetuously. I wondered what Regy meant by the look he gave me in answer to this declaration.

We left poor Mammy Ann composed, and rode on our homeward way too fast for me to ask any of the questions which I was burning to utter. But, as we neared home, Regy said hesitatingly, "Could you, Angela,—could you keep this whole affair from reaching father's ears?"

"Regy," said I promptly, "I don't think I could, but I am willing to try."

"No, it is not right to ask it of you."

"Regy dear, don't think me a chatteringbox. I only meant that at home we never had any secrets, and I shouldn't know how to set about keeping one."

"That is the right idea," said the boy resolutely. "I will tell him myself."

The family were assembled on the porch when we got home.

"Children, what in the world kept you so late?" asked Mrs. Erskine.

In a few words Regy explained. Mr. Erskine's face grew dark: "I thought you understood that none of my family were to hold any communication with Mammy Ann."

Regy set his lips together, but said nothing.

"I sent him there, John," said Mrs. Erskine's sweet voice.

I felt a storm in the air, but rushed into the conversation with an impertinence that my youth and zealous sympathy with the poor old woman barely excused: "And—she wants Aunt Daphne to go and nurse her; and I promised—or I volunteered—to gain your permission. You will let her, won't you?"

"No!" shouted my host, in a voice of thunder.

I burst into tears.

"Angela," said my uncle, in a stern tone, "you are acting like a child. Had you not better go to your room?"

But Mr. Erskine had sprung up, all courtesy and contrition: "My dear young lady, I beg ten thousand pardons. I lost my head for the moment. Let me explain: I owe it to myself. Will you not take my arm for a little walk in the garden?"

I took the proffered arm, and dried my tears quickly, endeavoring to express to him my regret at my rashness and to make him understand that I wished to hear no explanation of a matter entirely his own.

"I owe it to myself," he repeated, in his stately manner. "This harshness to a poor old woman must appear strange in your eyes; and I assure you I prefer to stand well before a young person whom I esteem so highly as I do Miss Angela Violett."

"I thank you, Mr. Erskine."

"Five years ago," he went on, "I had a daughter. She was the note of music in my life, a thrill of ever-present

joy. She was not a merry little wild thing like you, but dark and beautiful, with brilliant eyes and a wilful temper of her own. She was generally allowed to do as she wished, and we all assented gladly when she became engaged to our neighbor Cuthbert Gordon. I believed her to be very happy. Cuthbert was handsome, generous, devoted, the sort of man that women admire. Still, Lida was restless; she made strange, bitter speeches; had she been any other than my daughter, I should have said there was something adventurous in her blood. That I should say such things! Ah God!"

In the moonlight the old man's face looked wan and contorted. I listened breathlessly.

"Lida did not wish to be married till her twentieth birthday,—nearly a year from the date of her engagement. It seemed a long time to wait, but I allowed her to take her own way. I had been looking about for some time for a tutor to my boys. One fatal day a young man called with letters from my friend Governor Price. He had the air of one well born, and I soon found he was well enough up in the classics to shame me. I engaged him at once, and he entered on his duties. I was at some pains to draw him out and make him feel at ease. After a time, Lida began to complain of the defects of her education, and thought she must study Greek. Cuthbert frowned on the plan, and I saw no use in a girl's learning Greek; but she persisted in it, and worked energetically for a time under the tutor's guidance with grammar and dictionary. Then, one day the tutor announced that he had letters which obliged him to leave at once, and the next day my daughter drove into town, taking Mammy Ann with her, and there the precious pair were married. She sent a note back by Mammy Ann, telling me that she could not keep her word to Cuthbert when her heart was not in it, and had found it the safest way to take the matter into her own hands."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, there was little to be done. I

wrote to Lida, refusing to have anything more to do with her or George Gallatin, and advising him never to come to Tuckeyho again, as Cuthbert had sworn to shoot him down like a dog should he ever cross his path."

"What! Did Mr. Gordon say such a thing as that? He seemed so nice and kind."

"He was certainly gallant to you; but that was a case of *noblesse oblige*. Beauty had hung out a signal of distress. The thing could never have been managed," he went on, "if it had not been for old Mammy Ann."

"What did you do to her?" I asked.

"Turned her off the lot: gave her papers of freedom."

"That was a novel mode of punishment."

"It has proved severe enough," he said grimly. "She has never set foot on the place since, and I have forbidden any of my people to go near her."

"But now she is ill, needing a daughter's care. Surely, Mr. Erskine, you will let Daphne go?"

"Why, my dear, I have just told you this story to show why I will *not* let Daphne go."

I stole a look at him in the moonlight. He did not look hard just then. I tried the effect of a little coaxing. "Do it for me, dear Mr. Erskine," I urged. "Beauty in distress is holding out a signal-flag again."

"Oh, you witch!" he cried.

But I saw Daphne leave the house early the next morning with a large bundle.

#### IV.

In the days that followed I saw much of Cuthbert Gordon. Now and then I met him at some house in the neighborhood, still oftener we encountered each other on our rides, and he soon came to join Regy and myself in our wild gallops about the country. I thought a great deal about his unforgiving spirit toward George Gallatin and the girl who had jilted him. Why could he not be more generous, more self-forgetful? I thought he must have loved her very much, and

I wondered sometimes if he still cared for her. She must have been very beautiful, to inspire such a lover. One day I was sitting with Mammy Ann, who was slowly getting better, and I asked her what Miss Lida looked like.

"You wants to see her pictur', honey?" she said.

"Oh, have you a picture of her? I should like to see it, if you will not mind showing it to me."

"Lor! no, Miss Angie; on'y I can't move my miserable bones to fetch it. It's dar on dat shelf, in de blessed Testament."

I opened the book and took out two photographs.

"Mammy Ann! tell me quick! whose picture is this?"

"Dat's Miss Lida. No, dat's her husban'—Mars' George Gallatin, dat Miss Lida was married to. Why? What fo' you want to know? You don't know him?"

"No," I said faintly,—and not truly, for I had recognized the picture at once. I had one just like it in my album at home. It was a photograph of my cousin Winton Violett.

I left the cabin in a fever of excitement. If my uncle only knew! Yet how break it to him? Was he strong enough to bear the shock? I recalled a conversation which had taken place between us the night before.

"You are all I have left, Angela," he had said to me. "Stay with me a little longer,—till the end. Then you shall go back to your family, and not empty-handed. I may as well tell you, Angela: I am going to leave everything to you, with the exception of a few small bequests."

"Oh, no, uncle!" I cried, in a sort of undefined terror. "I will stay with you gladly, but you are not going to die yet, and something else can be done with the money. Suppose," I whispered timidly, "somebody should turn up to claim it?"

"No!" he cried; "there is no hope,—none! Angela, my child, do not make yourself unhappy by brooding over that thought. It is enough for the old to be wretched."

Now I knew that the thought had come true. I was walking along the road to Tuckeyho with the knowledge that the heir was alive and must have his own, though he had not come to claim it. When I raised my eyes and saw Cuthbert Gordon coming toward me, I felt as if it was in answer to a call for help which I had not yet uttered. I began my appeal before stopping to think to whom it was made. "Mr. Gordon," I said, "the first time I saw you down there by Mammy Ann's gate you said you would help me. I need a friend now a great deal more,—only not in the same way. I want somebody to help me think what to do; perhaps to do it,—if it lies outside my power."

"I am here," he said. "Tell me what I can do for you."

"I want to find my cousin Winton Violett."

And I told him something of Winton's disappearance, of my uncle's grief, of his love for his only son,—to all of which he listened sympathetically.

"It is not in the least likely that your cousin is alive," he began.

"But I know he is alive!" I cried. "I have had proof this very day. Mr. Gordon, find George Gallatin and you will find Winton Violett."

His face became set in an instant. It was too late to turn back, however. I told him all I knew, and besought him at least to advise me what to do.

"I can do nothing just now," he said at last, "because I am going away for a short time on business. In the mean time, keep perfectly quiet; say nothing about it; and when I come back, which will be at Christmas, if not sooner, we will see what can be done."

The words were not very reassuring, but his look as he uttered them gave me complete confidence.

Toward Christmas Mammy Ann got well, and began to beam in the most mysterious way.

"Honey," she said to me one day, "you know, at Tuckeyho we allays has watch-nights."

"Yes? What are they?"

"Why, don't you know, chile, de

cattle, an' de stock, an' all de beasts dat perish, kneels an' worships at twelve o'clock de night befo' Chris'mus? Some says dey speaks. I ain't never heard 'em; but maybe my ears was sealed. Now, I wants you dis time to 'suade all de white folks to set up an' go down to de stables jes' befo' midnight."

"Yes, I should like that immensely," said I. "I should like to see that stiff old hunter that uncle rides kneeling down."

Christmas drew near. Cuthbert Gordon had returned, and certainly, for a man whose hopes had been crushed, he appeared singularly cheerful. On Christmas eve he joined us at Tuckeyho as we were all assembled in the large hall, ready for the distribution of presents. Mr. Erskine always insisted that his people should go to church on Christmas day: so the holiday began on Christmas eve, all work being laid aside by five o'clock. Then the great bell sounded, and the darkies came in to shake hands with the "marser" and "missus" and receive their gifts. The men wore neat dark-blue trousers and flannel shirts. The old aunties were there with their heads wrapped up in gay cotton handkerchiefs, the matrons with their turbans disposed in more Eastern fashion. The young "flitter-gibbets," as Daphne called the girls, for the most part had their wool in a thousand plaits, ready to be taken down "fur Chris'mus." Mr. and Mrs. Erskine stood side by side. An enormous basket was beside them, and as Mr. Erskine handed each a gift he made some little kind remark or friendly jest, which was received with a delighted grin. At last all dispersed, shouting and singing, to their homes. Even the Methodist preacher for once ceased to be grand, gloomy, and pompous, and sang, with a decorous jump,—

Chris'mus comes but wunst a year;  
When it comes I takes my shear,  
For I'm de cock ob de roost.

The moon was rising as the last awkward squad took itself off.

"Will you not get a shawl," said Mr.

Gordon, "and walk with me on the southern veranda?"

It was a balmy evening, and I had no objection to a stroll. Shouts arose now and then from the negro quarters. Little stars twinkled in the skies, and from every cabin a light blaze was kindled. Pretty soon we saw dark forms gliding about and apparently jamming posts into the ground.

"What are they doing?"

"Preparing the illuminations," said Mr. Gordon.

"That sounds very grand."

"Well, it is uncommonly pretty. Yet it consists in nothing more than forked sticks stuck into the ground, each with an old tin pan fastened in the notch, in which two or three pine knots are stuck. As soon as it is dark they will be lighted, and blaze out gloriously."

"This is the pine country, isn't it? I suppose it was here that that unlettered hind sent his love a slab of pine with a glaring eye painted on it, to which the ready-witted maiden returned a pine knot. I have often wondered what the next step in their singular courtship could have been."

"Perhaps he dropped in and asked her if she would like his company to the next circus."

"Well, there may be poetry as well as pleasure in going to a circus."

"Poetry wherever there is love. I affirm it, although not a 'borned poet.'"

The pine knots were lighted,—nearly two hundred of them, I should think,—quite putting out the light of the moon and the Christmas stars.

"Do let us walk about the grounds," said I impulsively. "I have never seen anything like this. You know I have never been on a large plantation before."

The darkies were moving about restlessly. In the better cabins the tables were already set out for a high meal of some kind on the next day, and in many a savory smell of cooking gave hints of good things to come.

"You see, honey, it's dis way," explained Aunt Dinah, who stood in the door of her cabin. "We all goes roun' visitin' to-morrow, an' ev'ry one of us

sees which kin give de handsomest lay-out."

"After the fashion of college students and their spreads," suggested Cuthbert Gordon.

"Now, fur instance, to-morrer a pretty large company of *our set* is invited to sun-up egg-nog over ter Aunt Betsy Clark's, an' at nine o'clock I invites 'em here fur de Chris'mus breakfas',—ribs, an' devilled bones, an' br'iled birds,—sich a breakfas' as I'm pretty sho' de President don't git sot down afore, an' you kin bear me out, missy, fur I'm goin' ter send de hottest an' de best of it to de house. Dat used ter be Mammy Ann's priviledge. She jes' thought nobody could cook fur our white folks 'cep'n herself. I allays speaks fair, howsoever, an' I will say dat de fust o' my work in cookin' was learnt me by Mammy Ann. You take dem little reed-birds, Miss Angel, an' stuff 'em wid a good-sized oyster, an' roll 'em up in a little thin piece o' breakfas' bacon clear as glass, an' jes' roast 'em slow, an' ef you kin git anything better, why, I dunno whar you was raised."

"I never did!" cried I promptly. "It makes me hungry now just to think of it."

"Hungry!" said Aunt Dinah thoughtfully. "Now you look here."

She opened a cupboard and took from it—ah! such a turkey! To say that it was fat, that it was crisp, that it was brown, is but to begin the catalogue of its virtues. He must have strutted among his mates like Lucifer, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent." He could never have had a mate worthy of him, for in all the years that have followed I have seen no turkey worthy to be named his descendant.

"Now, Mars' Cuthbert," said dear old hospitable Dinah, "you an' Miss Angel has jes' got ter have a Christmas-eve bite. Dis is my breakfas' turkey I raised myself from a egg dat I set under a goose. I didn't expec' to raise him, for turkeys is powerful delicate, an' it was late in de season. But, lor! it jes' seemed as ef dat turkey drawed nourishment outer de air! He throve an' throve, an' he

got so fat dat ef you would turn him over it was quite a spell befo' he could git up, an' dar he'd lie, lookin' as simple as a turkey kin,—for you know dey ain't got no wisdom to boast on. Well, yesterday mornin' I packed him in ice an' froze him stiff, an' to-day I cooked him; an' ef he ain't good, den de Lord ain't never made turkeys. Now I wants my young folks to sample him."

I have since had reason to believe that at that very time I was very much in love with Cuthbert Gordon. I know that when I had taken his arm on the moonlit veranda and started on this stroll my heart was in a curiously-fluttered state, made up equally of pain and delight. And now,—now my most poignant emotion was that of hunger. I stole a look at Cuthbert. His eye sparkled eagerly on the turkey. I saw that I should have his acquiescence if I accepted the invitation to sup with Aunt Dinah. Then with what pride the good old soul bustled about! A clean cloth was spread on the table. The turkey was sliced to its breast-bone, and we ate walnut-pickles and bread with it, and drank frozen buttermilk, and decided that such another meal had never been eaten.

"Now, Aunt Dinah, do you know what I shall do for you in return for this delicious feast?"

"I hope," said the old woman, drawing herself up quickly, "dat de day ain't yet come when de folks at Tuckeyho can't offer de hospital civilities of de season widouten a question o' payin' comin' in."

She looked quite offended, and I felt so. We both cast glances of fire at Cuthbert. He only smiled.

"But indeed I shall pay you," he cried, "and with something dearer than money,—with a secret. Suppose I begin by telling you that your breakfast turkey won't be touched by your guests of to-morrow, but will be eaten this very night."

"I se feared, Mars' Cuthbert, I won't have 'nough, wid o'ly jes' de pig, an' de ham, an'—"

"But will be eaten this very night,"

continued Cuthbert calmly, "by that guest for whom the French say we should always provide the largest plate, —*l'imprévu.*"

"For de land's sake, Mars' Cuthbert, you ain't been havin' too much egg-nog, is you?"

He broke into a laugh: "Now I shall have to whisper to you, if Miss Angel in her great goodness will excuse my rudeness."

"Of course she will," cried I, running out to the steps, where I stood shaking the crumbs out of my lap.

A scream startled me; then another. I looked in. Aunt Dinah was on her knees before Mr. Gordon, crying and laughing alternately.

"Is it really true, marsa?"

"As true as that I stand here. But if you don't hush you will have the whole plantation on my back. Oh, these women!"—with a comical glance in my direction. "Ah! my sweet mistress Discretion, brave Lady Silence, how I do honor thee!" he cried, audaciously taking my hand.

"You don't think I care for your small secrets!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! you care for this, fair Angela Violet! You care because your heart is pure and sweet, because you are unselfish and generous."

I interrupted him, trembling: "Do you mean—"

"I mean nothing now, Angela, except that you are to trust me, and stop trembling like a frightened dove."

"Until when?"

"Till the hour of midnight,—the hour when, so many years ago, in a stable, the Christ-child was born,—the hour when, according to the sweet superstition, all the dumb brutes kneel and worship. Then

Dark shall be light,  
And wrong shall be right,

as the gypsy sings."

"How strangely you make me feel!" I cried. "The air seems to vibrate with excitement. I am like one under a spell."

"The spell is love!" cried Cuthbert,

bending forward. "Ah, darling! how can I wait to tell you all?"

Surely Puck or some kindred sprite was abroad that night. As Cuthbert leaned toward me, a fiendish sound, as of a demon unearthed, startled us from each other's side. Something white darted between us and gave a nip at my ankle. I fled, and in so doing knocked over a tripod with the pine knots in it, and down I fell with the displaced illumination. Cuthbert sprang toward me like a mad creature. Before I could pick myself up, he had his coat off and had rolled me in it. The fire had not touched me, and yet that man rolled me over and over on the ground as if I were a burning tar-barrel that he wanted to put out! Then, catching me up, "Are you hurt, darling?" he cried, in a voice of piercing anguish.

"Smothered!" gurgled I. Off came the coat, and we looked at each other rather sheepishly in the moonlight. There we stood, two forlorn images, when Regy's voice broke the silence:

"Hullo, Gordon! is that you? Did you ever see anything scatter like those geese? I flung a torpedo among them, and they put out like good fellows."

"That was a joke that might have cost you dear," said Gordon severely: "here is Miss Violett frightened almost to death."

"Hullo! Is that Angie tucked away there like a wet hen?"

Burning with shame, I handed Cuthbert his coat.

"I will go back to the house," I said, with dignity. "Thank you, Mr. Gordon: I can walk alone."

"In that case," he said, in a business-like tone for which I inwardly thanked him, "I will leave Regy to escort you to the house. Don't forget that you must all be wide awake for the watch."

"Oh, no! They are drinking punch now at the house in expectation. Father's pretty sleepy, but Miss Angela likes the notion, and that's enough for us at Tuckeyho," said Regy gallantly.

"Angie, you were not really hurt?" he said anxiously, as we walked away.

"No; but I think you are a wicked,

vulgar boy!" cried I. This was cruel; but did any girl before me have her first declaration of love interrupted first by a cackling goose, and then by a sharp-sighted boy who told her in her lover's very presence that she looked like a wet hen?

I ran up-stairs and washed my face and put on a certain white flannel dress that I knew Cuthbert liked; then down to the drawing-room, where Mr. Erskine was making an heroic effort to keep things at an hilarious pitch by having old Dan the butler ladle out punch as fast as his guests could get rid of it. Mrs. Erskine was moving restlessly about the room, touching first one object and then another in an absent-minded way. "Where have you been, little girl?" she inquired.

"Walking with Mr. Gordon about the place. How splendidly those pine knots light up! I wish you and I lived in the pine-woods, uncle."

"Gordon has a little hunting-lodge back in the woods he might like to sell you," suggested Regy.

"Come, young folks," said his father; "it is time to light up."

The house was to be illuminated, according to old custom. It was an admirable house for the purpose, for it abounded in windows, besides having the upper half of every door made of glass, the lower part being carved oak.

"I never saw anything so beautiful as this hall," I declared. "Talk about your English cathedrals! Now for upstairs."

We ran first into the boys' room. Applying his taper to a large candelabrum, Regy burst the next instant into a laugh, which I echoed. For there, strung along the mantel-piece like a lambrequin, were some dozen children's stockings, varying in shape and size as much as the rats that turned out at the Pied Piper's call, and of every imaginable color. Pinned to each was a little slip of paper: "Black Joe's baby," "Rachel's crippled boy," "De little hunchback," with others, representing all the infant population of Tuckeyho.

"Who did it? Regy, wasn't it you?"

"Never, upon my word."

"I shall ask Dan if he knows anything about it."

Dan was a white-headed, pompous old darky, who used his words like soldiers on drill. Just before I called him, Mr. Erskine had probably ordered him to refill the punch-glasses. Dan had passed out of the room and stopped a moment in a little passage-way, where the light shone on his white head and silver tray. An old-fashioned mirror hung at the bend in the staircase. Looking into this, I saw the old man cast a glance about him, then, slipping his little finger through the handles of two punch-glasses, he drained their contents at a single gulp. A moment later he appeared on the stairs, his dignity not one whit abated: "Did you call, Miss Angela?"

"Yes, Dan. I want to know who put these stockings here."

"Why, you see, miss, de mammies was a-takin' on so, 'cause de very youngest chillun didn't come to have nothin'. So I jes' took de liberty o' puttin' deir stockin's in de white folks' house. Den to-morrer dem things kin have deir little Chris'mus same's de rest."

"Fortunately, father laid in holiday supplies by the barrel," said Regy. "Let us go down cellar and see what we can find to fill these gaping mouths."

We had scarcely finished this duty when Cuthbert's voice came from the drawing-room. "Good friends, the witching hour draws nigh!" he called.

"Let us to the stables hie," lustily put in Regy,—as if he thought Cuthbert would have descended to such disgusting doggerel.

We wrapped ourselves in shawls and moved away from the house. Cuthbert had given Mrs. Erskine his arm, I walked with Mr. Erskine, while my uncle and Regy chatted together. At the distance of a hundred rods the whole party paused to look back on Tuckeyho. Never has it been my lot to see anything more beautiful than that stately Southern home, lighted above by tropic stars and within by a hundred

"love-lighted watch-fires." "Ah, Mr. Erskine!" I murmured, touching his arm, "what a home!"

"Ah!" he returned bitterly; "what a home to leave!"

My chance had come. Not daring to put any passion, any meaning, into my voice, I said quietly, "And what a home to come back to!"

"What do you mean, girl?" he asked roughly.

I tossed my head: "Please don't call me 'girl.' It sounds like saying, 'Minion, begone!'"

"Oh, Angela, what a spirit of fun you have shut up in that little body of yours!"

The stables at Tuckeyho were situated midway between the house and the little village of whitewashed negro cabins known as "the quarters." As we approached we saw a crowd of darkies, seated or squatted about, listening to a speaker who seemed to sway their feelings greatly: "I tell you what, niggers, you mind what you does right here in dis here universe. 'Tain't no toss-up business, dis gittin' to heaven ain't." ("Oh, Lord, no!" "Glory!") "And, sinners, when you gits to hell you'll find out one thing dat'll surprise you. You'll find you've brought your *fuel wid you*, fur your *sins* is your wood, an' de more sins you commits here on earth de more wood you'll take an' de hotter you'll burn."

"Queer subject for a Christmas-eve sermon," said Gordon.

We passed on out of reach of the droning voice, and stopped at a little distance from the central stable. There were no lights very near, but toward the negro quarters the pine torches flashed gloriously. The groups of figures gathered together and became more quiet as the fateful hour approached. The singing swelled and sank and died away in low echoing murmurs. Conversation had ceased, and a hush of strange expectation filled the air. As the stroke of the midnight hour clanged forth, a reverberating voice shouted, "Sinners, to your knees!" and, with a singular sound, almost like the sliding of snow

down a hill-side, the crowd of negroes fell on their knees. Many prostrated themselves on the ground. An old clock began to tell the hours slowly, and the hush was prolonged till the twelfth stroke had died away with a low echo. Then what broke the musical silence of that hour? In the whole realm of sound what could be holy enough to quiver first on the air? It was a baby's voice! merely a little cry, half of wonder, half of fright, all appeal. The stable doors swung lightly open. All was light inside. The dark outlines of the horses and English cows filled the background. Tossed on the floor was a heap of straw, and there, with a blue cloth thrown over his rosy limbs, lay a man-child,—a gift from the Lord.

We were all strangely moved. I turned from one to the other, to see wonder, perplexity, emotion, on all faces. But Mr. Erskine's was a study in the sudden breaking down of all its firm, proud lines. He seemed scarcely to know what he did, but bent over the child, with his eyes searching its face and form.

The child was of a divine loveliness, yellow-curled, red-lipped, innocently radiant, like a flower unconscious of its beauty and sweetness; and, as if drawn by some mysterious force, the little hands stretched upward and touched the old man's face.

"Gappa! gappa!" said the soft sweet voice, for our Christmas-child was already some ten months old, and his lips were beginning to learn the human speech. Mr. Erskine stooped and timidly lifted the little form in his arms.

"Papa!" cried Regy convulsively. He pointed to the end of the avenue, and there in the light of the pine torches two figures were seen walking slowly toward us. Hand in hand they came, erect, but visibly trembling, followed by strange sobs and inarticulate greetings from the darkies, who looked at their young mistress as on one risen from the dead. They felt—those sympathetic creatures—that the hour was surcharged with emotion, and they held themselves with an intuitive good breeding from

coming to the front. Mr. Erskine still stood with the child in his arms. The young pair stopped, and Lida held out her hands:

"Father! Mother!"

Then I saw a cruel thing. For, even with that pretty child clinging to him and nestling its cheek in the soft plush of his collar, Mr. Erskine lifted his head and said stiffly, "I do not know you."

Lida drew back into her husband's arms. Then my uncle's voice was heard pleading in tremulous earnest tones.

"Erskine, my friend," he cried, "for God's sake do not put away your child! What is a moment's anger to the anguish of losing one's dearest forever?"

He stood where the light from a lantern fell full upon him, his white head bent forward, his dim old eyes looking forth with an intent, questioning gaze, as if unable to see clearly what was before them.

He was answered by a loud convulsive sob, which seemed to shake the very air. Everybody was startled. My uncle looked about him in alarm.

I touched Winton's arm. "Go to him," I said: "he does not know you are here."

But he shook his head, while sobs continued to come, making his words, when he spoke to me, broken and strange:

"I cannot,—I cannot. Angie, is my father—so old?"

Tears were in my eyes. I seemed not to have realized it myself until that moment.

Then followed a pause. All attention had at first been fixed upon Lida; her husband's emotion was a mystery to everybody except Cuthbert and myself. We looked at each other in helpless questioning. We felt that the *dénouement* had a deeper solemnity than we had intended.

Something must be done. I ran to my uncle, and, throwing my arms round his neck, said, in a shaky voice, "Dear, dear uncle, do you know who it is?"

"No," he said slowly, and in a

troubled tone. "I thought he looked like— He is so tall. But I am always fancying that resemblance."

"It is no fancy now," I whispered. "That is Winton himself."

He broke from me at once: "I must see. Ah, my boy! my son!" and father and son were in each other's arms.

The baby surveyed the scene with wide blue eyes. When things had gone beyond his comprehension, he thought fit to raise a cry of protest. Lida turned at the sound, and went up to her father.

"Let me relieve you of the child," she said coldly.

But the rogue had caught his fingers in the old man's collar, and was not inclined to go.

"That is the way you used to do, Lida," said her father simply.

"Ah, father!" cried the girl; and she put up her face to receive the kiss of forgiveness above her child's head.

We went back to the house, and, sitting in the fire-light, Winton Violett told us something of the six years that had passed since he left his home.

"I don't know to this day," he said, "how I could have been tempted to play at a moment when I felt that everything—the large sum of money, my own character, and my father's confidence—was at stake. But the knowledge of all that seemed only to make me more reckless. When it was over, and I found myself standing alone in the bow of the boat, robbed of everything, and with no chance of redress, it seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to throw myself overboard. It was a temptation, and it was no mere love of life that kept me from it. But it seemed mean to sneak out of life like a whipped hound, and equally mean to go back to my father with this disgraceful tale. I determined to live and expiate,—to go back to him with the money, earned by my own labor, and with the record of a better, nobler life."

"My brave, loyal boy! But if you had only told me!"

"I know," Winton said humbly; "I know now that my attempted expiation was no better than my crime. But I believed it right, and I stuck to it. I determined then to have no other thought. When I found that I loved Lida I meant to go away without telling her; but I could not."

"Because I would not let him," Lida broke in quickly. "He told me everything, and tried to bid me good-by. But I said, 'No; if you go I go with you; and since you have done a dishonorable thing I will do one too. You say it would be dishonorable in me to break my engagement to Cuthbert Gordon. Well, it is broken. Now we are even. You see, I forced him to take me.'"

"And Cuthbert Gordon," whispered that gentleman to his next neighbor, "has learned to forgive and to be consoled."

"It is all different from the homecoming which I have rehearsed so many times," Winton resumed thoughtfully. "To come home with the money seemed to me then the only thing. We have saved and scrimped to get it; once I nearly had it, and lost it again by reverses. I am not worth half that sum to-day, and yet it does not seem to matter." And he pressed his father's hand in his own.

A figure crept into the room.

"Howdy, Mars' John? Howdy, missis?"

"Why, Mammy Ann! is that you? How are you?"

"Toler'ble well, thank God, marster, an' I 'specs it's pretty near mornin' now. I thought I'd make so bold ter offer my ole mars' a Christmas-present."

"What is that?"

She held out a packet: "Dem ole freedom-papers, mars'."

He took them from her, laughing.

"Would you mind lettin' me see 'em burn, Mars' John?"

Mr. Erskine tossed them on the live hickory coals, and Mammy Ann, her face beaming with gratitude, took the boy off to bed.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

## UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT OXFORD.

THE unique character of the two great English universities may perhaps excuse our national pride on the subject. In any case it is to be hoped that some excuse may be found, for the exuberance of this pride is considerable. To the ordinary undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge, his special university is an institution almost beyond the reach of comparison. At an immeasurable distance it is followed by its sister; but after these two the rest are nowhere. Harvard excites a certain amount of friendly interest, partly from the deepening sympathy with America and things American which is happily rising into a distinctive English trait, partly from the contact in the sphere of athletics which Harvard was the first to effect with the universities of the old country. Dublin has earned a sort of doubtful recognition from the youth of the English 'Varsities, which is due in no small measure to the performances of Dublin crews at the Henley regatta; but London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Durham, and other minor universities are ignored with a silence which is more eloquent than speech. And the universities of the continent are dismissed with the same scanty grace. Something, of course, must be allowed for the intolerant enthusiasm of youth; but, after all reasonable deductions, a good deal will be left to justify England's pride in Oxford and Cambridge. Their claim to pre-eminence can hardly be based on any peculiar superiority as seats of learning. Scholars and philosophers they produce, and in abundance; but the ordinary run of graduates are neither scholarly nor philosophical to any conspicuous extent. Till quite lately the Oxford curriculum of study savored all too strongly of the obsolete; and, though within the last decade reform has been busy with an unsparing hand, Oxford institutions still retain a good many traces of venerable superstition. Nevertheless, English con-

servatism loves to deal gently with these relics of the past, and to regard them, like the crumbling stones of the college walls, as blemishes which, if they impair perfection, at least add something to the picturesque. In truth, the real greatness of Oxford, and the true secret of her fame, lies not so much in the excellence of her educational system or the learning of her sons as in the social and moral discipline which enters largely though indirectly into the conditions of a university career. The real life of Oxford, and the influences which make Oxford men what they are, should be sought rather on the river, the cricket-field, the cinder-path of the athlete, and the social intercourse within the college quadrangle, than in the "schools" or the college lecture-room. It is these, at any rate, which throw round the "flying terms" a halo of romance which often shines undimmed through the heavy years of later life, lighting up the happy memories of one-and-twenty for the weary veteran of threescore-and-ten. To these, accordingly, I shall chiefly devote myself in the present paper.

His first term is in many ways a memorable epoch to the undergraduate, and the first day is not the least memorable part of it. Wearyed by the journey of the day before, by the frantic efforts to educe order out of the chaos of packing-cases and other impediments wherewith his new rooms are encumbered, and by the excitement of the new life before him, he has dozed on comfortably in spite of the "scout's" warning that it is half-past seven. But there is a stern awakening at hand. At five minutes to eight a sudden discordant clang breaks in upon his slumbers, and probably brings him out of bed with a bounce. Every college bell is pealing with a malicious vigor and doing its wicked worst to make the morn hideous with its noisy summons to chapel. The conscience-stricken freshman makes a

hasty toilet, and hurries down breathlessly, just in time to get his name "pricked" as present by the college porter stationed at the chapel door. A certain number of morning chapels used to be rigorously exacted as a condition of keeping the term; but of late years the rule has been more leniently applied. The ordinance lost much of its original religious meaning, and, like evening prayers in some English households, became little more than a regulation to insure punctuality. Directly this point was reached, reform became inevitable, and soon followed. Instead of compulsory chapel, a secular alternative was offered to the undergraduates of one college,—Balliol,—which, after some protests from the orthodox, has, I believe, been generally adopted by others. Morning chapel still survives for those who prefer it (and the service is by no means neglected); but the undergraduate may, if he pleases, keep his term by "roll-calls" instead. The expression roll-call is not strictly accurate, as the full ceremony is usually replaced by an official with a roll and pencil, who marks off the names of all the men who present themselves in the college porch before eight o'clock.

From about half-past eight to nine the energies of the undergraduate, like those of many more distinguished individuals, are devoted to breakfast. At one college—Keble—this meal is made a college affair, and the men assemble in hall for the purpose; but elsewhere it is usual for the undergraduate to breakfast in his own rooms, and the quad is filled with scouts hurrying to and fro with the "commons" ordered by their respective masters. The undergraduate's breakfast, as a rule, is a very simple repast, unless he has invited friends, and then breakfast expands into a solid if somewhat stereotyped grandeur. Even the enthusiasm of a freshman soon wearies of the monotonous profusion which is displayed, and the soul of an untutored economist would grieve over the waste. Here the economist would be in error; but of this anon. The famous "autocrat of the breakfast-

table" might find a worthy subject for reflection in the mental perversity which seems to inspire the *menu*. A quarter of an acre or so of beefsteak adorns one end of the table; a picturesque pile of mutton-chops is its counterpoise at the other. A shoal of fried fish is ready on a side-table; kidneys and poached eggs confront each other in the middle. The rectangular severity of this arrangement is relieved by plates of watercress and plates of toast (such toast!), grouped with artistic irregularity upon the vacant spaces; pots of marmalade fill up the stray crevices, and there is sometimes a bowl of "cup" for a centre-piece. Bread, butter, and the humbler necessaries find place where they can. Now, the rationale of this profusion is marvellously simple. Your college cook is a creature whose imagination is needlessly trammelled by convention. In relation to food, his *a priori* form of thought is the "commons." It is the atom, so to speak, of his culinary system. The crude speculations of a lay metaphysic may conjure up fancies of some other perhaps more subtle division; but to his professional perception fish, flesh, and fowl are presented only as commons or as possibilities of commons. The results of this philosophical attitude are obvious. Seeing that the commons is at once the unit and the sole measure of computation, it follows that as one man cannot have less than one commons, say, of steak, eight men will require an amount equal to eight commons. The same process of calculation is applied to the other dishes, and thus a meal sufficient for a small army is sent up. The logic of the proceeding is remarkably simple, but it is not at once clear why its errors have not long ago condemned it. The explanation must be sought from the scout. By immemorial custom, this being is entitled to claim as a perquisite whatever leaves his master's table. He it is who orders the breakfast from the cook, and, as it is clearly to his interest that the leavings shall be as large as possible, any attempt to reform the commons system meets with a good deal of covert resistance from

this quarter, resistance which is generally strong enough to achieve its aim. No doubt this is an abuse; but it has been greatly checked of late years; and the system of commonses is in many ways so convenient that to abolish it might prove a remedy worse than the disease.

But we are leaving our freshman too long. After breakfast he will be summoned to an interview with his tutor, at which his lectures for the term will be settled. Later in the day he will be formally admitted to the college by its master, principal, president, or provost, as the case may be, and will probably also be "matriculated" into the university by the vice-chancellor. At this ceremony he will pay certain fees, and will be presented with a copy of the university statutes. This work hardly receives the attention it deserves from the irreverent undergraduate, judging from the fact that second-hand uncut copies can be procured in any quantity for about threepence. Nevertheless, it contains much that is instructive, and not a little that is amusing. It is a curious illustration of the changes which time brings to find that in earlier days it was necessary formally to prohibit undergraduates from playing marbles on the steps of St. Mary's. This law is nowadays little likely to be violated; but some others do not meet with much present respect, such as those which enjoin abstinence from the herb called nicotina or tobacco, and forbid the use of wheeled vehicles to undergraduates "*ipsi aurigantes*" (driving themselves).

And now the higher authorities take leave of the freshman, and hand him over, so to speak, to the secular arm of his undergraduate fellows. Not that he will be exposed to any of the boisterous drolleries in which an earlier age delighted, and which have been given to the world in the history of Verdant Green. The high spirits of youth naturally break out at times into venial excesses; but the days of systematic practical joking have disappeared from Oxford. It is looked upon as rather

"bad form," except on occasion, and the energies which supported it have been diverted into the healthier channels of boating, cricket, foot-ball, and athletics generally. The freshman will be exposed to no outrage because he is a freshman, but he will be quietly taught to know his place. This is a most salutary discipline for most boys, and that they should need it is no kind of a reproach to them. The freshman has been one of the head-boys of a public school, and public-school men will testify to the prestige which this position confers on him in the eyes of his younger school-fellows. He has been one of a ruling caste whose opinion carried a vast amount of moral weight, and he has probably exercised (as prefect or prepositor) a considerable amount of direct authority. Now he is an unknown stranger, forbidden by strict etiquette even to speak to a senior man till the latter shall have made the first advances. However, these advances are not slow in coming, and a freshman with nothing against him will rapidly be deluged with cards and invitations. This is one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant features of undergraduate life. A generous readiness to extend a welcome to the stranger, besides being a spontaneous impulse among the senior men, is recognized in most colleges as a social duty. Every new-comer thereby gets his chance; afterward he must stand or fall socially on his own merits. Theoretically, to start with, all freshmen are on an equal basis of absolute zero,—a sort of inferior class, who have equal rights amongst themselves, but none whatever as against their superiors in seniority. Practically, however, this dead level is rarely preserved. The boy (with all apologies for so calling him) who comes from one of the leading public schools naturally has an initial advantage over one who does not. This advantage is still more emphasized if the former has distinguished himself in rowing or cricket. It may seem incredible to a stranger, but it is a positive fact, that the competition amongst the colleges to secure, e.g., a good Eton

oar, which is undisguised amongst the undergraduates, extends, though less obtrusively, to the dons. I will revert to this point again. Meanwhile, we may profitably bestow a passing attention on the different types of freshmen which the different schools send up. These differences may seem unimportant in themselves, but in reality they are the prime factors which go to make up the character of the college. A sudden influx from a particular school may change the character of the college for a dozen years or more; and this is not an inference from *a priori* probability, but an established fact of experience. Hence those of the college authorities who have their hearts in the work may well await with some anxiety the great influx of freshmen which usually takes place at Michaelmas. Of course each individual of these brings with him certain peculiarities, not only of personal character, but of the school at which he has been educated. It is, however, only in the case of the great schools that anything like a distinctive type of school-character can be detected. The Etonian is readily distinguished by the polish of his manners, from which the crudities of boyhood seem to have prematurely disappeared. Profoundly disdainful in his inmost heart of all other schools, he is far too well bred to let this appear, except by his constant and perhaps unconscious reference of all questions to Etonian standards of taste and judgment. He is usually a conservative, and has a sort of inherent repugnance to all that lacks elegance in men or things. His opinions show culture, but they are apt to be narrow, and are seldom based on very solid ground. More bluff, more vigorous, and perhaps somewhat more brutal, is the Harrovian. His manners lack something of the Etonian grace, but his views are broader and his mind more virile. Fully equal to the Etonian in scholarship, he excels him in anything like an essay; and this is no wonder, for the Harrow staff of masters is by far the strongest in England. He is fond of his old school, but not with the passionate devotion which marks the Eton

boy,—for a school-boy's life at Harrow has many more hardships and far less romance than at Eton. The Wykehamist is generally a good fellow; but his ideas, opinions, and discourse are unduly colored by Winchester associations. The Rugbeian character is of a very distinct and not always very agreeable type. It is "Tom Brown" pushed to a morbid excess. The ideal set up in that admirable book is that of an English schoolboy *par excellence*, sturdy, straightforward, truthful, firm to his principles, and with an honest scorn of anything mean or tricksome. In the Rugby school-boy of the present day these qualities are apt to degenerate into a certain priggishness, combined with an arrogant contempt for the feelings and opinions of others, an unpleasant roughness of manner, and a habit of flat contradiction which verges on the insolent. From the interaction between such conflicting types, the college character, as a whole, gets formed, and the predominance of any particular factor is sure to produce its effect upon the result.

The freshman will, if he be well advised, join all or most of the college clubs, even if his membership in some of them go no further than paying his subscription. Otherwise he will fail to participate fully in the life of the college; and this will be bad for him socially, if nothing more. But of all the clubs the college rowing-club is by far the most important. This pre-eminence is the result of a combination of causes. The prestige which attaches to the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race is, for some reason, much greater than that which belongs to the cricket-match or any of the other inter-university contests; and this circumstance, of course, contributes to the importance of college boating. But boating is also the cheapest form of exercise (a great consideration for poor men), and it goes on the whole year through. Cricket is confined to the summer, foot-ball to the winter; but seasons make no difference to the boating man, and in every term there is some great aquatic event. In the Michaelmas term the races between the "fours"

of the various colleges are rowed. The "Torpids" (second eights of the colleges) race between Christmas and Easter; and in the summer term the "Eights" come off. Finally, boating, as practised at Oxford, has the social advantage of bringing men together more easily than any other form of exercise, and the undergraduate will see more of his fellows by going down to the river in the afternoon than by devoting himself to any other pursuit.

As might be expected, hospitality is a perennial feature of undergraduate life, and breakfast-, dinner-, and wine-parties go on ceaselessly. The last of these is an institution more or less peculiar to the universities, though it finds its analogue in the "crushes" of the London season. Like these, it is a convenient way of getting out a great many invitations at once, but, unlike them, it is a very merry informal meeting, at which occasionally hilarity gets the better of discretion. At most of the colleges, dinner—or "hall," as it is called—is at six, and guests will assemble at a "wine" any time between seven and eight. About nine the party will generally break up: the reading men go off to their books, some of those remaining will combine to play cards, and occasionally a select band of rollickers will sally out to do mischief. If these latter confine themselves to the college walls, their misdeeds, if detected, will be dealt with by the college authorities. But if they venture out into the town, they will not improbably fall into the clutches of a proctor.

Proctors are a peculiar institution, and they demand some notice here, for they exercise an important influence on undergraduate life. They are university officials, appointed by each college in turn, and holding their office for a year. They have a good deal of patronage at their disposal, as the public examiners for the year are appointed by them; but their chief and most disagreeable duty is to preserve the manners and morals of the undergraduates. Accompanied by a marshal and two "bulldogs" (human, not canine), one or more

of the proctors, or their pro-proctors, patrol the town, and sometimes the neighborhood, nightly, in quest of undergraduates abroad without cap and gown or guilty of any graver breaches of decorum. The marshal's business is to inform the proctor who of those he meets are 'Varsity men. This he contrives to do with marvellous accuracy, partly from long experience, and partly perhaps by some fell instinct peculiar to himself. The "bulldogs" are two sturdy attendants, chosen for strength and fleetness of foot. The proctor himself is a graduate of the university and a "fellow" of his college. When on duty, he is bound to wear a gown with velvet sleeves and white bands at the throat. These latter are of the greatest service to the erring undergraduate, and many a time have I been saved from walking straight into the enemy's arms by seeing the flutter of the white bands through the darkness. With a long start, you may trust to your legs, but otherwise flight is a doubtful expedient, for it aggravates the offence and also the penalty. Once, as I was coming home rather late, in ordinary costume, on turning a corner sharply I walked straight through the retinue of a proctor before either of us quite realized the situation. I just heard, "Who's that?" "Mr. Pearson, of Balliol!" when I was off at full speed, hotly pursued by the bulldogs. I dashed down "the Broad," leaving the friendly gates of my college on the left, turned into "the Turl," dodged down Brasenose Lane, then, making upward, I regained "the Broad," and plunged into the darkness of New College Lane. This was an error which I perceived as soon as I had committed it; for, though it was a long lane and had many turnings, it had no outlet except into "the High." The pursuing steps now sounded fainter, yet seemed to be drawing closer, and my dinner was beginning to tell upon my speed. However, I reached "the High" in safety, and, turning to the right, I was just making a last effort to double on my track, when I fell into the arms of one of the bulldogs, who had anticipated my

plan and had stayed behind to cut me off. In fox-hunting parlance, I was "chopped." I represented indignantly that this was a most unsportsmanlike proceeding; but a bull-dog is dead to all the finer feelings, and I was duly summoned before the proctor and fined a sovereign, instead of the ordinary five shillings. To undergraduates the proctor in some respects resembles the mediæval devil. In the lighter moods of irreverence he is termed "Proggins," but this familiarity does not altogether imply contempt. Like the mediæval devil, he is accredited with a good deal of clumsy stupidity, and many tales are told of how he has been outwitted by the superior intelligence of the undergraduate. But, like the mediæval devil also, he is the bugbear of the darkness. The office is one which invites criticism, and, though there is much to be said on both sides, I think, personally, that the proctorial system is a mistake. The duties of the proctorship are arduous and offensive to a man of education and culture, and there has sprung up in connection with it a wide-spread system of espionage which is objectionable in the highest degree. As an agency for repressing vice the proctorial system is a failure, and the proctorial duties generally might with advantage be transferred to the police. On one occasion at least in the year the proctors become constables pure and simple. The evening of the 5th of November is consecrated to a traditional riot between "Town" and "Gown." The origin of this venerable row is buried in antiquity, and the row itself has lost much of its pristine vigor. Immediately after dinner, bands of gownsmen turn out and parade the streets, followed by a rabble, who hoot, and occasionally throw stones. An isolated undergraduate may be set upon and mauled, but otherwise there is very little fighting. However, the proctors used to have plenty to do to keep order, until one year an ingenious proctor hit upon the device of flooding the streets, and thereby rapidly cleared them of the great unwashed. I only fought once on the 5th, and then it was in de-

fence of my hearth and home. I was then a fourth-year man, and consequently out of college. A more than usually pugnacious mob had got into my street, and were smashing the windows and doing other damage. The man who lodged with me (now a hard-worked tutor in his old college) discovered what was going on, and we accordingly sallied out to our door-way to keep the mob at bay till the police or the proctors should come to the rescue. The device succeeded admirably; fortunately, there were no stones or other missiles within convenient reach, and, as is usual with a rabble, no one quite liked to make the first attack. Suddenly there was a commotion in the street on my left, and in another instant a figure dashed headfirst into the door-way. Naturally, I hit out, and, catching him just between the eyes, I knocked him flat on his back in the road. At this moment there was a cry of "Proctor!" and the mob fled in all directions. Turning to my late assailant, I then discovered, with mixed feelings of amusement and humiliation, that he was a friend of my own, who had been attacked by the mob, and, seeing my door open, had fled into it for refuge. Thus ended my first and last brawl at Oxford.

However, an undergraduate's life is not all fun and frivolity: there are various examinations which come upon him with a stern regularity and vex his young soul with fears of a "plough." To prepare him for these is the duty of his "dons" (the fellows and tutors of his college); but, beyond a general supervision of his studies and an enforced attendance at a certain number of lectures, he is left a good deal to his own discretion in the matter. Much depends on the character of his dons,—a race unduly decried by the popular tongue. Doubtless the tendency of an academical life, combined with a position of constant authority, is to narrow the ideas and to promote the growth of that peculiar priggishness which is frequent in schoolmasters and college tutors. But if these evils be avoided,—and they very often are,—there is no better fellow in

the world than a don, especially a young don. The relations between don and undergraduate are much pleasanter at Oxford than at Cambridge. In the latter university the don is usually one in authority, and nothing more. At Oxford he is frequently the undergraduate's friend and counsellor, with results which are highly beneficial to both, as well as to the maintenance of college discipline. At Oxford, too, the don has frequently a beautiful wife, which is an additional point in his favor. Some dons, no doubt, are universally detested, but it will be found in most cases that they richly deserve it.

The debates at the Union offer a useful arena for the talents of budding politicians and barristers, and sometimes the oratory is really good. In most of the debates, however, a cynical observer would detect a strong dash of the ludicrous. A fervent young advocate of the Establishment once ended an impassioned speech by an appeal to his audience not to withdraw State support from "the ancient national Church, which was founded on truth, cemented with the blood of martyrs, and established by act of Parliament." It is needless to add that he sat down amid roars of laughter. It is the private business of the society, however, which generally provokes the most amusing discussions. The ceiling of the old debating-room was decorated with some frescos by Rossetti, which the damp of the Oxford climate continually injured. Hence at one time it became a burning question with the society whether to undertake the perpetual expense of restoration or to leave the frescos to decay. Once, after this discussion had been raging with unusual fury, a speaker rose and craved the indulgence of the house for a solution of the difficulty which he should venture to propose. Many honorable members were opposed to the restoration of the pictures on grounds of the expense (one hundred pounds): he had, however, succeeded in discovering a talented but obscure artist who would undertake the job for two pounds fifteen shillings. (At this statement there was a flutter of sudden

surprise through the audience.) The artist, he continued, lived within a few hundred yards of the building, and his style, though chaste, was severe. To a meretricious fancy it might seem too cold, inasmuch as the only color he employed was white. The rest of his speech was lost amid the merriment which it had provoked, and the house was completely beguiled out of its bad temper.

The climate of Oxford, however, is fraught with more serious evils than damaged pictures, and it says a good deal for the robustness of English youth that they endure it so well. The Michaelmas term is a season of raw mist and fog. Between Christmas and Easter the country is a waste of waters from the floods of the Isis and Cherwell. If a frost come then, the skating is superb, but otherwise it is rather dreary. Oxford, in fact, may be said to exist during the winter months, but only in the summer term can it claim to live. Even after Easter the summer is at first only visible to the eye of faith; but youth and enthusiasm scorn all weak doubts, and insist on the adoption of light raiment, straw hats, and ribbons of many hues. The cricket-field and the river hardly offer undiluted enjoyment till April has melted into Maytime. But the cricket-field and the river must not be neglected, with "Lord's" in the far future and the "Eights" in the immediate present. With this latter event the real season of the summer term may be said to commence. I have already alluded to the importance attached to athletics by Oxford opinion. The strength of this feeling may not be quite easy to understand, but its existence is a matter for unmixed satisfaction. Learning is one thing, education is another; and a university education in its proper sense is not to be acquired by lectures and examinations alone. By the Greeks of old, *ἡ γυμναστική* was held to be as essential as *ἡ μουσική* to a proper education; and this view meets with warm approval in the Oxford of the nineteenth century. There is another reason which gives rowing a special importance. The training and other sacrifices which it involves

demand a subordination of individual desires to public ends ; and this subordination in its turn implies a spirit of union and patriotism in the college itself. This may account for some of the prestige which accompanies the headship of the river ; and, while the rule must not be strained, it will be found that the moral and social health of a college may often be fairly gauged by the position of its "eight."

And now the town begins to fill with visitors, and the gray quadrangles are brightened by a welcome invasion of sweet girl graduates. Even the sloven soul of the scout yields to their gentle sway, and the laziest of the tribe will bestir himself marvellously when ladies are expected.

As a spectacle, the "eights" are probably unique, for the Cambridge "May races" lack some of the Oxford surroundings. Both of them are "bumping" races, a method devised to enable a large number of boats to race simultaneously. The plan is simple and practically capable of unlimited expansion. The boats are arranged in a line with a clear space of a length and a half (about eighty-four feet) between each two, in the order in which they were left by the racing of the previous year. The whole flotilla is started simultaneously by gun-fire, the object being to overtake and bump the boat immediately above, and to avoid the same fate from the boat behind. A boat bumping another takes its place on the following day (or night, as it is usually called), and the races last for six days. Until 1874, all the boats, usually some two dozen in number, started together, but in that year the Cambridge method of rowing in two divisions was adopted, with the view of securing a longer course. This has perhaps improved the rowing, but it has certainly impaired the pageant.

As the hour draws near, the boats begin to emerge from their several rafts, and the river is gorgeous with the colors of the crews as they paddle down to the start (the race being rowed up-stream). Amongst the uniforms are conspicuous the scarlet of Magdalen, with its thin

line of blue, the magenta and white of Balliol, and the graceful black and yellow of Brasenose. The college barges flaunt their different standards, and from the flagstaff of the 'Varsity barge there descends a streaming line of pennons marking the order in which the boats will start. The report of a cannon booms over the water. It is the five-minute gun, which warns the crews, most of whom are now at their posts, to prepare for the struggle. Little bags of rosin are passed from hand to hand, to insure a good grip of the oar, and for those who feel nervous a horrible mixture of cold tea and brandy is provided. The start itself is a complicated affair, requiring rather delicate management. To each starting-post a carefully-measured rope is attached, with a bung at the free end. This the coxswain holds in his left hand, and, the boat being pushed out and held away from the bank by punt-poles, her head is kept straight and the rope taut by gentle paddling in the bows. To drop the bung prematurely is a fatal mishap, for the boat is then considered "bumped" *ab initio*. As the line of boats is a long one, it is necessary to start at the flash, and not at the report, of the gun, which takes two or three precious seconds to reach the head boats. This can seldom be seen from the water, and, accordingly, the "coach" of each crew watches for it from the bank by the aid of a carefully-timed stop-watch. One minute before the start a second gun is fired, and then the crews begin to prepare in earnest. "Straw" and "blazes" are cast off hastily to friends on the bank, and the boat is steadily pushed out into the stream. The crowd by each boat divides so as to present no obstacle to the starter's warnings; some one is deputed to watch the boat above, and draw its rope and bung out of the way of his own boat : all talk is hushed, except the periodical shouts of the starters and the excited orders of the coxswains to their crews. Bang! goes the second gun. "Shove her off now : steady : keep her like that." "Ten seconds gone!" shouts the starter. "Touch

her, bow!" cries the coxswain; "gently; that'll do." "Twenty seconds gone!" "Keep paddling, bow: not so hard." "Thirty seconds gone!" "Easy, bow; back her half a stroke, seven." "Forty seconds gone!" "Touch her, two, or we shall be in the weeds." "Fifty seconds gone!" "Forward, all!" "Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one,"—then an agonizing moment as long as a lifetime: "Row!" And, with a flash of blades along the whole line, the race is off.

Let us follow the fortunes of the head boat. Besides the pride of place, it enjoys the substantial advantage of rowing through untroubled water. It has probably gained something at the start, and has maintained its advantage past Weir's Bridge and the Green Barge; but after the Gut the pursuer begins to creep up. All along the willows the two race desperately, but the distance which divides them diminishes at every stroke, and after the crossing there is only half a length of daylight between them. But home is now at hand, and as the leading boat passes the college barges, "ringed round with a flame of fair faces" and bright with the flutter of many a dainty dress, it is hailed with hearty cheers. The band on the 'Varsity barge strikes up "See the conquering hero comes." If the crew can hold their own for half a minute more, they are safe. But the strain of their efforts is beginning to tell, and a quarter of a length behind them the low prow of the enemy is shooting up into their ever-lessening wake. Suddenly above the tumult on the bank there rises the sharp whir-r-r-r! of a rattle. It is the signal for the gaining crew to put forth their strength. Stroke sets his teeth harder, and dashes in a last spurt at forty-eight to the minute. His boat leaps forward; for one instant its bows are buried in the foam that surges from the other rudder; the next, the babel of voices culminate in a yell as the leading coxswain's arm is uplifted in acknowledgment that his crew have been bumped on the post. The labors of the week are usually crowned by a rite sig-

nificantly described as "going out of training." To the fallen nature of the undergraduate a forced abstinence from the carnal joys of tobacco, indifferent wine, and late hours is extremely irksome, and a relief from these restrictions is hailed with delight. A distinguished oar once observed that training always produced in him an apparently irrational desire to "bash" everything; and this aptly describes the state of exuberant health which it commonly promotes. It must be confessed that such cravings are not always allowed to languish ungratified; and a grave seat of learning at Oxford is (or was, *Consule Plancio*) no less celebrated for its successes in the schools than for the extraordinary turbulence of its "bump-suppers."

When summer puts on its bravery, the scene is changed from blank desolation to a fairy-land. Christ-Church meadows and Magdalen walks are well known to fame, but many other of the college gardens are goodly to behold. Beyond the town itself, Nuneham is within easy reach by water, Blenheim by road, and the walk to Islip by the Cherwell, when

May with her world in flower  
Seems still to murmur and smile,

is a memory not easily forgotten. The beauty of this little river, especially for the last mile of its course, attracts a great many "wet-bobs" after the serious business of the Eights is over. It is a very paradise for loafers, winding hither and thither among the trees and bushes which enclose it under an almost unbroken arch of leaves.

And now the supreme event of the academic year, Commemoration, approaches, and casts an unmistakable shadow before. Third-year men have to leave their lodgings to make room for the influx of visitors, and either seek refuge within their college walls or go down altogether, and there are continual streams of arrivals and departures. The actual ceremony of the *encaenia* has lost some of its interest since the authorities have curbed the simple though slightly fescennine pleasantries in which the jovial undergraduate was wont to indulge.

A good deal of this chaff was really clever. On one occasion, when an honorary degree was being conferred, the vice-chancellor, having put the usual question "*Placetne vobis?*" (to the Doctors), "*Placetne vobis?*" (to the Masters of Arts), was interrupted by a shout of "*Non nobis, Domine,*" from a stentorian undergraduate throat. However, the real attractions of the week remain as potent as ever. Balls, picnics, water-parties, and other festivities follow each other in quick succession. The spirit of the carnival is in the air, though its riotings are absent. Shyness and reserve disappear as if by magic, and the demurest of maidens become dreadfully naughty. The very chaperons grow skittish, and either wink at the peccadilloes of their charges or visit them with the faintest of rebukes. But here we tread on dangerous ground, and the veil of a wise discretion must be drawn.

And thus, with the end of the summer term, these sketches of undergraduate life may be aptly brought to a close. It is difficult within the limits of an article to do justice to all of its manifold

features: one can only hope to give a glimpse of the inherent spirit which underlies all its multiplicity and remains constant amid a host of superficial changes. Several generations of undergraduates have come and gone since I went as a freshman to Oxford, and I have had a touch upon them all. Oxford philosophy has changed during that period from utilitarian to transcendental, and is now edging off to evolution. Colleges have changed their names, examinations have been reformed (not always for the better), royal commissions have rudely disturbed the snug sinecures of collegiate wealth. But, through all this, undergraduate life has remained essentially the same. It still presents the spectacle of a society throbbing with high aims, high hopes, and the noble enthusiasm of youth, and governed by a code of the most rigid honor and the unwritten rules of a chivalrous culture. These are the influences which set their seal upon the university man, and form the secret alike of the charm and of the value of a university career.

NORMAN PEARSON.

### AWAITING THE STORM.

**I**N these gray fields the golden-rod is sere,  
The hardy aster fails, and o'er the woods  
Half hid in darkening mist a stillness broods  
Unbroken by a bird-note far or near:  
But listen, and there rises faint and drear  
A wail of winds from wide sea-solitudes,  
That on the hushed and lonely shore intrudes,  
And dies among the whistling grasses here.  
It is the herald of the storm to be.  
We wait with weed and stubble for the blast  
That shall come roaring from the midnight sea,  
Pale, shattered forms upon the sands to cast.  
God's image is but clay: thou canst but free  
What fears not thee, O wild iconoclast!

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

## A FLOURY CITY.

SITUATED on a level plain, with a magnificent water-power at her feet, skirted by a wheat-belt beginning at her very confines and stretching away to the northwest more than six hundred miles,—a belt surpassed by none for productiveness and richness of grain,—Minneapolis has within little more than a decade boldly discarded all the regular formulas for milling, and built up on a radically new basis the greatest industry of its kind in the world. It is here that the new process of purifying wheat middlings was begun and perfected, and that the roller system has been developed to its fullest extent. Here is ground more wheat than in any other one city or half-dozen cities on the globe. In the busy season the daily flour-product of its mills makes a train more than a mile in length, and the offal makes another one-third of a mile long. It is a city of broad thoroughfares, spacious grounds, and handsome residences. The streets are all eighty feet wide, and the principal avenues one hundred. But the mills are the pride of the city. Although there are other important industries, the flour-business stands out pre-eminent, its external manifestations being everywhere visible. Heavy flour-teams crawl lazily up the hill from the falls, and day and night noisy switch-engines pulling long trains loaded with wheat enter the milling district, and then come forth dragging other long trains loaded with flour. From this district, at noon and night, there comes an army of dusty workmen, who scatter over the streets, leaving white patches upon the clothes of the people whom they brush past.

"Have you been through the flour-mills?" is a question always put to visitors.

Immense sums of money are invested in these mills, numerous workmen depend upon them for support, and the destruction of one is regarded as a

public calamity. Most of them are huddled together, and a fire in one is likely to spread and make fearful havoc of life and property: consequently an alarm from that quarter brings out almost the whole population. The merchant leaves his store, the banker his office, the accountant his books, the mechanic drops his tools, the bootblack jumps up from his "shine;" I have even heard of a Hebrew shopkeeper letting go a customer to respond. Minneapolis has one of the swiftest fire-departments in the country. The pulling of a box in the milling district is a general alarm, and the whole force, excepting the reserves, turn out. And there is no official running ahead, as in some Eastern cities, to clear the way. It is a mad, wild rush, and the devil take the hindmost,—steamers, hose-carts, chemical engines, and hook-and-ladder companies tearing past at a furious gallop, gongs sounding, drivers lashing their horses to greater speed, every man and every animal forgetful of all else in the supreme endeavor to make the quickest possible time to the scene of danger.

The first milling was probably a simple crushing or pounding of grain with the end of a stick, and, later, something like the pestle and mortar was used. The Mosaic record tells us that the Israelites, on their way to the Promised Land, were fed with manna, and that "the people went about and gathered it, and ground it in mills, or beat it in a mortar, and baked it in pans and made cakes of it." The ancient Hebrews seem never to have used any other kind than hand-mills; and a deal of grinding those mothers in Israel must have had to do, for the patriarchs seem to have had a special fondness for cakes, and a special aversion to grinding the meal. The women used a rude contrivance consisting of two circular stones, the lower convex, to fit into an upper con-

cave stone which had a hole in the centre for dropping the grain in between the two. The upper stone was worked back and forth by means of a wooden handle, and the meal came out through a groove. The millstone driven by power was the natural outcome of this tedious method of reducing grain to a powder; and when the bolting-chest was added by Nicolas Boller, or Bolter, a Saxon baker, the result was the old-fashioned grist-mill, that endured with little improvement until a very few years ago. This was the mill to which our fathers carried their grist on horseback, according to tradition, with a stone in one end of the bag to balance it. They received for their wheat its equivalent in flour, less the "toll," which fell to the honest proprietor. One can still find, in secluded country districts, the weather-beaten grist-mill, massive in foundation, wall, and roof, seemingly able to withstand the ravages of time forever; but most of them are gone along with the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, their places filled by smart modern buildings, while the lumbering overshot-wheel, laboriously toiling round and round, scattering torrents of spray from its ponderous arms, has given way to the swiftly-running turbine, hidden in an iron tube down deep under the basement, smaller but many times more powerful than the ancestor whose place it has usurped.

Many people have the impression that the patent flour of to-day, like the so-called best flour of the old process, is deficient in the phosphates and the other nutritious elements; but this is the reverse of the truth. The great end of modern milling is to retain the better elements of the wheat in the flour. The impression referred to arose from the fact that in the old mills, before the days of purifiers, the wheat was wholly ground at one operation, bran, dirt, and all. If eaten before bolting, one was reasonably sure of getting what good there was in it, and of securing his peck of dirt besides. When bolted, what happened to be fine and white was sold as "super-fine flour." But this was mostly

starch. The portion that was bolted out—coarse refuse from a mercantile stand-point—was sold as middlings for cattle, or was imperfectly worked over and put into the cheaper grades of flour. It was this part of the grain, the "middlings," that the new process was particularly devised to treat, because here is found the very life of the wheat. Formerly the wheat was only winnowed before grinding. Now it is scoured, brushed, and polished by complicated and expensive machinery. Instead of being crushed fine at one grinding, it is slightly broken many times by means of rolls, in order to loosen the dirt which remains in the crease despite the most careful cleaning, and to leave the bran in large flakes, from which the flour is gradually worked off. By the old system, the phosphorus—called by the old alchemists "The Son of Satan"—was bolted out. It exists in the wheat-kernel mainly in the form of phosphate of lime, the great bone- and muscle-maker. Phosphorus is so necessary to the working of the brain that these same alchemists had as an axiom, "No phosphorus, no brains." Every time the wheat passes between a pair of rolls it is at once carried to separators and purifiers, where the different kinds of middlings are separated, and the dirt, which has been released, is blown out. Thus it is gradually reduced to flour. "Gradual reduction" is the milling term. The rolls, made of chilled iron, porcelain, or steel, have about supplanted the millstone, though the latter is still used for the final reduction of the cleaned middlings to flour. Rolls were used in France, Austria, and Switzerland as early as 1820, but the system dragged until the millers of Minneapolis adopted and perfected it. The original principle in all of them is the same,—two cylinders about twenty-two inches long by ten inches in diameter, running face to face, and the wheat passed between them. But a dozen or so enterprising Yankees have taken out patents, made fortunes, and fought numerous lawsuits over smooth rolls, rolls with sharp and rolls with round corrugations, rolls with

deep and rolls with shallow corrugations, and rolls with spiral and rolls with linear corrugations. An almost endless succession of changes has been rung upon the method of corrugating, in order to get new patents.

Gluten is an element of great importance in flour, on account both of its nutritive value as a food, and of the "strength" which it imparts to the flour. It is gluten that makes the dough so tenacious, and that furnishes the strength to raise the bread and to keep it from falling during the baking process: consequently the value of wheat is gauged by the quality and amount of gluten which it contains. The hard spring wheat of Minnesota and Dakota excels all other American varieties in this valuable component. Without going into a minute analysis, it will answer our purpose to say that the kernel of wheat consists of—first, bran, some five coatings; next, a series of cells; at the centre, a quantity of pure starch; and at one end, the germ where life is reproduced. In the cells which lie very close to the inner coating of bran are found the gluten and phosphates, in the shape of granules of atomic fineness. Modern ingenuity has exhausted itself over the problem of dissecting the kernel, reaching these granules, separating them from the germ and bran, and placing them in the packer unbroken and with the least possible mixture of dirt. It is a delicate operation, for the granules are tender and must not be injured. If crushed, the gluten is spoiled, and the granules lose their vitality and become like the pomace of an apple from which the juice has been expressed. They then constitute "dead flour," as the millers call it, and must be sifted out from the patent. The best patent flour is rather coarse and gritty, or "sharp," as granules naturally are. Cheaper flours are softer, owing to the granules having been crushed.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe the technical method by which the separation and purification of the different grades of flour are accomplished; but the work is done in a very

thorough manner by machines that act with almost human intelligence. The middlings-purifier stands first in importance. It is some twelve years since an old Frenchman named Lacroix appeared at the mill operated by George H. Christian, and said that he could build a machine that would purify the middlings, at that time almost worthless, and render them fit to be reground into a flour that would astonish the commercial world. He was allowed to go to work, but he was not very successful. The head miller, George T. Smith, an ingenious young fellow, saw the defects of the contrivance, and by long and patient labor in the mill he was then in charge of, and subsequently in Charles A. Pillsbury's mill, succeeded in overcoming them, and in perfecting the middlings-purifier now used in every new-process mill. It appears that Mr. Christian, and Mr. Pillsbury, and all hands generally, made suggestions and advanced theories as the experiments went on, and the thrifty Smith promptly covered them with successive patents as they crystallized into practical shape. Lacroix met the fate of many a projector, and died in poverty at Faribault, Minnesota, a few years ago. Mr. Smith is worth a quarter of a million dollars, and is growing richer. His name is a household word throughout the milling world.

The mills usually make three grades of flour,—the patent, the bakers', and the low-grade. Into the last are turned the sweepings from the floors, the dust from the purifiers, the dead flour, and all the offscourings of the mill. Low-grade is poor stuff. Somebody has dubbed it "red dog." In intrinsic value it is closely akin to the well-known "yaller dog," but commercially it is rated at one dollar and a half to two dollars per barrel at the mill. Large quantities of it are exported to the continent of Europe for consumption by the poorer classes. It is largely used for adulterating, and the reader whose stomach craves hygienic food has eaten considerable of it in "Graham," "pure rye flour," and prepared foods. Dr. Graham died compara-

tively young,—at thirty-eight. It is fair to suppose that he ate a good deal of the flour which bears his name; and if it contained as much low-grade as "Graham" does nowadays, it is a wonder that he was not cut off earlier. In mills where "Graham" is made, the "red dog" is treasured up and placed therein and no one is the wiser. Army contractors used to try to palm off low-grade upon the soldiers, but the boys in blue "kicked" so hard that the attempt is never made now. "Red dog" has often been a disturbing factor in the Indian problem. The government tries to keep it out of Indian affairs, but it will creep in, like temperance into politics. The regulations may provide that eatable flour shall be furnished to the nation's wards, and define the grade with minute exactness, and money may be appropriated to pay for such flour, but, somehow or other, when it gets to the reservation it is only "red dog." In his days of ignorance the Indian thought "red dog" a food fit for the gods; but after studying civilization at the national capital, and acquiring, among other things, a refined taste, he spurns it in disgust as stuff unfit for the palate of a cultivated person.

Minnesota patent flour now heads the market, "Pillsbury's Best," Washburn's "Superlative," and other favorite brands commanding from fifty to seventy-five cents per barrel more than their competitors in the Eastern markets. Chemical analysis justifies the statement that it contains the nutritive characteristics of Graham flour minus the dirt, the woody fibre of the bran, and other worthless material. Standard text-books on chemistry, written before the new process of milling was perfected, say that the bran of wheat contains largely the matter demanded by the teeth, bones, and muscles. It would have been more exact to say that the matter demanded by the teeth, bones, and muscles is found clinging to the bran. True bran contains no more nutriment than the peeling of a boiled potato or so much wood. But as the best part of the potato lies directly under the skin, so

the best part of the wheat-kernel lies directly under the bran.

One would suppose that continual experiment, with a lavish expenditure of money, ought to bring the milling business to a perfect system. But here, as in other professions, the doctors disagree. It is particularly so in the matter of wheat-cleaning. A certain amount of scouring is indispensable. Some think it is better to scour off two or three coatings of bran, while others maintain that the grain should be kept as nearly intact as possible. It is difficult to determine just where to stop scouring, because if the wheat is scoured too much the bran becomes brittle, breaks up, and mixes with the flour. Inventors are still paying a good deal of attention to the best methods of cleaning the wheat, and especially of removing the germ, which is a very troublesome little thing. It is soft and fatty, and if mixed with the flour discolors it badly. Many a "degerminator" has been made which the inventor could demonstrate to a nicely, in theory, would remove the germ without loosening a particle of flour, but they have all failed in actual work. To Minneapolis all inventors of flour-milling machinery make their pilgrimage, eager to lay their offerings upon her altars. The remorseless crucible of practical work distinguishes only merit, and, unless the projector can show more or better flour from the use of his machine, he is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

In the largest mills the appointments and the work accomplished are on a stupendous scale. The Pillsbury A, to which is accorded the distinction of being the largest flouring-mill in the world, is a noble building, occupying a conspicuous site on the east side of the Mississippi. The walls are of limestone, of enormous thickness, as they must be to support the heavy machinery. Its capacity is five thousand two hundred barrels of flour and about one hundred and eighty tons of offal per day. This is made from twenty-four thousand bushels of wheat. The aggregate quantity of wheat taken to the mill and of flour

and offal taken away, when it is running to its utmost capacity, makes one hundred and ten car-loads daily. Four days' product would load an ocean steamer. The mere handling of the wheat and product is no small problem, especially as the "roustabout" work and the packing are done in ten hours, though the mill runs day and night. The flour must be packed and loaded at the rate of five hundred and twenty barrels an hour, or more than eight per minute. A great many two-hundred-and-eighty-pound sacks are used for exporting, and shipments are made daily to the principal European ports. The mill employs two hundred men, is illuminated by a forty-light electrical machine, has a complete fire-apparatus, more than fifteen miles of belting, and many other things that excite the wonder of visitors. The motive power for the vast bulk of machinery which it contains is supplied by two of the largest-sized turbines, each driven by a column of water twelve feet in diameter, falling fifty feet. Each turbine is set in a tube made of heavy plates of boiler-iron, through which the immense body of water plunges with terrific force. The impact is received at the bottom of the pit on a solid flooring made of a number of intersecting layers of twelve-inch timbers firmly bolted together and embedded into the sandstone with hydraulic cement. The two turbines generate three thousand horse-power, and the crown-wheel and pinion at the top of each weigh nine thousand pounds. The great velocity at which they revolve has caused several of these gears to fly into fragments, and they have recently been replaced with steel. On the grinding-floor there are two hundred sets of rolls and twenty pair of mill-stones, and the other five floors are filled with machinery to correspond. The structure cost nearly a million of dollars. It is a great span from the mill used by the Israelites to the Pillsbury A mill of to-day.

Next in size is the Washburn A, with a daily capacity of three thousand barrels. This mill stands on the site of the old Washburn A, which was totally de-

stroyed by an explosion early in the evening of May 2, 1878. Scarcely one stone was left upon another, and of the fourteen night-workmen in the building not one escaped. The cause of the catastrophe was flour-dust, which, under certain conditions, is a powerful explosive. Chemists employed to investigate the disaster showed, by experiments at the inquest over the fragments of the bodies which were recovered, that if a certain quantity of flour is suspended in a confined place, leaving a minute air-space around each atom, and flame is introduced, it will explode with great force. These are the necessary conditions. A heap of burning flour will smoulder harmlessly, but if it is thrown into the air it will explode. Eye-witnesses say that the mill was on fire a minute or two before the explosion, and the accepted theory is that the necessary quantity of flour was in suspension at the time. Before the report of the first explosion had died away, two other mills contiguous to the big one went off in rapid succession, and the burning *débris* was hurled over several acres, involving a large elevator, a number of wooden buildings, and a lumber-yard in the conflagration. Since then the greatest precautions have been taken to guard against disasters of this kind, and the large mills contain many thousand dollars' worth of dust-catching machinery and various devices for keeping the air pure. There is also a force of men who do nothing but sweep the walls, floors, and machinery; and the mills are now considered comparatively safe.

The other large mills are the Washburn C, 2000, the Crown Roller, 1700, the Standard, 1500, the Northwestern and the Pettit, each 1300, and the Columbia, 1000 barrels' daily capacity. The others range from 300 to 900 barrels. The total daily capacity of the twenty-two mills now running in the city is nearly 27,000 barrels, and another mill in course of construction will swell this amount to over 28,000. Running to their full capacity, they will grind more than 39,000,000 barrels per annum.

All the principal European nationalities are found among the workmen, who are generally very intelligent. The grinders and machine-tenders rank as skilled workmen, and are paid accordingly, while the head miller's position is quite as important from a monetary stand-point as that of the captain of a Cunard steamer. A very slight neglect or lack of skill on his part will cost his employers a fortune in a very short time. The "roustabouts," who do the heavy work of handling the wheat and flour, are mostly sturdy Scandinavians and Germans, or "foreign-born Americans," as Mr. Loren Fletcher (a Minneapolis miller, by the way), Speaker of the Minnesota house, calls them.\*

The "waste"—that is to say, the material that is entirely unaccounted for—is a heavy item, amounting to seven pounds to the barrel of flour. In a five-thousand-barrel mill the total product of flour and offal is thirty-five thousand pounds per day less than the gross weight of wheat ground. This great bulk of material goes off in evaporation and fine dust, and the roofs of neighboring buildings are thickly coated with a dirty brown deposit. In tearing out the inside of an old mill two years ago for rebuilding on the roller system, twenty-five tons of refuse flour were gathered up after the machinery had been run perfectly clean and the whole place well swept. It was found around and under the machinery, spouts, and elevators

with which a flour-mill is filled, and between the floors, and in nooks and crannies, where it had been slowly accumulating.

A large percentage of the flour is exported. In 1881 the entire flour-export of the United States was, in round numbers, 6,300,000 barrels, and one-fifth of it came from Minneapolis. When this spring-wheat flour was first sent to Great Britain, the canny Scotch millers, appreciating the importance of giving a dog a bad name, used to mix it with their cheapest flour and sell the compound as "poor American flour," in order to discourage the business. But the Yankees persevered. A number of mill-proprietors from Minneapolis went over and "sat up" with the business, to be sure that the people got the genuine article. The consumers soon began to call for Minnesota flour, and it was not long before the Americans were able to undersell the English millers in their own homes. For several years there has been great agitation in Great Britain over this "ruinous competition." John Bull stubbornly shut his eyes and swore that the American miller could not be making anything, but was maliciously selling below cost in order to close English mills and then have things his own way. Less than three years ago, when the Minneapolis millers were making a profit of over seventy-five cents per barrel on their foreign sales, I remember reading a number of articles in the Glasgow papers demonstrating, in a manner quite satisfactory to the authors, and doubtless to many of their readers, that there must be at that time a loss of at least one shilling per barrel on all the British shipments of the Minneapolis millers. Now, however, John has opened his eyes to the truth,—which is, that improved machinery and good management have much to do with it,—and he has wisely set to work putting in roller mills all over England.

F. E. CURTIS.

\* The Scandinavian members, of whom there are a pretty good number in the State Legislature, discovered that in the make-up of the house committees they were poorly represented, and they appeared on the floor with a protest against what they styled the ignoring of an important element. But Mr. Fletcher completely discomfited the malcontents by coolly saying that he didn't know before that he was expected to go to Norway or Sweden or Germany or Maine or Massachusetts for the committees, that he had supposed that this was Minnesota, an American State, and that the members of that house were all American citizens, no matter where they were born; an argument which settled the controversy amid applause for Mr. Fletcher.

## WHITHER CURIOSITY LED.

**I**T was a fine midwinter day. Overhead, in depths of vivid blue, the sun shone cruelly bright, and beat down on the waves of the Mediterranean until they glittered like snake-scales. Everybody in Nice had come to the Promenade des Anglais,—the invalids to be wheeled slowly up and down in their chairs, the well people to meet friends and see the world. The military band in the public garden played ceaselessly, and the cosmopolitan loungers on the benches chatted as ceaselessly in every modern tongue. Venders of flowers, of guide-books, of photographs, of matches, of smoked glasses, hawked their wares, and a tall, copper-skinned fellow, dressed as a Turk, did his best to persuade the crowd that his pipes and cigar-holders were as excellent as his costume was picturesque.

Some distance up the promenade, and almost out of hearing of the band, there sat on one of the benches facing the sea a tall, thin, elderly man, with a large moustache, which was dyed a glossy blue-black and waxed at the ends. In his button-hole was a bunch of violets, and across his knees lay a light walking-stick. A small white poodle slept peacefully in a ball at his feet. This gentleman saluted none of the passers-by, but he scrutinized them all keenly, and now and then rose and looked earnestly down the Promenade. Sometimes he pulled out his watch, glanced at it, and returned it to his pocket with a sort of sigh. This he did so often that it attracted the attention of two young men who sat on the next bench, smoking cigarettes. One of them, a stout, rubicund gentleman of perhaps five-and-twenty, chuckled, and, indicating the occupant of the next bench by a slight gesture, said, in an undertone, "That is the sixth time he has looked at his watch. Why do you suppose she keeps him waiting?"

"Coquetry," murmured his companion, drawing his hat down over his eyes to shield them from the sun.

"Well, why does she coquet with an old fellow like that? He is pale and thin, and I dare say he has the consumption, like everybody else here. Do you suppose he is rich,—a Russian prince, or a millionaire merchant?"

"Good heavens, Harry! what conundrums you ask!" returned the young man with his hat over his eyes. "If you take such an interest in Don Moustachio yonder, go ask him what his name is, where he comes from, what sort of hair-dye he uses, and whom he is waiting for. It won't be necessary for you to explain that you are Harry Gale, from Hartford: he will know that you are a Yankee."

While he was speaking, Don Moustachio drew his watch out of his pocket once again, looked at it steadily for a full minute, and then, with a melancholy, despondent air, walked down the Promenade, the fat poodle waddling along at his heels.

"He gives her up," said Gale. "And so should I. He has been on that bench an hour; and I saw him planted there yesterday. Jack, I should really like to see the siren. Is she young or old, lean or plump, blonde or brunette?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," Jack replied lazily; "but I advise you to come here every day and watch for her. That would just suit you,—you are so romantic. I should think you would realize how ridiculous it is for a fat fellow like you to be romantic."

"Hamlet was fat," Gale retorted good-humoredly.

"Yes, Hamlet was fat," said Jack; "and he was crazy, too; and sometimes I think you are. Witness the affair on the steamer, witness the affair in Paris, witness the affair on the express-train to Nice, and now witness this insane curiosity about an old fellow with a dyed moustache. Do you propose to remain on this bench for the next twenty-four hours to see if the siren comes after Don

Moustachio? You would if I were not here. Oh, you *are* romantic."

He rose, and from his height of six feet two gazed down quizzically at Gale, who crossed his legs and smoked with imperturbable tranquillity. At last, however, he rose too.

"Forge ahead, Jack," he said. "We will go back to the hotel if you like, although I am not in the least afraid of the sunset, which the people here seem to think ushers in a legion of devils. It is all humbug. Besides, I should like to stay and see the light fade out of the sea."

"Light fade out of the sea!" Jack exclaimed. "Let's talk of something rational. What shall we have for dinner? Did you think the bisque last night was very good?"

He thereupon began to elaborate a menu with such care that he had only arrived at the *entrées* when the public garden was reached. It was almost deserted now. The band had gone away, and so had the invalids, and the crowd about the pavilion was dispersing rapidly in all directions. Already the twilight was drifting over the scene, bringing with it a breath of raw air. It was as though the curtain had been dropped and the lights put out. The two young men quickened their steps and struck into a long, swinging gait that soon brought them to the Hôtel Chauvain. A superb functionary in livery met them at the door, and looked first at them and then at the letter he held. "Which, please, is Mr. John Russel?" he said, in careful English.

The tall man stretched out his hand and took the letter without a word. After glancing at the address, he said lazily, "Yes, it is worth a tip," and thereupon dropped a coin in the superb functionary's ever-ready palm.

"It is from the Langdons," he continued, turning to Gale. "They have a villa at San Remo; item, a pretty daughter; item, a large fortune. I was asked to spend a week there, and I suppose this letter is the formal backing up of the informal invitation." As he spoke, he tore open the missive, and now

he glanced over it rapidly. "Yes," said he, with evident satisfaction, "it is just as I supposed. Well, I shall accept; and, as they wish me to come at once, I will send them a despatch to-night, and to-morrow morning bid adieu to Nice."

"And to me," said Gale, somewhat ruefully.

"Only for a week," Russel rejoined. "You can pick me up at San Remo, or I will meet you at Genoa and then go on to Rome as we proposed. The week that I am at San Remo you can spend in cultivating the acquaintance of the interesting gentleman with the dyed moustache. A happy thought occurs to me. Perhaps you can supplant him in the affections of the mysterious siren." Russel twisted the end of his pointed beard and looked wickedly at Gale. "You are always hungry for adventure, you know," he added.

"I know I am hungry for my dinner now," Gale rejoined. "What did you say we were going to have to eat? Thank heaven! for a week I can make my own bill of fare."

The early morning train carried Russel off to San Remo, and Gale was left alone in Nice. In the great crowd of Americans that overran the hotels, the streets, the shops, he knew not a soul, and he wandered about on the morning of Russel's departure, feeling rather lonesome, and finally went into the Hammam and indulged himself in the luxury of a Turkish bath. In the afternoon he of course went with all the world to the Promenade des Anglais. After listening awhile to the music and watching a flirtation between a white-capped *bonne* and a natty little French soldier, he went off to see if Don Moustachio was at his post. He found him seated on the same bench, a fresh bouquet of violets in his button-hole, and the fat poodle asleep at his feet. Gale lighted a cigar, and, seating himself on the next bench, made a pretence of reading a week-old *Figaro*. Don Moustachio did not appear to see him. He sat with his hands resting on his walking-stick and his eyes fixed upon the expanse of blue water, that to-day shone

like steel. When people passed, he glanced at them keenly, without, however, lifting his head, and, as before, he drew his watch out of his pocket now and then and gazed upon it with a reproachful expression. At four o'clock precisely he rose and walked away, and Gale, after a minute's deliberation, followed him at a discreet distance. Don Moustachio went down the Promenade, through the public garden, crossed the Rue Masséna, and turned up a narrow street lined with miscellaneous little shops. One of the most ambitious of these shops he entered. Over the door was a sign bearing the name "Brenta," and in the window was a show of photographs, stationery, carved woods, and knick-knacks generally. Although Gale promptly entered the shop too, he found its only occupant to be a plump, rosy woman, ensconced in an easy-chair behind the counter and sewing industriously. She came forward with a smile, and said, in very English English, "What can I show you, sir?"

"Note-paper," Gale replied laconically, wondering whether the gentleman with the dyed moustache had hidden under the counter.

The plump woman gave him a big book of samples to choose from, and, while he was turning the pages, she chatted gayly about the weather, the number of visitors at Nice, the new company at the theatre, and the man who had tried to kill himself the day before at Monte Carlo.

Gale leaned over the counter and chatted too, until he finally became aware of the fact that he had spent nearly half an hour in the shop. "I'll take a quire of this," he said, hastily indicating some note-paper of bright-green tint.

Madame Brenta—she had told him that she was the proprietor of the shop—wrapped up his purchase neatly, and, hoping that the next time he needed anything in her line he would call, bade him a polite good-afternoon.

"But, meanwhile, where the deuce is Don Moustachio?" said Gale to himself when he struck the sidewalk. Surely he went into the shop, and as

surely he was not there when Gale entered.

The next afternoon, however, he was at his post on the Promenade, the bunch of violets in his button-hole, and the poodle asleep at his feet. He was evidently conscious that the blond, rubicund occupant of the next bench had a familiar face, and he and Gale exchanged a formal salutation. Gale read his paper as before until he mustered up courage to address Don Moustachio and ask the hour. "My watch has run down," he added apologetically.

"It is now exactly twenty-three minutes of four," the elder gentleman replied courteously and in English that had a queer foreign accent, neither French, German, nor Italian. "I never let my watch run down," he continued: "it is a careless habit into which I have never allowed myself to fall."

The poodle looked up sleepily and wagged his tail.

"His name is 'Fall,'" said Don Moustachio, "and he thinks I spoke to him. He is very sagacious.—Go to sleep, Fall!" And then he repeated the command in a language that was certainly not German, although it sounded rather like it.

"Not sagacious enough, though, to understand English," said Gale, with his ever-ready smile.

"No; I always speak Dutch to him. I am Dutch by birth. I came from Rotterdam, but I have lived here some time."

"You speak English well," Gale hazarded.

"Ten of the years of my youth were spent in London," was the reply, "and my sister-in-law, whom I see much of, is English: so I keep in constant practice. Monsieur is an American, unless I mistake?"

"Yes," Gale said, feeling a trifle mortified, "I am an American. Is my accent very nasal?" he added.

"Not very; but still it is not English, monsieur. Myself, I prefer the American accent: it is much more distinct and easily understood. Also, I prefer the Americans."

Gale lifted his hat for his countrymen, and said, "Thank you," then resumed the reading of his paper, while Don Moustachio took up his former attitude of patient expectancy.

An old gentleman wrapped in furs passed by, leaning heavily on the arm of a smug-faced servant; then came a man and his wife, evidently plain Americans from some interior town, who gazed about them with languid interest; and following them was a bevy of merry English girls, with a distracted governess in tow.

Suddenly Don Moustachio rose and looked earnestly down the Promenade. Gale naturally peered over the top of his paper, and saw that the cause of his neighbor's excitement was a lone female, advancing rapidly, her face quite hidden by a neat umbrella, with which she kept off the reflection of the sun on the sea. As she drew near, Don Moustachio smoothed his gloved hands nervously, and Gale was so interested that he forgot his paper and stared openly. Was this, then, the siren, this plump, trim person, clad all in black and clasping a large prayer-book? The prayer-book served to remind Gale that it was Sunday,—a fact he had totally forgotten. She held her umbrella in such a way that her face was not visible until she arrived quite opposite the two men, and then was revealed a rosy English countenance, whereon unwavering respectability and decorum were stamped. She passed on without lifting her eyes, and Don Moustachio sank back on the bench again. He glanced toward Gale, and, catching sight of that young man's curious gaze, smiled a little and reddened. Then he frowned, looked at his watch sternly, and walked away, the faithful and sagacious poodle at his heels. Gale did not dare follow him, although his curiosity was now at fever-heat and he burned to know whether Don Moustachio would again vanish in Madame Brenta's shop. Possibly he was that lady's husband. Possibly that lady had another man for a husband and the Dutch gallant for a lover. It was the South of France, and anything was possible.

Gale reached the rendezvous on the Promenade early the next day, and found Don Moustachio's bench empty. Presently, however, that gentleman appeared, walking slowly, not as though he wished to saunter along and enjoy the fine weather, but as though it was something of an effort to put one foot before the other. Far from being annoyed at Gale's presence, he greeted him almost cordially, and remarked that it was a fine day.

"Yes, a fine day," Gale rejoined. "But all the days are fine here, it seems to me."

"Too fine; too glaring," said Don Moustachio discontentedly. "I get tired of the everlasting sunshine, and I long for a gray day, such as one enjoys in Holland and England. Ah, what a relief a dark, rainy day would be!"

"But we couldn't come here in the rain," Gale said; "and I prefer sitting out of doors in the sunshine to staying in the house and listening to the rain-drops."

"You seem very fond of the Promenade," said Don Moustachio, "and especially fond of this particular part of it. Perhaps there is a reason for it." And Don Moustachio smiled in a mischievous meaning way, and then slowly shut one eye and looked at Gale out of the other with an air of ineffable wisdom. Gale's red face grew redder yet. Did the gentleman from Rotterdam suspect anything? Was he conscious of being an object of Yankee curiosity? Were duels fashionable in Holland?

"Yes," said Gale frankly; "I confess I have a reason for coming here so regularly."

The elder man twisted up the ends of his dyed moustache and assumed a jaunty air. "A singular coincidence," he said, with a very brotherly smile. "I too have a reason for coming here so regularly."

"So?" said Gale. He strangled an incipient laugh, and picked up his newspaper. His neighbor fancied that he, too, was waiting for a siren.

Fortune favors the audacious. To Gale's intense amazement, before a half-

hour had elapsed, he spied Miss Kate Brigham, of Chicago, tripping gayly down the Promenade, quite alone, and looking, in her French costume, as pretty as ever a pretty American girl could. Of course he rose and met her.

"Well, I didn't expect to see you," she said, tendering him her hand.

"And I certainly did not expect to see you," he rejoined, strolling along beside her. "What are you doing here?"

"Having a good time, of course. I am with the Mores, and we are at the Hôtel des Anglais: we always go to the hotel that stands first in Baedeker. You must come and see us."

"Oh, I will," said Gale, "although I haven't the pleasure of knowing the Mores. But how do you happen to be out here on the Promenade, all by yourself?"

"I'm taking a constitutional, that's all. Jennie More has a headache, and Mrs. More never exercises: so I had to come alone. Besides, I like to see the crowd. It's pretty gay here,—gayer than Paris, it seems, for in Paris the gayety is spread out, and here it is all in a bunch. We went to Monte Carlo yesterday. You have been to Monte Carlo, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have been to Monte Carlo, and came away a hundred francs richer than I went."

"Oh, you ought not to gamble. Don't tell; but I made fifty francs there, and then I lost them, and ten francs more trying to get them back. Sixty francs!"

"Call it twelve dollars," said Gale. "It doesn't sound so awful. Reckon your earnings in francs and your losses in dollars. Halloo! Who is the old gentleman in the carriage? He is certainly beckoning to you, or else he is a raving maniac!"

"Why, it is Mr. More!" cried Miss Brigham. "Of course he wants me to drive with him, and I suppose I must go; but I would a good deal rather walk up and down the Promenade with you. Don't fail to come and see us."

With this she tripped up to the car-

riage and took her place beside white-haired Mr. More, who smiled at her benignly.

Gale walked back to Don Moustachio, whom he found in a most playful frame of mind.

"Ah, you rogue," he cried, shaking his cane gayly, "you acted the little comedy so well! you were so surprised, and she was so surprised! It was beautiful."

"I dare say it was," Gale rejoined, rather dryly, and glancing at his watch. "Past four o'clock," he added.

Don Moustachio's playfulness vanished. "Then I shall go home," he said, heaving a sigh. "But allow me." And now he produced a card from his pocket and presented it to Gale with a bow. On the card was neatly engraved the name Rudolph Brenta.

Gale immediately returned the compliment by presenting his card, and then the two men walked down the Promenade together.

"Will you not come and take a glass of wine with me?" said the American, true to the habits of his native land.

"With pleasure," responded Monsieur Brenta; and presently they entered a *café*, and Gale ordered a bottle of the Burgundy which was put down at the highest figure on the wine-card. The Burgundy warmed the cockles of Monsieur Brenta's heart, and loosened his never very stiff tongue.

"Ah!" he said at last, with a melancholy shake of the head, "I envied you when I saw you going down the Promenade, so happy, and smiling at her so tenderly."

"Your turn will come," Gale rejoined in soothing accents.

"I fear she is ill," Monsieur Brenta said. He leaned his head on his hand and gazed down at a spot of wine on the table. "She has not come to the rendezvous now for several days, and she used to be there so often. Perhaps, though, the children have kept her. She is an English governess in a family here, and her time is not at her own disposal. It seems long since I have seen her, although, of course, it cannot be a week."

He drained his wine-glass with sad satisfaction. "I fear she is ill," he repeated.

"Why not go and find out, or write?" said Gale, with American directness.

"Oh, that would never do!" Monsieur Brenta exclaimed. "The family in which she lives is very severe: the father looks over the letters with the eye of a—a watch-mender. But they treat her kindly, and I must not cause her to lose her position. Unluckily, I cannot marry just now,—money-difficulties, you know; but they will come out all right. *Pazienza*, as the Italians say."

Gale instantly came to the conclusion that his new acquaintance was a Monte-Carlo man and was waiting until a lucky turn at the roulette-table should relieve him of his difficulties. He wondered whether the English governess had any notion of the nature of her sweetheart's mode of life. And was she an English governess?

"I am stopping with my sister-in-law, Madame Brenta," Monsieur continued. "She, too, is an Englishwoman; but, bah! not like mine. She is too fat, you know," and he screwed up his face in scorn, "and too prosaic. However, she is clever: she makes money. All the English residents know her, and come to her when they want anything. That's partly because she goes to church on Sundays. But she treats me well; I can find no fault with my sister-in-law, although I confess I shall be glad when I can return to Holland."

"You did not come here for your health, then?" said Gale, noting Monsieur's sunken cheeks.

"My health? No, indeed: we are all thin in my family, but we have constitutions like oxen. I came because there is a man here who owes me some money. I am putting the law on him,—turning the screws. And he squeals. I learned that phrase from an American,—a South-American. His name was De la Vergne, and he came from New Orleans. But I must not stay here any longer, for I promised my little nephew I would take him to the house of one of his friends. There is to be a party,

I believe. I wish you good-afternoon, Mr. Gale, and I hope to see you tomorrow."

That evening Gale went to Monte Carlo; but, although he stayed until the midnight train, not a glimpse did he have of Monsieur Brenta. Perhaps, after all, he was not a gambler; perhaps his money-difficulties were not connected with a roulette-table. Poor old fellow! there was something honest and unaffected about him, in spite of his blue-black moustache. Such were Gale's reflections as he doffed his clothes that night and slipped into bed.

He went to the rendezvous the next afternoon, feeling as anxious as though he expected to meet a true-love himself. But Monsieur Brenta did not appear. On the bench he usually occupied sat a flashy dame, dressed out in blue and gold, and holding a gaudy parasol over the smallest of small bonnets. And the next afternoon Brenta again did not appear. Gale waited for him until past four o'clock, and then made his way to the little shop where he had bought the green note-paper, and there he found Madame Brenta, suave and smiling as usual.

"I have had the pleasure of making Monsieur Rudolph Brenta's acquaintance," Gale said, taking off his hat, "and I had a sort of engagement with him yesterday, but he failed to keep it. As he did not come to-day either, I feared that he might be ill."

"He has taken a cold," Madame Brenta replied, "and I persuaded him to stay in the house. He was speaking of you this morning, and I know he would be glad to see you. Won't you walk into the parlor?"

"With pleasure," said Gale; and then he followed her into a good-sized room at the back of the shop. There sat Monsieur Brenta, a huge white silk handkerchief round his neck, playing checkers with a little boy. He rose at Gale's entrance, and held out his hand with evident pleasure.

"Ah, this is kind of you," he cried. "It wasn't difficult to find out where I lived, was it? I fancy everybody in

Nice knows the Brentas. You see, I am condemned to remain in the house ; but I am not in the least ill."

Then he addressed a few words in Dutch to the little boy, who straightway left the room.

" My nephew understands some English,—too much, in fact. I wanted to ask you if you were on the Promenade,—you know where,—and if anybody came as though looking for somebody else. Understand ?"

" Yes, I understand," said Gale; " and I was there ; but nobody came."

Monsieur Brenta now detached a large locket from his watch-chain, and, opening it, handed it to Gale without a word. He looked at the miniature earnestly. It represented a blooming English face, but by no means a weak, sentimental one, and he wondered how a woman who looked like that, so strong and self-reliant, could make a rendezvous on the Promenade des Anglais with an elderly man who dyed his moustache. He was, however, wise enough not to attempt to solve the problem of affinities, and he handed back the miniature, saying,—

" A sweet face, Monsieur Brenta."

" It is more than that, Mr. Gale," he replied gravely : " it is a good face, and worth a thousand weak, pretty, insincere countenances."

Gale's respect for his host grew stronger on the spot. Perhaps he was a little garrulous, and there was no doubt about the moustache being dyed ; but he was neither a fool nor a knave, and for the first time Gale felt ashamed of his curiosity and of himself. Mentally, he determined that he would never tell John Russel about Don Moustachio and the English governess.

He stayed there some time, chatting upon one topic and another, and he made the discovery that Monsieur Brenta was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He had read a good deal, and was very well informed upon all the questions of the day. Finally, however, Gale rose to take his leave.

" *Au revoir*," said Monsieur Brenta, " until to-morrow on the Promenade."

In the shop Madame Brenta stopped

him. " Does Monsieur Brenta seem at all worried about his health ?" she asked. " He might say things to you that he would keep even from me."

Gale stared at her in blank amazement. " He—he is very cheerful," he replied. " Is there anything serious the matter with him ?"

" Consumption," she said curtly. " A sudden cold is very dangerous."

" I am sorry to hear that," Gale said. " I hope this bad turn won't last long." And then he hurried out into the dusky street.

He went the next day to the Promenade, but he had a premonition that he should not find Monsieur Brenta there, and this premonition proved correct. Again he went to the shop. Instead of plump, smiling Madame Brenta, he was met by a grenadier-like Frenchwoman.

" Is Monsieur Brenta worse ?" he asked, in the grenadier-like woman's native tongue.

" Yes ; he had a hemorrhage last night,—a very bad one. Here is the doctor now," said the Frenchwoman.

Gale turned as a short, stout man with a gray beard came out of the little parlor. " Is Monsieur Brenta worse ?" he asked again.

" A mere question of time," the doctor answered. " He has had too many such attacks for him to rally from this one. It is the last." And the doctor hurried out of the shop and jumped into his coupé.

Obeying a sudden impulse,—something which he indeed always obeyed,—Gale took his card from his pocket and wrote thereon, " If I can be of any assistance to you, send for me. I am at the Hôtel Chauvain." This he handed to the Frenchwoman, asking her to give it to Madame Brenta. His reflections as he walked toward the hotel were sad ones. He reproached himself for having watched Monsieur Brenta, for having deceived him and coaxed his secret from him. And he had done it out of sheer curiosity, to make a piquant tale wherein to amuse Russel. But he would never amuse Russel with this story : it would always make him melancholy to

think of it. And, meanwhile, he wondered where the English governess was. What would she say when she heard of Rudolph Brenta's fate?

"Deuce take it!" said Gale to himself. "I will go to Genoa to-morrow."

The next morning, while he was sipping his coffee, a little note was given to him. It ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Monsieur Brenta is very anxious to see you. He has not told me why; but I can easily imagine. I beg you will regard his wish. It is among the last he will ever express.

"MARY BRENTA."

"By George!" said Gale. "Why did I ever ask the poor old fellow what time it was?"

He went to the little shop at once, and was met in the door-way by Madame Brenta.

"He is very weak," she said, without any preamble; "and don't stay with him long. Humor him. It will not cost you anything." Her voice was curiously hard, but there were tears in her eyes. "I understand it all," she continued, "and I will explain; but go in to him now. He is expecting you."

She led him into a small room off the parlor, back of the shop, and there on the bed lay Monsieur Brenta. Hair and moustache were silvery-white now, and his face was deathly pale. He held out his hand with a smile. "I knew you would come, Mr. Gale," he said, in a feeble voice. "Will you do something for me? I want you to go to that place on the Promenade and explain to her why I am not there. You will know her from her portrait. She will be dressed in black. She always wears black. Her name—did I tell you her name?"

Gale shook his head.

"Her name is Elton. And give her this." He now brought a ring from under his pillow. "It belonged to her mother, and she only lent it to me so that I could have another made of the right size. Don't say anything to my sister-in-law about it. She is so—so

unsympathetic. But she is—very kind—to me."

His voice fell away into a whisper, and he closed his eyes.

"I am tiring you," Gale said, taking his hand, "so I will bid you good-by. I will do as you wish."

Monsieur Brenta opened his eyes and smiled. "I am not so very ill," he said, with an effort. "Tell her—I will be on—on the Promenade in a few—days. *Au revoir.*"

"*Au revoir,*" Gale murmured, as he went softly from the room.

"What did he want?" said Madame Brenta, when he entered the shop. "There are no money-troubles, are there?"

"No money-troubles," he replied; "but Monsieur Brenta asked me not to tell you what he wanted me to do for him, and I—I don't know whether I ought to violate his confidence. I only met him by chance on the Promenade. He was always there on the same bench, and we made each other's acquaintance, and, somehow, we grew very confidential. He seems to trust me."

"Don't you think I understand?" said Madame Brenta, laying her hand on the young man's arm and smiling sadly. "You are not the first he has taken into his confidence,—although none of his chance acquaintances ever came to the house before. I think that you are a gentleman."

"I hope I am," Gale stammered.

"I know exactly what he told you," she continued. "He said he was waiting to meet an English governess, but that she had not come to the rendezvous for several days, and he feared she was ill. He said he had money-difficulties which prevented his marrying. He said he had a lawsuit."

Gale looked at her in wonder. Her face was rather stern, and the ready smile of the trader had vanished from her lips.

"Did he show you the miniature?" she added.

"Yes," said Gale.

"And did it not remind you of some one you had seen before?" she now

asked, in such an odd tone that Gale looked at her suddenly.

"Why, it was you!" he exclaimed, a great light breaking in upon him all at once.

"Yes, it was I, Mr. Gale. I was the English governess,—not an accomplished governess: I only taught the children simple things, for they were all young. I met Monsieur Brenta first at the house of one of my friends. Afterward, I used to see him there on the Promenade. It was foolish; but I was young. And I have never regretted it. That was more than ten years ago; and as soon as I had saved enough money to buy my outfit, we were married—"

"Married?" cried Gale. "Why, he said you were his sister-in-law!"

"I am his wife," she returned, with quiet dignity. "Two years after our marriage he lost some money,—he had never had very much,—and he became low-spirited. Finally, he fell ill of a fever, and I thought he would die; but

he did get well, only he forgot that I was his wife, and that he had a little son, and always after he imagined that I was his sister-in-law, and treated me accordingly. I have carried on the shop, he keeping accounts and attending to the correspondence and doing many things as well as ever. At three o'clock, however, he thought he must be at the appointed place on the Promenade. He has always been kind to me and the child." Her voice broke, but she controlled herself. "It has been very hard," she added.

Gale brought out of his pocket the ring that Monsieur Brenta had given him and laid it in madame's hand.

"It was mine," she said, looking at it gravely. "But you must excuse me now; he will need me: he is so weak. Good-by, Mr. Gale."

"Good-by, Madame Brenta," he said.

The next day, the shutters were up before the shop-window.

CHARLES DUNNING.

### MATTHEW ARNOLD IN AMERICA.

**I**N re-reading some of Mr. Arnold's essays, so familiar and dear to many of us, I have repeatedly asked myself, What, after all, is their relation to us on this side the sea? How has Mr. Arnold touched American life, at what points, with what issue, for what good? Just at present these questions have the special interest lent them for the moment by his visit among us. There is, naturally, an enhanced curiosity about a distinguished writer who will perhaps have something to say about America and American ways from his own point of view. Not that there is any undue apprehension of what Mr. Arnold may say. It is certainly a good sign if, as Mr. Beers says in the "Century," Americans are no longer sensitive to English opinion. Indifference to stricture may be in itself a desirable dispo-

sition; but may there not be a frame of mind more desirable still? I mean, along with a calm and clear contemplation of foreign criticism, a readiness also to pick out and receive whatever is sound and referable to immediate wants. Anglomania has worked a great deal of mischief in one way or another, but the adoption of the false and meretricious sides of English life ought not to be allowed to blind us to the worth of its best. It would be folly to refuse to listen to England's poets and thinkers, who are also ours, and not to extract from them what suits ourselves and our ways of feeling and living.

It is not hard to conjecture what Mr. Arnold's impression will be. But there are some who will at once say, "As to conjecture, we can dispense with that. We foresee easily what the 'Apostle of

Culture' will think, and pretty much what he will say. But does it matter to us, after all? It is really all one to us: we must continue to go on in our own way, in the direction our genius indicates. These European *doctrinaires* amuse us with their manufactured system and Old-World apparatus, which they want to fit to conditions of which they know nothing. They cannot disturb us or interfere with our peculiar laws of growth." That there is some truth in this no one will deny, but it is mixed with a great deal of error. What does it matter what Mr. Arnold says and thinks about America? To me, for one, it matters much, as it would matter much what Mr. Morley would say, or M. Scherer in France, or Hildebrand in Germany. The covert sneer in such a remark illustrates the saying of a wise Frenchman, that what the modern world lacked was, in the intellectual order, attention, and in the moral, respect or obedience. Nothing is unprofitable that comes from an original mind which has reflected deeply and candidly upon the problems of life; and that Mr. Arnold has done this no one, I should think, would venture to gainsay. The one incontestable mark of all his critical work is a profound and delicate intelligence applied to various departments of human activities. The difference of conditions is a restricted factor: it relates to questions chiefly political and economical. But of these I have no intention of speaking at present. What I have to say is simply a word or two on Mr. Arnold's intellectual and social views, and their applicability to American life.

And, first of all, it must be obvious that Mr. Arnold is such a traveller in kind as has not before this come to us from England. We have had lately a philosopher, an historian, novelists, politicians, men of affairs, but none of these represent precisely what the author of "Essays in Criticism" represents; none of them represent the European world of pure literature. Even Thackeray did not do that. His business was in a limited field, with individual types, with general picturesque effects. His was

not the nature to contemplate a society on a large scale and comparatively, which only amounts to saying that his function was not that of the philosophic critic. Novelists, like Dickens and William Black, have made a study of our manners, and taken back home bits of the crude and unlovely life of a new country,— "local color" for exhausted palettes, caught as they ran. Our tariff and mercantile system have been inspected by Mr. Bagley Potter, the structure of our rocks by Professor Geikie, and the arrangement of our law-courts and methods of legal practice were only this moment under the inspection of a distinguished judge. Mr. Freeman has made us a visit, rich already in historical results. He found everything—language, manners, institutions—singularly like England's! And, to close the list, we have heard ourselves discussed by the greatest of living philosophers. Mr. Spencer has said many true and instructive things about American society, and perhaps we have might had more, and been further edified, if it had not occurred to him, by what inspiration I know not, to deliver an undoubtedly useful little lecture on American hygiene. Mr. Arnold's purely critical office and his humanist point of view separate him distinctly from all these. I cannot better mark my impression of the difference than by saying that as a social critic he has chiefly concerned himself with the highest powers and requisites of civilization,—not its railroads, steamboats, and electric telegraph, but its spiritual life,—leaving the anatomy of its body to others.

This is best seen in his interest in the English "middle class," and the direction it takes. Accepting their industry, their energy, their solid moral character, as estimable traits, he has dwelt always upon the accompanying defects and limitations for which those fundamental virtues could not compensate,—the immense *ennui* and the hideousness of their lives, their ignorance, their lack of taste, and their narrow prejudices. Now, this description of the middle class is applicable to certain social

phases of American life, but only with certain allowances. I must set the limits of allowance first. The very definitions will not cover our conditions: they want elasticity. No American sociologist has ever recognized a middle class in this country, and it is hard for plain people to tell what they mean by it. If the artisan class of the cities and the great agricultural class of the West are the "middle," it may be said at once that they are not Philistines. If the term "Philistine" means, as Mr. Arnold says it does, the "strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the children of the light," or inaccessibility to ideas, we have still another definition which does not exactly suit. In these two great classes there is, instead of doggedness, a singular openness of mind, a surprising power of adaptation, developed partly by the variable character and necessary makeshifts of ordinary American existence. They are too sure to accept almost anything which recommends itself to reason, to practicability, and to their widely-diffused mental interests. This modifiability, this pliancy to the best opinion, has been illustrated over and over again in the rapid and intelligent change of opinion on the resumption of specie payment, in which the greenback craze faded like a dream, and in the universal toleration accorded to religious and social opinions and their most conflicting claims. Here, indeed, they have shown an accessibility to ideas, a flexibility, which should be called by another name. It has no relation, except that of opposition, to English middle-class notions of routine, of prescription, of narrow prejudice. The danger is all the other way. Americans lament the absence of that stability which in its excess produces the very thing Mr. Arnold dislikes,—immobility; they deplore the lack of standards, of central traditions to restrain within bounds this high license of speculation. It has led to a kind of optimistic fatalism, the real religion of the West, which has little resemblance to the steady-going conservatism of the English farmer.

However, this is a point which will

be no doubt amply discussed by others. It is better now to look only at such of Mr. Arnold's ideas as have an application for us. He is the great foe of Philistinism, and there is a sense in which, as Mr. Beers observes, Philistines are to be found here "in great rankness and luxuriance." They crowd and elbow us on every side, and take a beautiful pride in exhibiting themselves. They are to be identified with the "practical man,—the man who is impatient with theories." Yes, we know what these are. Since the war—an event which set such a high value on action, at the cost of reflection—there has been a fine crop of the species. We have flattered them, and applauded them, and heaped every sort of honor upon them, and in return they have been kind enough to offer to govern us. And they have governed us with a vengeance! Governed is too small a word to describe the political interregnum of the Philistines. They have reigned. But nevertheless the reflection that the mass of Americans are Philistines must not, Mr. Beers adds, disquiet us. The rough work of the world has to be done by some one, and we cannot reasonably expect that they who now do it will be immediately transformed by "an unattainable though a beautiful ideal,"—culture, namely, the study of perfection. Very true; nobody looks at once for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished for;" but should that deter us from the utterance and enforcement of the ideal by every rational means? Do we look to see any class of men rise and run the race without keeping before them steadily the goal, as the English and French encyclopædic thinkers did for the eighteenth century?

\* But there is an American Philistine whom Mr. Beers's description fails to cover. Much more than the proletariat, those who do the rough work of the world, the newly-enriched are dangerous and act as a present check on the attainment of a purer social scheme. With no care for culture, or else an inadequate and perverted notion of it, they have far less excuse for their defects. For

they have almost immeasurable power and influence, and in general they use it for selfish ends and ignoble pretensions. We know well enough, not to exaggerate, their passion for display, for ostentation in private life, corrupt uses in politics, the exhibition of power for its own sake. All this is perhaps too much talked of; in talking, we forget that, after all, they are setting up images before an applauding and envious public, which it will take, not a generation only, as is so often said, but generations of the thoughtful labor of men and women to pull down from the usurped niches of popular opinion. Yet surely to this powerful class, with its opportunity, its abundant means and secured ease, the aims of a high civilization are within reach. To possess all its fairest fruits, they need but to have the desire, the temper, the spirit of pursuit and receptivity. Fortunately, there are indications in the air that this transformation is gradually coming about. The new instincts recently awakened within it, for travel, for leisure, for a decorous outside, are beginning to develop a better understanding of the right and generous uses of wealth; yet there is room enough for many of those things which Mr. Arnold has proclaimed for years as lacking in a society like ours; room enough for nobler ideals and a broader culture.

In a period when materialism was ascendant and force worshipped, Mr. Arnold has vindicated the right of reasonableness, calm reflection, and the spiritual graces and amenities of life. The great current of contemporary English teaching ignored this and sometimes derided it. But Mr. Arnold saw the strength of the British fibre,—that it lay, as does the American, in energy, in justice, in gravity of character. Instead of irritating these into abnormal activity, as some radical leaders had done, producing their extremes, self-pride, hardness, gloom, and asceticism, it seemed the part of wisdom to seek for an infusion of some new element, not such as to injure, but such as to relieve the old and give it a more various and supple life, remove its hideous-

ness, and dissipate its *ennui*. So at least Mr. Arnold thought, and he labored strenuously for that end. But for a long time this fine and penetrating voice in a new wilderness, pleading for things so delicate and true to the best that is in us, was lost, almost stifled in the voluble and pessimistic grumble that rolled from the Craigenputtock moors to the inmost corners of English and American homes. The cult of downright force, of military deeds and heroes, for its own sake, so much more congenial to the brute in us, had full sway for once, and glorified itself exceedingly. And this, too, I am sorry to say, is the kind of thing which has its dominion, its hierarchy of saints and shibboleths, among ourselves. Its spirit is everywhere, from the government of a State to the crudest novel that issues from the press. It is crystallized into cant phrases which pass for true coin. Let us not undervalue the worth of "enterprise," of "sand," to a new society principally engaged in the settlement of land and the extractive industries; but let us not, on the other hand, blind ourselves to what it has failed to give us. Now that the groundwork of rational and material life is pretty much laid out, it would be wiser to look a little more to the superstructure.

But here the temper of force, of enterprise, is going to play but a secondary part: the rarer and finer growths are to come principally from that union of knowledge and refinement, that culture which is the complement of character, which Mr. Arnold, contemplating a really first-rate civilization, says must become general and pervasive. The temper of toleration, of concession, of sacrifice, of men's brotherhood, is to work the change.

I said, a while ago, that Mr. Arnold had given predominant attention to these crowning products and requisites of civilization. Well, in the country where he now is, the greatest amount of attention has been paid to its preliminary and more material necessities. We have been building up the body, clothing it, fitting it to withstand the storms, perfecting its mechanical and dynamic forces. And

doubtless this is well, so far as it goes; but Mr. Arnold as much as says to us, Now that you have your admirably strong and efficient body, what can it do? What are its mind and heart capable of? What kind of higher life has it? In his Liverpool address in 1882, speaking of the stimulus which business communities most needed, he said, "Money-making is not enough by itself. Industry is not enough by itself. Seriousness is not enough by itself." Now, here are three important things which all our towns and cities possess, and each in a high degree. They have together made our civilization what it is; and yet we are told by this acute and impartial thinker that it is not enough. We look around us, and say to ourselves, it looks about as well adjusted and complete as any similar civilization in its stage. What more is wanted? Few of us are content to reply in haste and self-confidence, Nothing more. We have learned better than that; and, while with Mr. Arnold we find the threefold stimulus he mentions indispensable, useful, respectable, nevertheless there is an ever-increasing minority who feel "the need in man for intellect and knowledge, his desire for beauty, his instinct for society and for pleasurable and graceful forms of society." Again, he has said, in different words, that the powers that build up civilization are the expansive instincts for liberty and equality, conduct, science, beauty, manners. Development in one of these will not compensate for failure in others: what is sought is the humanization of society.

I know nothing in the thought of any modern writer, unless it be Emerson,—whose whole teaching to his countrymen is precisely similar,—which applies so directly and with so much force to the general condition of our society and its real needs. It of course applies in some ways more especially than in others. It will perhaps greatly please Mr. Arnold to watch the growing appreciation and provision made for beauty in many of our towns and cities. In the laying out of new towns, in the improvement of old ones, in private architecture

and home-decoration, in gardening, in art-schools and academies, there is at present a genuine interest and progress, to which the old and settled English towns offer no parallel as yet. But it may be a passing fashion; and, at any rate, the work still to be done in educating public taste and in creating an adequate provision for an harmonious outward existence is enormous. In the case of society, too, "in its pleasurable and graceful," and, I should add, in its simpler forms, we are still in the habits of adolescence. There is hardly here the same brutalized lower class which ferment at the bottom of English society, the relic of Hogarth's time; but the lowest class in our cities is nearly as bad in its own way, and impenetrable for the present. But, above it, the class that is least graceful in its forms is the exuberant and audacious younger generation, enamoured of balls and routs, showy, glaring, aggressive. It is this bold youthfulness which nips the bud of social intercourse. The ripe in years, the mature men and charming women among us, are pushed to the wall. The clamor of the noisy life resounding from New York to Chicago kills as it goes all simple and amiable society. It is here that we find lacking the high accomplishments, the intellectual pursuits, the graceful social life to be found in France. So far as the lack of these belongs to our stage of growth, Mr. Arnold, I am sure, will not be the one to misjudge. But in setting up a true social ideal for a great commercial city he showed us some things especially needful in a good deal of American society. I think we can see that if there had been any large organized and various social life among us, Mr. Spencer's observation on the strain and pressure of overwork visible everywhere would never have been made.

There are suggestions of still another kind in Mr. Arnold's works which have a more distinctly personal value. Consider for a moment the thoughts and the kind of thoughts we owe to him. The necessity of a true and simple culture, tolerance in all things, disinterestedness

in mental judgments, the seeing a thing as it is itself, or lucidity of mind, temperance in expression, amiability in life and character, the endeavor to know the best that is known and thought in the world,—here, indeed, we seem to have the heads of so many sermons; but what delightful sermons they have been!

The first of all English critics (I do not limit it by the qualifying adjective "living"), he writes with exquisite fineness of perception and delicacy of feeling and insight, with a charm of style and language peculiarly his own. How it has flowed into our ears, this strong, supple, simple diction, at once full of amenity and light irony, wrapping fold within fold the subtlety of his thought, and letting us into the secret recesses of a beautiful and finely-tempered mind! And the matter of these essays, I need hardly say, has become in a peculiar way the common stock of all who love letters and desire to further themselves in knowledge and right feeling. His ideas have been so mildly insisted on, so gently and continuously dinned into our ears, that it is hard to dwell on them very long without unconsciously employing the very phrases which embody them. But this is a necessity in the case of every great teacher, when he has a new and pressing message to deliver; and Mr. Arnold has not escaped it. He has fallen a victim to his phrases. He smilingly alluded to this himself in his Liverpool address, when he said that to many his presence, instead of that of a man of science, must be disappointing,—a worn-out man of letters "with one nostrum for application" and "a frippery of phrases about sweetness and light." And the number is legion who take his delicate irony seriously, and, sneering at the face of the coin, never learn what sort of a reserve deposit it stands for.

But his message to the individual mind is both gracious and solid,—gracious in its manner of presentation, and solid in its usefulness and wide scope. He has kept fast the faith of humanism, the cultivation of man in the freedom and harmony of all his faculties. His portraits of single gifted natures, of

Falkland, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, George Sand, Joubert, enforce the value of simplicity, courage, largeness of mind, clearness, and agreeableness, but they also present the picture of minds playing freely and surely within their sphere in a society humanized by them and reacting upon them.

It will perhaps be long indeed before Mr. Arnold's true greatness is understood and the profoundness of his ideas and their connection with present needs are properly weighed and felt. But it will come, and then we shall see how unbiased his thought has been, how sincere and almost sad in its earnestness. To represent him as a fastidious critic, living apart in a thin region of intellectual indifference, is to do him grave injury. Look, I ask again, at his warm and unceasing interest in the English middle class, and his unparalleled ardor in the pursuit of their welfare. When the time comes I speak of, we shall see that, instead of regarding that class too much *de haut en bas*, as Mr. Beers puts it, he has striven with it as if it were his own, as, in fact, it is.

"Happy the workers," he said once, "whose way and work have to be changed only, not abolished. The Puritan middle class, with all its faults, is still the best stuff in this nation. Some have hated and persecuted it; many have derided and flattered it,—flattered it that while they deride it they may use it. *I have believed in it. It is the best stuff in this nation, and in its success is our best hope for the future. But to succeed it must be transformed.*" There, in small compass, is Mr. Arnold's whole philosophy of the middle class; there is the evidence of his belief in it and the expression of its chief need. In working for its transformation he has written and acted with straightforward independence. He belongs to no party; he has approached and cajoled none; he has never gone with the stream of English life because it was English. His position has rather isolated him, as it isolated Shelley and Byron; but it has not shattered him, as it did them. He has stood alone, against a formidable

onset of misunderstanding, uncivil sneer, and low-bred courtesy; but he has come out of it the clear victor in temper and actual achievement. Throughout it all his demeanor has been admirable in defence and attack,—the courage of the cavalier, we say to ourselves, as we watch his career, stout of heart, clear

of head, unswerving, yet preserving the grace of delicate irony, the temper of courtliness and candor; while so subtle and direct in retort, so quick with a smile and a blow, that the wretched antagonist falls prone unconscious how fine a rapier-point has pierced his bulky coat of mail.

LOUIS JUDSON SWINBURNE.

### THE OLD CITY.

A NCIENT city, down thy street  
Minstrels make their music sweet ;  
Sound of bells is on the air,  
Fountains sing in every square,  
Where, from dawn to shut of day,  
Maidens walk and children play ;  
And at night, when all are gone,  
The waters in the dark sing on,  
Till the moonrise and the breeze  
Whiten the horse-chestnut-trees.  
Cool thou liest, leisured, slow,  
On the plains of long ago,  
All un vexed of fretful trades  
Through thy rich and dim arcades,  
Overlooking lands below  
Terraced to thy green plateau.

Dear old city, it is long  
Since I heard thy minstrels' song,  
Since I heard thy church-bells deep,  
Since I watched thy fountains leap ;  
Yet, whichever way I turn,  
Still I see the sunset burn  
At the ending of the street,  
Where the chestnut branches meet,  
Where, between the gray bazaars,  
Maidens walk with eyes like stars,  
And the slipp'd merchants go  
On the pavements to and fro.  
Upland winds blow through my sleep,  
Moonrise glimmers, waters leap,  
Till, awaking, thou dost seem  
Like a city of a dream,—  
Like a city of the air,  
Builded high, aloof and fair,—  
Such as childhood used to know  
On the plains of long ago.

HENRY A. BEERS.

## HEALTHY HOMES.

## I.—GEOGRAPHICAL PREMISES.

THERE are two questions of paramount importance which every son of earth may be called upon to decide, unless Fate, with her talent for interference, should save him that trouble,—the choice of a profession, and the choice of a permanent home. In both cases a correct first choicee is apt to save a good deal of subsequent tribulation, and for the same chief reason: transplanting damages the roots of a tree. Inhabitiveness, as the phrenologists call a primary instinct of the human mind, needs time and undisturbed growth to develop its best fruits. Not every soil is fit for every plant: still, there are certain general conditions of prosperity, of which we propose here to consider the most important, especially those referring to the basis of all terrestrial well-being,—health.

The question of climate deserves precedence. There is a certain pleasure in measuring the abilities of man against the hostile power of nature, as in raising oranges in the glass-roofed avenues of Peterhof, or flower-gardens at El Kargeh, where the artesian wells of Ibrahim Pasha still defy the sand-drifts of the Thebaid. Unlimited wealth can equalize the contrasts of all zones; but for persons of moderate means geographical considerations are, in the choice of a home, so far from being unimportant that a mistake in that respect might outweigh all other advantages. What incidental attractions of a homestead could, for instance, compensate the settler of such regions as the "beaver-swamps" between Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie, at the south shore of Lake Superior, where the thermometer remains for days at 40° below zero, while clouds of snow and gritty ice-dust sweep across the lake with the force of a tornado, and where the air of the short summer resounds night and day with the hum of

countless mosquito-swarms? while, on the other hand, there are regions of our continent where nature meets our paradise-aspirations more than half-way,—regions which, like youth and a certain kind of June weather, make daily life a festival, and exercise that charm at all seasons and on all kinds of characters. At Houston, Texas, I once met an English cattle-dealer whose usual speech was a mixture of slang and blasphemy, but who became idyllic at every mention of the Pascaro Highlands in Southern Mexico, where he had been encamped on one of his tramontane expeditions.

"Wust of it is that a fellow can never forget it," said he. "Ye can pick a quarrel with a pretty girl if she won't have you, or hunt up a prettier one; but where would ye find the like of that 'ere Paramo?"

That strange Latin proverb, to the effect that a promenade under palms cannot be enjoyed with impunity, is probably founded on a similar experience: "a fellow can never forget it." The following suggestions may, therefore, be of use to those who have the means to choose, but not to transform, a climate.

Barring agricultural considerations, a *dry* climate is out and out preferable to a *humid* one. Atmospheric conditions exercise a direct influence on the tone of our mental health, and no measure of native energy could bear up against the dampening influence of the three hundred and twenty-five yearly rain-days which afflict the coast-districts of Tierra del Fuego. In order to appreciate the power of that influence, we should examine the condition of primitive or semi-civilized nations, rather than of those whose civilization enables them to surround themselves with an *artificial climate*. All the leading nations of antiquity developed in fair-weather countries,—Persia, Egypt, Italy, Greece,

too, was a dry country, with the exception of Boeotia, where the prevalence of foggy ideas was as proverbial as its cause: *Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum*. The Moesians, the shore-dwellers of the foggy Black Sea, the Lusitanians and West-Iberians, never came to much good. At Coimbra, north of Lisbon, the annual rainfall amounts to eighty-four inches, against thirty-two inches at Rome and twenty-two at Naples. On our continent, too, the inhabitants of the dry central plateaus had made considerable progress, while the bipeds of the moist coast-region were in a bad state of barbarism. The everlasting drizzles of Newfoundland have discouraged the best colonists, while the drier, though actually colder, shores of the St. Lawrence are studded with cities. Sunny cold countries are not unfavorable to longevity.

Still, I should, on the whole, prefer the region of ready-made gardens, south of the fortieth parallel. It is true that cold weather is an effective industrial stimulus; but the enervating influence of a genial climate begins to tell only after a series of generations, and in the lifetime of individuals the same amount of labor that would make a Manitoba swamp a barely endurable abode would in Southern California create a series of Hesperian Gardens. Besides, there is a certain difference between the capacity for fighting the evils of life and the capacity for enjoying its blessings: a man may chop wood with the energy of a Baresark, yet stiffen at the invitation to a *soirée dansante*; and I cannot help thinking that the *askesis* of the Scotch Presbyters had as much to do with the length of their winters as of their prayer-meetings. And, in speaking of winters, we should also remember that the sufferings of the so-called northern countries of Europe are only playful allusions to the experiences of our own Northern States. When Fahrenheit constructed his thermometer he fixed his zero at the point which he believed to be the lower extreme of any possible temperature outside of a chemical refrigerator. In Antwerp  $20^{\circ}$  above zero de-

populates the streets;  $10^{\circ}$  mobilizes the Berlin relief-committees; and zero itself would make the Copenhagener stare. But in Duluth, Minnesota,  $45^{\circ}$  below zero is nothing unusual; and three years ago a series of "cold waves" acquainted the New-Yorkers with  $-8^{\circ}$ ,  $-10^{\circ}$ , and  $-14^{\circ}$ . The longevity of the Scotch Highlanders would be incompatible with such possibilities. Heinrich Heine has a story of a Greenlander who came to St. Petersburg to "enjoy the benefit of the mild climate," and persons who have found that barbarous frosts do not agree with their constitution would commit a similar mistake by migrating from Northern to Southern New York. For such persons Southern Pennsylvania would be about the Ultima Thule of a really endurable climate. That would be the latitude of southernmost Italy, but its weather-conditions would be only those of Northern Austria. Spring opens in Prague about as early as in Philadelphia; Vienna and Paris correspond to Washington, Geneva to Richmond, Turin to Nashville, Rome to Montgomery, Athens to Austin or Mobile. The boasted climate of Berne, now the Medina of European consumptives, might find its equivalent in Asheville, North Carolina, in that marvellous high yet dry and mild upland valley enclosed between the Blue Ridge and the Western Alleghanies, like Cœle-Syria between the parallel ranges of the Libanus. For Naples we have no analogue on the Atlantic slope; our east coast is cursed with swamps; but in California, with its Italian winters and its cloudless summers, the sublime scenery of Santa Barbara, Bodega Bay, and Point Carmel invites invalids to see and live.

The prospectus of a certain highland colony in Northern Alabama states that the district is entirely free from mosquitoes. That recommendation means, perhaps, more than it was intended to imply. In a paper read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, Dr. F. A. King adduced an astounding number of facts tending to prove that mosquitoes are either the cause of malarial diseases or that the two plagues

are invariable concomitants. Both mosquitoes and malaria, he says, affect by preference low and moist localities. They are hardly ever developed at a lower temperature than 60° Fahrenheit. Both are banished by a temperature of 32°. Both are most abundant and malignant in the neighborhood of the equator. Both have an affinity for dense foliage. Both keep near the surface of the earth. Both are most active when the sun is down. The smoke of camp-fires protects against both. Both are most prevalent toward the latter part of the summer. "Sir Francis Drake," he says, "tells us that travellers should be instructed at night to employ mosquito-curtains, through which malaria can seldom or never penetrate." The presence of mosquitoes is, therefore, a serious argument against the healthfulness of the infested locality, even if fevers of the worst kinds should not be specially prevalent, for a malarial taint does not always result in "chills," but may betray itself in a general lassitude and peptic disorders, as in the "dumb ague" of the North-Michigan mosquito-swamps. It would be a mistake to suppose that a high latitude affords a protection against the plague of tipulary insects. In Iceland gnat-clouds alternate with snow-clouds. Near the very north end of Greenland a blood-sucking summer fly turns Peabody Bay into a pit of torment. North or south, all humid lowlands are mosquito-ridden, while hill-countries enjoy a nearly universal immunity, though in the neighborhood of large rivers the safe altitudes begin only with an elevation of eight hundred feet above the level of the valley.

Mountain-ranges have the further merit of intersecting the utilitarian lowlands with a region of free play-grounds for children and natural philosophers; and for enterprising boys the neighborhood of a steep hill-side is worth a dozen gymnasiums, for mountain-climbing will enable them to beguile themselves into a greater amount of health-giving exercise than any other kind of work or play.

And only in highland districts can

Ruskinians hope to escape the meshes of our ever-spreading net-work of railways and find their ideal of earthly happiness in an unhackneyed country. At the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad I met a few months ago an old planter who contemplated the purchase of a country-seat in the Coast Range, and instructed his agent to buy a parrot or a "sand-hog" (a Mexican armadillo), in order to prepare a sensation for the youngsters of the Sierra. The agent having suggested a doubt as to the adequacy of the proposed means to that end, the old squire at once became serious. "What do you mean, sir?" said he. "Let me tell you that I have no sort of use for a neighborhood where a sand-hog would fail to astonish the natives."

North of Washington, upland regions combining all these advantages are rather at a premium, if not wholly limited to the hills of Bedford County, Pennsylvania. But beyond the Potomac there is a larger selection. For instance, in the Cohutta Mountains, at the southern terminus of the Appalachian highlands, south of Chattanooga, the Blue Ridge gradually flattens out into a hill-country of moderate elevation, till opposite Dalton, Georgia, the traveller looking toward the eastern horizon is surprised to see once more a mountain-range of enormous proportions,—the Cohuttas, or Georgia Alleghanies, the last outpost of the long alpine ridge which runs from the Catskills to Harper's Ferry, and, by way of Lynchburg, Virginia, across the Tennessee into North Georgia, where it is intersected by the valley and several tributaries of the Hiawassee River, and, after a broken gap of some twenty-five miles, rises once more, at the very edge of the Georgia lowlands, to a height of more than five thousand feet. Owing to the depression of the surrounding country, the highest peaks, "Barnett's Bald" and the "Grassy Top," look considerably higher than Mitchel's Peak from Asheville, North Carolina, and "Fort Mountain," at the southwestern promontory, towers up in a series of soaring cliffs and precipices

that make it hard to believe that its highest point is less than four thousand feet above the Gulf-level. The name of the mountain is derived from a circular barricade of rocks on the west end of its broad plateau, a sort of fortified camp, said to have been constructed by the soldiers of De Soto, who actually visited this region and may have used the promontory as a natural watch-tower. The whole eastern slope of the Cohuttas consists of an undulating plateau connecting the Georgia Alleghanies with the Unakas and Tellico Mountains of Eastern Tennessee. Near the gap of the Hiawassee Valley this plateau sinks to an average height of two thousand feet, and is crossed by several wagon-roads that lead through scenery of surprising grandeur, and terrace-lands where homesteads could be purchased at a few dimes per acre, and where labor and lumber are cheap enough to allow one to build a comfortable cottage of three large rooms for less than three hundred dollars. Dalton would be the nearest railroad town, and Spring Place, Georgia, the nearest market.

Following the Unaka highlands across the border of Northern Georgia, we reach the great central chain of East Tennessee,—the Iron or Big Smoky Mountains. That portion of this chain extending from the head-waters of the Tellico River to the gap of the French Broad is, on the whole, the grandest mountain-range of the Appalachian system. The highest summits are a few feet lower than Mitchel's Peak, in the Black Mountain group, but its average height for a distance of two hundred miles is nearly five thousand feet, while more than twenty peaks of its central chain rise above an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet,—as Clingman's Dome, Mount Guyot, the Roan Mountain, the Grandfather, and the Tellico Bald Peak. The ridge of this alpine range would be rather too cold for a permanent habitation, though many of its passes are lined with prosperous orchard-farms. But all along the foot-hills of its western slope extends the remarkable chain of broad-backed mountains known

collectively as the Chilhowees, and comprising the Stars Mountains of Polk County, the Chestnut Ridge of McMinn, the Chilhowees proper of Blount County, and the Watauga Range on the border of Virginia. They rise up boldly from the lowlands to a height varying from eighteen hundred to two thousand five hundred feet, and the summits of the broad plateau afford a magnificent panorama of the still higher alpine range in the east,—the jagged peaks, the bald domes, the dark forest-slopes, and the river-gaps, with their islands and rocky precipices. The Chilhowee plateau measures in many places as much as six miles across, and, as the range extends nearly from Georgia to Virginia, there is scope for an ample margin of rocky and arid lands, leaving several hundred square miles of well-watered mountain-levels, with timber enough to construct a series of upland cities. Thus far these highlands have been utilized chiefly for grazing purposes, though their mineral springs have evolved a few watering-places,—Mount Nebo and Monteval, both in Blount County, and White Cliff Springs, in McMinn, about twelve miles from Athens, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. If the view from the east rocks of White Cliff can be matched anywhere on this continent, it must be somewhere on the western slope of the San Juan Mountains, looking toward the main range of the Colorado Rockies. The prospect from Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, is as inferior to it as the Suabian hill-country to the Swiss Oberland. The climate of the Chilhowee plateau corresponds to that of Southern France,—few snow-falls before Christmas, no protracted frosts, but a rather backward spring, which makes it the best orchard-country of the Atlantic slope. The trouble with the lowland orchards of our Southern States is that the trees blossom so early that in nine years out of ten they get damaged by March frosts, while in the North wet and cold summers are apt to spoil the crops. In the Tennessee highlands the springs are late, the summers serene and dry and long enough to ripen the tar-

diest fruit. Cattle can be wintered in the open air. As a hunting- and fishing-country Northern Georgia is rather superior to Tennessee. Years ago, the Tocoa used to be the finest fishing river in the Alleghanies, till the miners of Ducktown, Tennessee, poisoned it from end to end with the drainage of their copper-pits and damaged the scaly population in a way which no fish-commissioner has been able to retrieve. Game, however, abounds on all the higher mountains. In half a day, tourists, starting from the Chilhowee plateau, can reach the slope of the central chain and pitch their tent at one of the "gaps," with a wide panorama of terrace-lands at their feet and an imperfectly-explored wilderness of highlands still farther up.

For consumptives the Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad has opened the gates of the winterless valley-region of the Spanish range of Rocky Mountains in Southern New Mexico. In the neighborhood of Las Vegas the annual rainfall amounts to only twelve inches (against forty inches in the driest parts of Pennsylvania), though brooks, fed by the springs of the upper sierras, furnish water enough for agricultural purposes. As the cool season is limited to the six weeks between Christmas and February, invalids can pass nine out of ten days in the open air. Board is rather high; but permanent settlers can soon surround themselves with all the luxuries of a South-Spanish climate. Near Ortiz pine-apples ripen in the open air,—not in sheltered glens only, but wherever the agricultural Indians have planted them at hap-hazard along the creeks. Figs, almonds, oranges, and perhaps Algerian dates would thrive in all south-side valleys: a few dry-cold days do not interfere with the prosperity of such plantations, when a long, warm summer makes amends. Several forestry clubs have engaged in the culture of timber-trees; but I fear it will be a long while before the progress of their work will begin to counteract the dry climate, which seems really to be an essential condition for the out-door cure of pulmonary diseases.

Very dry cool countries answer the same purpose, and a region of that sort can be found between the Cascade Range and the Blue Mountains of Oregon, which in its eastern highlands is so far from deserving its web-footed nickname that it is, in fact, considerably drier than Eastern California. I have never visited that region; but all accounts agree in representing it as a hunter's paradise, peopled by few and rather harmless tribes of Shoshones,—well-wooded valleys, but open highlands, with just trees enough for comfortable camp-fires,—the very country for an enterprising and sport-loving settler of independent means. For agricultural purposes the uplands are too dry; but the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad could now supply them with all the products of the Columbia Valley; and even at an elevation of four thousand feet, where the summers are cool enough for nightly hearth-fires, the winters are milder than those of Northern Virginia. That region of strange winters stretches far across the northern frontier of our republican territory,—so far, indeed, that even at the north end of Vancouver's Island, four degrees farther north than Quebec, rainy weather at Christmas is more frequent than snow. Rains spoil the coast-region of Oregon; Northern California, too, is a little too wet for a quite desirable home; but south of Humboldt City the climate would be perfect, if it were not for the dust-clouds that afflict the Golden State during its long Indian summer. In this respect the western slopes of the Coast Range are preferable to the great central valley. That advantage and South-Italian winters will do a great deal for the development of a region for which gold has done little or nothing,—the lovely terrace-land of western Alameda County, Monterey, and Santa Barbara.

The agricultural bonanza-country of the southern Gulf States has but few highlands; but in Harris County, in the immediate neighborhood of Columbus, Georgia, there is an unexpected mountain-group of sufficient elevation for settlers who wish to combine the pursuit

of health with the culture of gigantic watermelons. Near Tallahassee, Florida, and northwest of Aiken, South Carolina, there are wooded ridges that deserve the name of good-sized hills and recommend themselves by their semi-tropical surroundings, though the most eligible sites of both regions have already been pre-empted.

But it will be a long while before the increase of our population crowds the settlers of our finest Southern sanitarium,—the great plateau of the Cumberland range, which, ever widening and warming, stretches across the southern border of Tennessee far into the summer-land counties of Central Alabama. At the Cumberland Gap it is about fifteen miles broad; near Chattanooga, where it takes the name of "Walden's Ridge," it is considerably broader, though somewhat lower; and in Alabama, where its two main divisions are known as the "Sand Mountain" and "Lookout Mountain," it often attains a width of more than thirty miles, still maintaining an average altitude of eight hundred feet. The climate of this great table-mountain is extremely genial and salubrious; quite free from malarial taints; sunny, but not too arid for the perennial springs of the brooks that cross the plateau,

which is splendidly timbered, with no lack of natural mountain-meadows. Owing to the moderate elevation of the surrounding country, the view from the higher summits is almost boundless,—often literally unlimited, except by the telescopic abilities of the eye. On either side the ridge rises steep from the lowlands, here and there fringed with water-falls and tower-like cliffs. The price of land is low,—unfairly low. The average American agriculturist sticks to the bottom-lands, and, while in the swampy valley of the Coosa River farms sell at twenty-five to forty dollars per acre, many of the finest "homestead-lots" on the plateau can be bought for eighty dollars,—*i.e.*, eighty dollars for one hundred and sixty acres of land. For two dollars per acre new-comers can pick their claim anywhere between Chattanooga and Gadsden. From the latter point to the Cumberland Gap the superficial area of the table-mountain has been estimated at two thousand six hundred square miles, and, being more fertile than the Canton of Berne (of nearly the same area), its soil could easily support a colony of eight hundred thousand persons. Its present population consists of less than two thousand families.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### Christmas.

**A**NY one in walking toward evening along a city thoroughfare may suddenly become aware of a multitudinous noise proceeding from some tree or ivied wall and drowning with its insistence all sounds of street-cars or of passing vans. For about the space of half a block the sparrows have it all their own way; all ears are forced to listen: a handful of feathery pellets have the floor, and the interests of a bird-municipality are para-

mount for the moment over those of human traffic.

In the same way there is a time in every year when the business or social activities that fill our ordinary life seem to be suddenly overwhelmed or suspended, and we enter a region where nothing is heard but the voices of children. For three or four December weeks the hopes and wishes of the little ones give the chief impetus to trade and direction to our thoughts. Christmas is the

children's hour. The air is full of their babble or stirred with their secrets. In Germany this primary right of children to the festival of Christmas is kept always in sight by the beautiful legend of the Christ-child, and by the simple character of the observances and customs. With us the idea is partially obscured, of late years at least. We have imported something of the French *jour de l'an* into our Christmas, and in our exchange of costly *étrencnes* we do not always pause to think of motive or fitness. Still, we make the delight of the children our excuse for keeping the holiday, the only one which as a nation we know how to keep with enjoyment. We have our German tree, our English holly, our Northern St. Nicholas. We enter the suburban cars laden with toy velocipedes and riding-horses, feeling as happy and foolish as if those commodities were intended for our own special use and delight. Fashion would overlook the special claim of the children to their feast; but custom, good feeling, and old associations bring it back by night to put it with loving hands into the stockings.

#### Children's Fancies.

CHILDREN are familiar figures in the world of literature, and have been the subjects of many interesting sketches and amusing anecdotes. Unlike many other themes, their doings and undoings never become "stale and unprofitable." A hundred years in the future, mothers and fathers will be as delighted or affected by the adventures of their little ones as were the parents of near a century ago when the precocious four-year-old Macaulay, after spilling scalding soup over himself at a dinner-party, told his hostess that "the agony had abated," as Walter Scott was over the cleverness of his Marjorie Fleming; or as the men and women of to-day are over the characteristic Sunday-school scholar, who, mindful possibly of the last circus attended, wonders why the choir sings of the "consecrated cross-eyed bear."

Many are the odd and curious things that our children do and say, but queer-

est of all are what they think. A child's mind is a fit subject for a metaphysician to descant upon. Bits of fantastic reasoning, odds and ends that the philosophers dream not of, and quaint commentaries upon every-day events, are some of its products. The brain of a child, before it attains sound reasoning powers and a knowledge of the causes of common events, is much like the brain of a dreaming man. It is when the man is partially awakened and reason begins to struggle with sleep that the dreamer imagines himself chased by nine-tailed bears or wafted through space on a star; and it is when the mind of a child begins to awaken that its fancies are most whimsical. Yet in the child's wildest ideas there is a spark of reason. One little six-year-old of my acquaintance recently took the head of the dinner-table in the absence of his father, and, gravely bending his head, said "grace" by repeating, "Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon;" nor could he understand the laughter of the assembled guests. He had heard his father say grace, and, thinking something must be said, made good the lack so far as he could.

An old lady of my acquaintance tells me that when young she believed that the moon was the face of her dead mother looking at her from the sky; and another friend says that to her the clouds were animals,—some camels, some lions, and so on. Many children have similar hallucinations, and I have often thought that these ideas were only counterparts to those theories upon which many ancient and modern tribes have founded their strange mythologies. The mind of a savage, with its faint knowledge of the causes for natural phenomena, must be very similar to that of a child. The phenomena of the thunder-storm led the Hindoos to teach that rain was the libation poured by their war-god before going into battle; and a lady informs me that one of her childish delusions consisted in a belief that rain was caused by the Creator drawing water from a well and pouring it out. She was accus-

tomed to see water drawn with an old fashioned crank-and-rope attachment, when the bucket went banging down the well with a thundering noise after each emptying, and these noises were to her mind so much alike that her theory seemed not at all inconsistent.

S. B. A.

#### A Nursery Raconteuse.

A RECENT criticism of "Nights with Uncle Remus," after tracing back some of that worthy's stories to the myths and legends of the Hottentots and Kaffirs, shows that some of them also grew out of stories peculiar to the white races, which were adopted and "adapted" by the negroes. "The Woman with the Golden Arm," for instance, can probably be shown to have been told in England as much as two centuries ago. This brings to mind a far-away remembrance of my childhood and of a little Irish nurse-maid whose wonderful story-telling gift used to keep our populous nursery in a state of preternatural peace and quietness by the hour together on winter evenings and stormy days.

The child had "come over" from Ireland before she was twelve years old, and had immediately entered service at our house,—a wild little red-haired bog-trotter, as I well remember her, though I was not more than three or four years old at the time. She was utterly illiterate, as was her father before her,—her mother had been long dead,—therefore all her stories, of which she had an inexhaustible fund, must have been more or less legendary in County Cork, from some obscure village of which she had come. She never regarded them as in any degree legendary, however, but believed them as devoutly as we did, always giving them as a veracious narrative of facts that had occurred to the great families in her neighborhood, and it is probable that she had received them as such. This gave them a peculiarly graphic and vivid effect, while the fact of their impossibility in no wise damaged them for us, to whom, as to all imaginative children, the impossible was far more reasonable than the true.

Among others, I very well remember a variant of that same "Woman with the Golden Arm" above referred to. The scene of this in Bride's story was a certain castle on a hill, which she described with such a pictorial power that to this day it does duty in my mind whenever the idea of a castle is required by the reading of history, novel, or myth. Bluebeard, according to Bride's account, was the very lord upon whose estate she was born,—an absentee lord, by the way, who seems only to have visited Ireland at those rare intervals when he felt moved to cut off the head of a wife or so. Bride always waxed eloquent when the subject of absenteeism came up: she did not call it by this name, but the thing was very clear in her own mind, and she succeeded in inspiring us with her own burning indignation on the subject, so much so that when we grew old enough to read Miss Edgeworth, who early became one of our nursery classics, we were quite prepared to sympathize most passionately with Ireland's wrongs.

To return to Bluebeard, however. I remember very well when I came upon his story in that first book of fairy-tales which I still have, dated "on her seventh birthday." I flew to read it to Bride, for, in spite of our mother's diligent attempts to teach her, and the guerilla warfare against her ignorance which was for years kept up in the nursery, Bride never made further progress in the liberal arts than to the illustrated words in "the baby's" primer. I remember that she was by no means surprised at the appearance of her favorite story in print. "Oh, yes," she said, "everybody knew about that wicked lord: she didn't wonder that they had put it in a book." The book-version, however, proved to be far less satisfactory than Bride's account, and doubtless her vivid imagination had materially contributed to the embellishment of the story.

A short account of Bride's later intellectual history may not be uninteresting. Her fondness for books was something extraordinary, and she used to keep us reading to her by the hour to-

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**A**MONG the chief periodicals of the country, LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE has acquired the distinctive reputation of being "eminently readable." The special aim of its conductors is to secure such treatment of the great variety of topics embraced within its scope as shall render it attractive to the general mass of intelligent readers, a favorite in the family circle, and a means of culture as well as of entertainment.

While fiction, in the form of serials and of short stories, holds a prominent place in its pages, it has gained particular notice by its sketches of travel and adventure, studies of life and character, and articles on natural history and similar topics, written with the freshness that comes from personal observation and experience, in a lively style, and with abundant anecdotal illustration.

The arrangements for the coming year include an unusual number of contributions devoted to out-door life, places and persons of note, and other subjects of general interest. Among those which will be published in early numbers are articles on the new Public Buildings of Philadelphia, the Flour-Mills of Minneapolis, Berlin at the present day, and American Suburbs and Suburban Residences. To these will be added "Notes of Conversations with Emerson," by Pendleton King, "French Chateau Life, Past and Present," by Miss Brewster, "Across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on Horseback," by Laura King Swartz, "English University Life," by a graduate of Oxford, "Healthy Homes," by Felix L. Oswald, and papers on Sporting, Fishing, and Forest Life, by Maurice Thompson, Edward C. Bruce, C. F. Holden, Norman Pearson, Rowland G. Robinson, Alfred M. Williams, and other writers.

Several short serials will form a feature of the Magazine during the year, including a story of Artist Life in New York, by Lizzie W. Champney, and a story depicting the experiences of an American family residing in England, by F. C. Baylor. Further arrangements are now in progress, and will be hereafter announced.

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gether. Perhaps it was her discovery of this royal road to fairy-tales and other lore which made her show so little alacrity in drudging over her a-b-ab's. Although she never succeeded in learning to read, she ultimately became quite a noted mineralogist in a small way. She had married a bright young Irishman who was foreman of a gang of men employed on some engineering works in a region particularly rich in minerals, and Bride became intensely interested in collecting and learning about them. Her collection was large, and sufficiently valuable to attract to her little house learned scientists, who made exchanges with her and helped her in her classifications. She knew the name and nature of every specimen, and could talk as interestingly about them as if she had had the help of books in gaining her information, although never having been able to read a word on the subject. Her knowledge was entirely made up of random bits of information dovetailed together and supplemented by her own close observation. Perhaps she also romanced a little, as she used to do in the old nursery days.

L. S. H.

#### Co-operative Housekeeping.

UNTIL the time shall come when working-girls shall be taught something of the elementary principles of domestic service as a necessary part of their education, until that millennial time shall arrive which we now dimly see from afar and greet with ardent longing, what shall the dwellers in small towns and country villages do for servants? At present the complications in which this question is involved seem to be almost overwhelming. It is all very well for theorists to say that the housekeeper should be superior to all possible emergencies,—should be able to "help" herself when other help fails: the practical workings of this exalted principle are by no means so simple as would appear. For the mother of a family in moderate circumstances to meet all the varied and complicated duties of society and of home is an arduous task at best: when the domestic machinery is brought

to a stand-still by an interregnum below-stairs, the difficulties become simply insuperable. To reduce the disasters of such an interregnum, the most efficient way would be, not for the mistress to be herself capable of playing all the parts, but for the parts to be made as few in number as possible.

For too much work is done in our homes, and with a general result of gratuitous discomfort. A blighting atmosphere of work and weariness steals subtly upward from busy hours and regions, and casts its baleful shadow over times and places which should be sacred to ease and leisure and domestic joy. Why should the family washing and baking, for instance, be done under the home-roof? There is no reason for it in the nature of things, except that thus it may be both better and more cheaply done; and neither of these results is by any means sure to follow.

But, granting that they do, the same results might be achieved at far less cost of care and worry if the housekeeper would but bring to meet the question from another side a tithe of the energy and intelligence which she now expends upon it. Co-operation in this matter, as in so many others, may be the key that fits the lock of this emergency. No prudent mother, certainly, would willingly set before her children the bread and cake and pastry of a country bakery. But why not have a bakery of her own, where food could be prepared in the same manner as in the home-kitchen and at no greater cost? In every family employing a cook or general servant it is fair to estimate that from one-sixth to one-tenth of her time is spent in the various operations involved in baking. Let, then, from six to ten housekeepers combine to hire some competent person to do this work for them in the manner in which it would be done at home. It would not be hard to find, in a village of three thousand inhabitants or more, some poor woman who has seen enough of better days to be at least pervious to enlightened ideas on the making of bread and pastry. Probably two or three of the housekeepers in question would have

already upon their consciences some widow or other poor woman, of more intelligence than strength, who is utterly unequal to the severe drudgery which is all that she can find to do, and would be just the one to undertake a co-operative bakery. A very small tax upon the co-operators would set her up in the necessary implements; the materials could be purchased at wholesale, thereby effecting a saving at the outset, and a small profit upon the baking of eight families would be enough to pay her for her time and trouble, without unduly raising the cost of the articles thus provided.

Still more successful, because attended with less risk, would be a co-operative laundry. Here, again, it would not be difficult to find in a country village or small town poor women of sufficient capacity to be safely intrusted with the care of property and labor,—a widow with growing daughters who could help her out of school-hours, for instance, to whom such an opportunity would be a perfect godsend, and who, with a certain amount of work secured to her as a regular thing the whole year round,

could profitably undertake to do the work at a price which would make the enterprise feasible to her employers. The absence of washing-day in the house would be a boon to other members of the family besides the overtaxed mother.

If washing, ironing, and baking could thus be subtracted from the sum of household labors, many a family now obliged to keep a servant would comfortably manage with none, to the very great improvement of the domestic finances; while one servant at least could be spared from larger households, to the material diminution of the house-mother's cares and small annoyances. And by thus reducing the demand for domestic servants the standard of conduct and of proficiency would be correspondingly raised, and servants, being less secure of places, would learn to take more serious views of their duties and obligations than they now have. In the smaller towns, where this class of persons now "have it all their own way," the change would not be slow in making itself felt.

L. S. H.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Riverside Shakespeare.—Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems." The text newly edited, with glossarial, historical, and explanatory notes, by Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THERE is always room for a new edition of Shakespeare, whether "at the top" or on any of the lower levels, and America now competes with England in occupying the vacant posts. The "New Variorum" will be, when completed, one of those monumental works which rank among national achievements; Mr. Rolfe's excellent school edition has met with universal acceptance as supplying an admitted want; and among innumerable editions for general use the "Riverside" combines the advantages of a convenient

form, clear handsome type, and moderate cost. Shakespeare is one of those authors of whom there can be no new edition without an editor. Somebody must be responsible for the text, and must furnish such aid as is necessary and possible for the full understanding of it. No man, perhaps, is better qualified for this office than Mr. Grant White. He has the requisite scholarship, while he is free from the besetting sin of commentators, who by vain conjectures and over-subtile interpretations too often obstruct the reader in the exercise of his own intelligence, besides diverting his attention from what is essential and inspiring. Mr. White's tendency in this edition is toward the opposite fault, that of too scanty explanations. In determining to

what extent these were needed, he has, he tells us, taken advice of his washer-woman. One can understand that Mr. White's washerwoman would be a remarkable person; but if she required no help from him to understand the word "orgulous," for example, she would seem to be well entitled to promotion to a still higher place.

In the "Life" prefixed to the volume containing the Comedies, Mr. White has been much less chary of interpretations. He speaks of it, indeed, as nothing more than a "bare recital of facts in chronological order." But the real and unquestionable facts could have been told in a tithe of the space which this biography, short as it is, occupies. In addition to these, we have a mass of so-called "traditions,"—stories, that is to say, current a century or more after Shakespeare's death. With the help of these and of a large number of documents of little value or interest, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has contrived to fill a volume of about a thousand pages, without, however, attempting what Mr. White has accomplished within the limits of twenty. For we have here not only the facts and traditions, but a portraiture of Shakespeare's character differing from all others that have been attempted, and not the less striking and complete that it is composed more of suggestions and implications than of direct statements. The general impression which it leaves is that Shakespeare was one of the most detestable beings that have ever lived, uniting the opposite and almost equally repulsive vices of the sensualist and the screw, without, so far as appears, a single redeeming virtue. He was a drunkard, and his last illness was brought on by his lying all night on the ground in a state of intoxication. He was a man of loose life, and the hero of a vulgar and disgusting "amorous adventure," omitted by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps but narrated by Mr. White, who considers the story too accordant with "the habits and customs of the time and the personality of those who figure in it" to be rejected as made out of whole cloth. But the great poet's ruling passion was for getting money. The motive of his Sonnets "must ever remain a mystery;" but, "from what we know of Shakespeare relative to his work, and to work in general, . . . it is probable that, with all his facility of pen, he did not write so many verses without a gainful purpose in regard at least to some of them." When his father was in dis-

tressed circumstances, "there is no record of any endeavor to relieve him on the part of his prosperous son." On the death of Queen Elizabeth, "his most illustrious admirer," he alone among the poets of the time offered no tribute to her memory. "Nothing was to be gained by such an exercise of his craft, and Shakespeare seems to have worked only for profit." Absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, he had no sympathy for the class from which he sprung. When a landlord at Stratford undertook to enclose the common-fields, "among the rich people who supported the rich squire was William Shakespeare." On one occasion, when a person who owed him a couple of pounds had "been able to pay only six shillings of the debt, Shakespeare sued him for the remainder." On another occasion, a debtor named Addenbroke, against whom he had recovered a judgment for six pounds, with one pound four shillings costs, having fled, "the author of *The Merchant of Venice*," in strict accordance with the precedent of his own Shylock, "proceeded against one Horneby, who had given bail for Addenbroke." It has generally been considered a matter for regret that we should know so little about Shakespeare's life; but if Mr. White's account of him be correct, it seems a pity that we should know so much. It would appear, at all events, that, while his evil has lived so long after him, his good, if he possessed any, was interred with his bones. We have, to be sure, his works; but Mr. Grant White evidently agrees with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in considering that no light whatever can be derived from this source, the writings of a poet having as little relation with his personality as the prophetic utterances of a sibyl with her ordinary state of mind. This view, we are told, has the authority of "the greatest of modern bards." Byron, who is, we suppose, the poet thus designated, probably invented the theory to suit his own case; but his theories in regard to poetry, like the sibylline prophecies themselves, were ingenious and paradoxical rather than trustworthy.

"Life of Luther." By Julius Köstlin. With Illustrations from Authentic Sources. Translated from the German. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE merit of this biography, apart from the ample research on which it is based, lies in the directness with which the story of Luther's life is unfolded, the terseness

and clearness with which doctrinal questions are set forth, and the earnest tone that pervades the whole. It is not a work from which any vivid picture of the period, any adequate knowledge of its agitations, or any broad view of its relations to previous and succeeding ages, is to be obtained. But, after reading it intelligently, one finds that it has left a distinct conception of the Reformer's personality and of his work. Luther's character stands out in the strong and simple lines that are best suited to it,—a character needing no elaboration or subtle art to depict it worthily. Looked at impartially, it is a thoroughly attractive character. Its rudeness does not repel us, being only that asperity of surface which attests the genuineness of the pure, tough grain. Courage, sturdiness, simplicity, cheerfulness, openness of mind, warmth of heart, all the qualities of a thoroughly healthy nature, are conspicuous in it. All that was best in the character of his nation embodied itself in Luther, and rose in self-assertion against that Italian domination, so imposing, so subtle, so rich in the arts and graces of civilization, which the world had been fain to kneel before, accepting its benefactions and paying it homage and tribute. The fifteenth century saw a repetition of what had happened in the fifth. Rome was again overthrown by the Goth. Nor in either case was this a triumph of barbarism. The need of a fresh and renovating force was as apparent at the one period as at the other. A moral blight had fallen on society and threatened it with extinction. Nothing perished in the storm that purified the atmosphere but what was already far advanced in decay.

No man could have been more conscious than Luther was that his was only the rough preliminary labor of clearing the ground on which a new order was to take the place of the old. There was nothing anarchical in his spirit or his work. On the contrary, no man ever felt more strongly the essential need of submission to an unquestionable authority. He must have yielded to that of the Church if he had not been able to fall back on the sufficiency and infallibility of the Scriptures: he saw no ground for resistance to the Emperor and the Diet till he found it in legal theories of the independent rights and powers of the individual princes and states. So, too, in the domain of letters and of art his influence was not destructive, but inspiring and even creative. The German language, as

all the world knows, owes its literary form and unity to his translation of the Bible. The "Humanists" scarcely did more than he in giving a stimulus to the study of the classics. His strong love of nature, his delight in children, his hearty sympathy with all innocent enjoyments, his humorous and picturesque modes of speech, reveal not only a broad and cordial spirit, but a mind in which there lay undeveloped the true instincts of the artist. Nor must we forget his hymns, or the melodies to which he set or adapted them. They tempt one to believe that German music owes as much to Luther as German thought and literature, that to this source we should trace the beginnings of that current which swelled in time to the grandest flow of harmonious sound to which the world has ever listened. The collection of Luther's "Hymns," issued by the same publishers, forms an appropriate accompaniment to Köstlin's "Life," which is, moreover, enriched by numerous fac-similes and reproductions of old wood-cuts.

#### Illustrated Books.

"The Raven." By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Fan." By Octave Uzanne. Illustrated by Paul Avril.

"The Sunshade, Muff, and Glove." By Octave Uzanne. Illustrated by Paul Avril. London, J. C. Nimmo and Bain. (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

"Michael Angelo." A Dramatic Poem. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571." By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Lead, Kindly Light." By John Henry Newman. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." By Thomas Gray. Illustrated by Harry Fenn. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In comparing, as many people will naturally do, Doré's illustrations to "The Raven" with those widely-popular designs which he made for "The Ancient Mariner," we must bear in mind the essential difference between the two poems. Both are purely fantastic themes,

Of imagination all compact;

but here the resemblance ceases. They may be described as products of the imagination working in opposite ways. That of Coleridge went to the far-off, the

shadowy and improbable, to bring them near, to endow them with life and substance. The Ancient Mariner relates his adventures as a tale that is true: it has an antique verity upon it, like the narration of that sober-minded magnifier, Sindbad; and we believe them both, not with the vague credence which we accord to historical fact, but with the more vivid and complete belief which poetry compels us to give. The poem is full of pictures so strong and distinct that it seems as if the artist had no choice but to trace lines already in existence or to mar them by drawing upon them lines of his own. There is no paucity of material for illustration; it is almost too much.

In "The Raven," on the other hand, the American poet started from the nearest and most commonplace surroundings, with no story to tell and no picture to present. The creations pretend to no other origin than his own fancy, the images are conjured up out of a background of darkness and solitude. The imagination of the poet throws out mere hints; every liberty is given to that of the artist. In peopling the gloom with figures which seem to start out of its depths and vanish again, figures which have obviously only a shadowy existence yet are undeniably there, Doré is in his element. He has made no attempt to gain effect by means of accessories: there is no bric-à-brac or carven furniture; everything is concentrated upon the idea. The seraphs and angels conjured up by the artist's fancy are often of a rather ordinary type, but the illusion is complete in regard to their fantastic border-land existence. They come and go at will.

Now and then the artist appears to us, however, to have gone a little too far outside of his text. Why the stately raven should be represented as flying instead of walking in at the window we are at a loss to discover. A raven on foot is a more quaint and, so to speak, human object than the same bird flying; and Doré seems here to have missed an opportunity as well as misinterpreted a line. Outside, in the tempest and the night, we know what to expect of him. Perhaps the most characteristic bit of Doré in the book is a figure representing Death, in kingly robes, yet looking very much like an Italian beggar, sitting, with one bony foot protruding from his draperies, on a luminous globe, against which the raven is flapping its sombre wings,—the background "night, with a few large stars."

It was his grim realistic, rather obvious humor which was perhaps his strongest claim to our liking. He was a fertile and clever draughtsman, an artist to be warmly liked even where he was most freely criticised. Mr. Vedder's mystical frontispiece brings together aptly, under the patronage of a deep-eyed goddess, the melancholy poet, so long in his grave, and the genial yet fantastic artist, whose death was only of yesterday.

It is truly a marvel to find the most Parisian of literary wares in an English form which the most fastidious lover of French books and book-making need not hesitate to accept in place of the originals. The explanation is simple enough, however. The English edition of "The Fan" and "The Sunshade" is printed in France, at the press of M. Quantin. It is English only in cover. Between these gray walls are the unmistakable signs of French *luxe*, of that exquisite perfection of workmanship which gives the French printer a right to say to the illustrator, "*Anch' io sono pittore!*" Nowhere else could such fine, graceful drawing be found or be reproduced so delicately; no book-artists outside of France combine decoration with illustration quite so dexterously, or add to the artistic qualities of their work so much of the literary quality, so much wit, suggestion, and vividness of narration. If we seem to commit the mistake of confounding the artistic and the mechanical in our praise, it is because they are made to blend so happily.

It will be long before we in this country attain to such combinations of excellence in book-making. Our wood-engraving has already refined itself to a point at which the French have never aimed. We have designers of talent: Mr. Abbey, at least, is an artist of more depth than M. Paul Avril. But the Gallican designer has, if not a higher imagination, a more inexhaustible fertility of fancy. He is not obliged to "create the taste by which he is enjoyed:" he draws with the confidence that his lightest line will be noticed and appreciated. He has the taste of his public, a taste which hovers between the actual Parisian and the pseudo-classic, going from the *demi-monde* of Paris to another *demi-monde*, so to speak, of Olympus. There is a tacit reference, in all this art of design, in the printing of the tinted photo-gravures, and in the texture of the coarse, creamy pages, to a national literature. Molière and La Fontaine are at the bottom of it.

M. Octave Uzanne strikes the same note in his text,—a superstructure of airy frivolity upon a basis of sound erudition. It is writing of a clever, cultivated sort, and it has happily lost nothing by passing into the idiomatic scholarly English of the present translation. It is to the combination of M. Quantin and M. Uzanne that we owe *Le Livre*, that luxurious and fantastic review in which spectacled research goes arm in arm with the latest audacities of style, and innocent blunders lurk under the very pen of authority. M. Paul Avril, if we mistake not, is also connected with the review, and contributes to its pages a host of delicious Cupids.

Michael Angelo said to Condivi, years after Vittoria Colonna's death, that he repented nothing so much as that when he went to see her in the final hour he had kissed only her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks also. His character would not have stood out clearly to us without the record of this last desire. He had no happiness in all his long life except in knowing her, and this touch of human passion was needed to soften the rugged and melancholy grandeur with which his figure impresses us. Longfellow naturally chose the time for his drama when, after the silence and loneliness of his sixty bitter years, Michael Angelo first began to know Vittoria Colonna. There is a fine intellectual dignity in the personation of the characters, unmarred by any trivial effects. The poet seems to have followed Grimm's biography of the great master at every point, and in the interview at the church of San Silvestro he has given an actual transcription of D'Ollanda's chronicle of the conversation. Such faithfulness to facts is effected, of course, at some loss to spontaneity; but the careful workmanship challenges admiration, and there is a serene and lofty beauty attained which was evidently the ideal aimed at. No one better than Longfellow had a deep sense of what is grand in history or affecting in the events of every-day life, and it is evident that the touching simplicity combined with the melancholy grandeur of Michael Angelo's character had been vividly realized by his imagination. The spectacle of the old man, in the midst of his undying and imperishable work, gaining a momentary personal solace from plucking a gracious flower of hope from what must be called friendship rather than love,—although it was, for friendship, unique in its intensity,—is every-

where finely given. Longfellow seems to have found this, which may be called his final work, a vehicle for the thoughts which lie deep in a man's soul after a long and busy life,—as in these lines :

Life hath become to me  
An empty theatre,—its lights extinguished,  
The music silent, and the actors gone,—  
And I alone sit musing on the scenes  
That once have been. I am so old that Death  
Oft plucks me by the cloak to come with him ;  
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,  
And my last spark of life shall be extinguished.

The book is enriched with engravings of the various portraits of Vittoria Colonna, and of Michael Angelo himself, besides many other illustrations equally appropriate, and not only beautiful, but so disposed as to heighten the effect, which is further enhanced by the peculiar elegance of the binding. The volume is in all respects a fitting and worthy memorial of the dead poet.

This Christmas edition of Miss Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is likely to be a favorite among the holiday books. The poem is in itself so picturesque, so simple and touching in its details, that it lends itself with felicitous ease to the designer, and the different artists have worked together in a way to produce a singularly harmonious effect. The pathetic story is made more vivid and real by the illustrations, which adhere throughout to the poet's own tone of gentleness, tenderness, and sweetness. Miss Ingelow has done nothing much better than telling the tale of "that fatal ebbe and flow :"

So farre, so faste the eygret drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :  
The feet had hardly time to flee,  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

There is much excellent work in the book, both from designer and engraver. Church has put certain Doréish effects into the swirl of the waters as they rose and ebbed, and his "My son's faire wife Elizabeth" is in both instances very delicately rendered.

The intense spirituality of Cardinal Newman's verses, "Lead, Kindly Light," and the association which they hold for us of his own personal experience, struggle, and aspiration, put them out of the reach of the artist who aims at mere prettiness of effect. And in this little volume the illustrations seem, besides,

to be based upon a faulty conception of the real meaning of the poem. It was written while Newman was crossing from Sicily to Naples, and is so identified with his fluctuations of thought and ultimate change of faith that to find instead of himself a gay, spoiled beauty for its central figure strikes us at the outset as a glaring mistake. Dismissing these preconceptions, however, and looking at the little book on its own merits, one finds it extremely pretty; and the allegory, freed from mysticism, is carried out with a simplicity and clearness which give a voice to the verse, although unlike that of the tender emotion and the high passionate endeavor which have been found in it.

We have already had occasion to notice the "Artists' Edition" of Gray's Elegy; and now comes another from Messrs. Roberts Brothers, which, although smaller and with perhaps less striking effects, is very attractive. Many of the designs are from original sketches made by Mr. Harry Fenn at Stoke-Pogis, and these are a pleasant study. The poem itself possesses such an incomparable charm for ear and thought that it may well be endlessly reproduced in the future, as it has been in the one hundred and thirty-two years since it was written. It is so true to both general and individual experience that it grows all the time more human and more universal.

#### JUVENILES.

"The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores." By Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"The English Bodley Family." By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Hoosier School-Boy." By Edward Eggleston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Boy Travellers in Central Africa." By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Good-Night and Good-Morning." By Lord Houghton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Donald and Dorothy." By Mary Mapes Dodge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Harper's Young People for 1883." New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE banished duke, in "As You Like It," passes his time of exile "in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with

him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England, . . . and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." And it is just this light-hearted and easy-going spirit of the "golden world" which Mr. Howard Pyle has succeeded, with admirable facility, in reproducing. One forgets the unheroic limitations with which we are "cabined, cribbed, confined," as the high bugle-note sounds through the forest aisles and the merry groups assemble, all in archer's green,—Little John, "whose stature was seven foot high," William Stutely, Arthur a Bland, and the rest of the "jolly bowmen;" and it seems a very pleasant thing to be an outlaw,—to chase the king's fallow-deer and feast on venison, even to get the better of the sheriffs and the stately church dignitaries who were the chief victims of the bold robbers:

These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,  
Ye shall them bete and bynde,—

as Robin Hood tells his men in the old ballad. The spirit of these old stories and ballads is very faithfully given by Mr. Pyle, and the brilliant and picturesque figure of his hero never showed to better advantage than in this new chronicle. The whole work—pictures, printing, and binding, besides the literary part—is most cleverly conceived and happily executed.

There is astonishing *chic* in the little figure who appears in the frontispiece of "Whys and Wherefores," ready to ask questions concerning all the phenomena with which her daily experience confronts her:—"Why does it snow?" "Why must we eat?" "Why do people give presents at Christmas?" Later in life little Annie will probably be confronted with problems which are not easily to be answered; but in this very bright little book everything is explained with engaging clearness. It is in part an adaptation of a French juvenile, called, we believe, "*Les Pourquoi de Mdlle. Suzanne*," and the illustrations are chiefly French. They are extremely well done, and possess some piquancy from the contrast of the little figures depicted to the prevalent Kate-Greenaway type of ingenuous Mother-Goose children with whom we are nowadays so familiar. These little girls are Parisian from the top of their frizzled heads to the tip of their slippers.

Mr. Scudder's new book about the Bodleys, with its pretty covers like two Christmas-cards and its pleasant illustra-

tions of events in English life and history, is likely to find the same popularity as the others of the series. Still, dialogue and episodical sketches, no matter how spirited and full of instruction, do not make up for the lack of a story with some central leading idea to stimulate the reader's interest, and Mr. Scudder can tell a story so well that it seems a pity he should not again give the children a real book, instead of devoting himself to this mere book-making out of odds and ends.

"The Hoosier School-Boy," like all Mr. Eggleston's works, offers a picture of life along the Ohio River some forty or fifty years ago, and, without too much effort to give local color and character, shows us, in homely but clear effects, not only the people, but their surroundings, customs, and ideas. Jack Dudley, the hero of this little book, is a manly fellow, and any young reader must follow the story of his school-days with interest. It suggests, too, what dwellers in the Eastern States can hardly appreciate—the struggle of the pioneers of the West to help themselves to that mere rudimentary education which is with us free as the universal air. And it preserves a good portrait, which is worth keeping, of the ancient school-master, whom the march of progress has already made a tradition.

"The Boy Travellers" have heretofore done so much, that not to have crossed Africa would have been to implant a perpetual discontent in their developing minds. The experiences of Odysseus were tame and meagre compared with theirs, although perhaps more individual and personal. There is no falling off in the interest of the present volume, for, although Colonel Knox has not himself traversed the dark continent, he has made a very interesting compilation of the explorations of those who have done so, and there is little of interest in the works of Stanley, Baker, Speke, Burton, and other discoverers which he has not turned to account. The illustrations are plentiful, and offer a succession of African types, interspersed with more vivid and sensational pictures of lions and leopards.

The daintiness and prettiness of this Christmas setting of Lord Houghton's poem "Good-Night and Good-Morning" could hardly be surpassed. But such a

little souvenir is for the child-lover rather than for the child. The little maid's face, full of the "charity and meekness of her obedience," would please Mr. Ruskin, who has lately been giving his ideas of what illustrations of young girls and children should show.

It was a saying of Thackeray's that if the gods gave him the desire of his heart it would be that he should be able to write a story which boys might relish for the next half-dozen centuries. One cannot answer for posterity, but Mrs. Dodge has at least secured a world-wide set of readers in her own day for her unsurpassed "Hans Brinker," and each of them will be anxious to read her new book "Donald and Dorothy." Dorothy's face looking out from the fly-leaf attracts one irresistibly, and it is not fresher and sweeter than the young heroine herself. The story is one of youthful delights, but its meaning and its interest are deepened by a very strong and well-developed plot, which leads up to an excellent *dénouement*. Altogether, it is a very pleasant and very attractive book.

This bound volume of "Harper's Young People" contains so much, and is so many-sided, with its beauty, fun, prettiness, pathos, and wisdom, that it is difficult to sum up its worth in a few sentences. Certainly, if young people are not wise and witty, brave, kind, and æsthetic, it is not the fault of the books they may read, the pictures they may look at, and the worthy lessons a volume like this teaches even to the most careless.

PRANG's Christmas-Cards show this year a special grace and delicacy of design. They aim at no startling effects, but rather captivate the fancy by their daintiness, their airy charm. A Christmas-card should, of all things, be simple. It must suggest the power of innocence, love, and beauty, each year born anew in the weary heart of the world,—the re-institution of the divine Christ-child and all things hallowed and sacred. No running after brilliant effects is needed, for flowers and birds, white snow-fields, and wee toddlers reaching out into the experiences of their new fairy-land, offer an unrivalled range for tender imaginative feeling. And it is, it seems to us, in just this way that these artists have this year made a very particular success.